



STATE OF NEW YORK



CITY AND COUNTY OF ALBANY.

THE HEROES OF ALBANY.

A

MEMORIAL

OF THE

Patriot-Martyrs of the City and County of Albany,

WHO

SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES DURING THE LATE
WAR IN DEFENCE OF OUR NATION,

1861-1865,

WITH A VIEW OF WHAT WAS DONE IN THE COUNTY
TO SUSTAIN THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT;
AND ALSO BRIEF HISTORIES OF THE
ALBANY REGIMENTS.

By RUFUS W. CLARK, D. D.

ALBANY:

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Entered according to act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred
and sixty-six,

By S. R. GRAY,

in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern
District of New York.

TO THE
RELATIVES AND FRIENDS

OF THE
NOBLE PATRIOTS OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF ALBANY,

WHO
SACRIFICED THEIR LIVES IN OUR DEFENCE AND FOR THE
AMERICAN REPUBLIC,

THIS VOLUME
IS MOST RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY
INSCRIBED.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE design of this volume, is to commemorate the patriotic services and noble deeds, of the men who have died on the battle field for our Nation's honor, perpetuity and prosperity. While they have done so much for us, the least that we can do for them is to cherish their memory, record their virtues, and pay to them the tribute of our gratitude and admiration.

History does not furnish us with an account of any war, which has called forth a purer patriotism, a holier love of liberty, or loftier sentiments of duty and devotion to the public good, than have characterized the heroes who were engaged in our late struggle for the maintenance of the American nationality. In preserving this nationality, they were inspired with the belief that they were toiling to keep alive the best government that Heaven ever granted to a people; to perpetuate and extend those social, educational and religious institutions upon which virtue and happiness are based, and to secure the triumph of humanity and justice, over systems of oppression that are a reproach and a peril to any nation. And on the bright roll of martyr-heroes none stand higher for purity, bravery and patriotism than many who have gone forth from the city and county of Albany, and whose precious remains we have followed to the grave with tears of personal affection, and feelings of the warmest gratitude. While their cold forms rest with us, their influence and noble deeds have entered into the most valued parts of American history. By dying, they have put fresh life into the Republic and added to the value of our institutions. We have more to love, more to admire, more to pray for, than we had before their heroism was added to our national character. A republic for which such sacrifices have been made, and upon whose altar such noble and

precious lives have been laid, must live; and its free institutions must, in all future time, hold supremacy over every inch of territory embraced within the limits of our country. By all that is sacred in the past, and all that is valuable in the future, every true American is bound to accept as the guide of his conduct and the inspiration of his life, the words of the gifted WEBSTER: "Liberty and Union, one and inseparable, now and forever."

In April, 1861, the first guns were fired from the batteries of treason upon Fort Sumter. The sound of those guns startled the Nation, and revealed the existence of a deep, wide-spread and malignant rebellion. After a long period of peace, unity and uninterrupted prosperity—during which the arts had been advanced, the resources of the country developed, manufactures and commerce increased, and the national domain extended, with a rapidity almost without a parallel in history—there burst upon us the storm of war, that raged for four years, periling the Nation, embarrassing our relations with foreign powers, carrying desolation to tens of thousands of homes, and producing an amount of personal suffering and domestic anguish that no language can depict.

To stay the fury of the tempest and save the ship of state from being engulfed in the angry waters, all the loyal States vied with each other in their prompt exertions and their liberal contributions of men and money. And we cannot enter upon our biographical sketches of the illustrious dead, without first alluding to what our State and County have done to sustain the government and preserve the Republic.

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE STATE.

At the breaking out of the war, his Excellency EDWIN D. MORGAN, Governor of the State of New York, used the whole force of his personal influence and executive authority to secure large appropriations of money, and to raise men, to promptly aid the general government in suppressing the rebellion. In this work he received the cordial co-operation of other earnest patriots; and especially in the organization and equipment of the

first regiments that were sent from the State, was he aided by Gen. JOHN MEREDITH READ, Jr., who at the time was a member of his staff. The efficiency, perseverance and zeal of Gen. READ, displayed at that crisis in our national affairs, were of immense importance in developing and bringing into the field the effective forces of the State.

As the result of the efforts of Governor MORGAN and those who co-operated with him, and also of his successors in office, this State sent four hundred and seventy-four thousand men into the field, during the four years that the war continued. This immense number took about one-eighth of our entire population, and formed one-fifth of the whole United States army.* This single fact, revealed the depth and extent of the spirit of patriotism, in the Empire State.

In this vast multitude, all professions, avocations and ranks in life were represented. From our farms and factories; from the workshop, the store and the counting room; from the pulpit, the bar and the medical profession; from colleges and theological seminaries; from fashionable and refined circles, and christian homes, men rushed forth to defend the Union and liberty, or die in the struggle.

Col. LOCKWOOD L. DOTY, in his third annual report of the Bureau of Military Record, alludes to this exciting period in the following concise and forcible language:

The news of the surrender of Fort Sumter reached the State capital on Sunday morning the 14th. A meeting took place in the afternoon at the Executive chamber. There were present,

* When President LINCOLN, in April, 1861, called for 75,000 militia for three months' service, the army of the United States had on its rolls 14,000 men. During the ensuing four years 2,688,523 were enlisted, of which 2,408,103 left the army alive. Of the balance, 96,089 died in battle or of wounds, while 184,331 died of disease. The number of white troops enlisted was about 2,500,000. The number of deaths among them was 251,122, or one death out of ten. The number of colored troops was 180,000, of whom 29,298 died, or about one out of six—being nearly double the rate of deaths among the white troops; three died on the field of battle and five from disease; out of every nine deaths among the blacks, one died on the field of battle and eight from disease. The mortality among the volunteers was nearly fifteen per cent greater than among the regulars. These statistics are taken from official records, but while they give the number of those who died in the service, they make no mention of the host obliged to leave the army and who went home to die.

the Governor and other State officers, the Speaker of the Assembly and members of the military and finance committees of the two houses. A committee, consisting of the Attorney General, the Adjutant General, the Inspector General, Mr. Blood, of the Senate, and Mr. Robinson, of the Assembly, were appointed to draft a bill to be submitted to the Legislature next morning. As drawn by the committee, the bill invested the Governor with the power of its execution. It provided for the enrollment of thirty thousand volunteer militia to serve two years, and appropriated three million dollars to meet the expense. The Legislature subsequently connected the State officers with the Governor in raising and organizing the troops, and the commission thus constituted formed what was popularly known as the State Military Board. The bill, as modified, was passed by the Legislature and signed by the Governor on the 16th of April.

On the 15th had been received the President's proclamation calling forth the militia of the several States, including three or four States that subsequently passed the ordinance of secession. It designated a muster of seventy-five thousand, in order to suppress combinations and to cause the laws to be duly executed.

The quota assigned to New York consisted of two Major Generals, four Brigadiers, and aids to general officers, and seventeen regiments of seven hundred and eighty each, officers and men, making an aggregate force of 13,280. These were to be detached from the militia under the act of Congress of February 28, 1795, to serve as infantry or riflemen for the period of three months, unless sooner discharged. The rendezvous of this State were appointed at New York, Albany and Elmira.

There was no delay. The capital became at once thronged with anxious persons. Ordinary business was mostly suspended, and volunteering begun, before the authorities were able to accept the services of those who thus promptly responded.

Were we permitted, at this place, to transcribe the telegrams of a single day received by the Governor from all points, while millions of loyal hearts were trembling for the safety of Washington, the revelation would compress a thousand pages of thought and action, that are now historic, in a single sheet. How startling was the first summons flashing along the wires from the threatened capital of the Nation; how incessant the fiery messages thereafter! We may quote a few of these dispatches as indicative of the excited and impatient state of public feeling at that time:

“WAR DEPARTMENT, April 15, 1861. Call made on you by to-night's mail for seventeen regiments of militia for immediate service.”

SIMEON CAMERON, *Secretary of War.*

"WASHINGTON, April 15. Send no troops here except by water."

"NEW YORK, April 15. Colonel Ellsworth desires to raise a regiment of Zouaves in New York city. Will you accept them?"

"NEW YORK, April 17. Virginia seceded. Harper's Ferry taken. Washington endangered; ready all night to serve orders."

"NEW YORK, April 18. Lose not a moment in issuing your orders for the additional regiments for Washington. The people are impatient of delay."

"NEW YORK, April 19. *Post*, third edition, asserts reliable news, Davis being within one day's march of Washington with an army. Our city military seem impatient."

"NEW YORK, April 19. The whole city is most anxious to have the militia of the State armed at once; and instant departure of twenty thousand troops to Washington."

"ELMIRA, April 18. The Southern Tier Rifles have unanimously resolved to tender their services to the General Government. The Colonel awaits your Excellency's orders."

"NEW YORK, April 20. Telegraph states that troops must go on to-night, or Washington is gone."

"NEW YORK, April 20. The bridges are gone, and communication cut off between Philadelphia and Washington."

"CHICAGO, April 20. Allow me to suggest the necessity of concentrating troops immediately on the Pennsylvania state line nearest Washington."

"NEW YORK, April 20. The impression is here that Washington will be taken before Monday. Com. Vanderbilt and Mr. Aspinwall tender to you all the steamers necessary. Reported that bridges between Baltimore and Harrisburg are broken down."

"NEW YORK, April 20. It is most important that Col. Wilson's regiment be ordered off this P. M."

"WASHINGTON, April 20. Send the first regiment you get ready in fast steamer up the Potomac."

SIMEON CAMERON, *Secretary of War*.

"NEW YORK, April 20. Washington is lost, unless Maryland is kept open and bridges repaired. Let five thousand troops march."

Such, in variety, were the multitudinous messages of alarm and counsel which kept the electric wires in constant action. They were throbbings of the great heart of the people—spontaneous, irrepressible; and on the afternoon of April 20th, 1861, they became sublimely audible at the immense mass meeting in Union square, in the city of New York. Then followed the departure of our gallant National Guard, fourteen regiments in all; and the volunteer regiments—first seventeen of them, and then twenty-one—which sprung up in all parts of the State. Their transit upon the railroads, their march through the metropolis, the towns and cities, will be recollected as among the most cheering and impressive pageants of the war. They left their homes for the field of duty, bearing with them the prayers of unnumbered hearts.

The voice of a loyal press in our commonwealth was like a bugle-blast during this period. Its thrilling tones penetrated to every household, and gave utterance to the popular enthusiasm. Its representatives threw down the pen and grasped the sword; they hastened to the van of our armies; they prepared to make the history which they were afterwards to chronicle.

Worthily interpreting the spirit of their constituency, our State Legislature prolonged its session and redoubled its labors. Loyal men of all political opinions rallied around the flag of their country; and it will be remembered as one of the noblest manifestations of that period of danger, how enthusiastically the last hours of Senate and Assembly in 1861 were devoted to the duties of patriotism.

The Military Board met on the evening of the 16th of April, the day of the passage of the law. The Governor submitted a dispatch from the Secretary of War, stating that the President had made requisition on New York for about thirteen thousand men, to be mustered into immediate service, and that he would be gratified to have one or more regiments march to Washington before the close of that week.

The juncture demanded prompt action, and the board at once responded, by resolving that seventeen regiments of seven hundred and eighty men each be enrolled and mustered into service for two years. Provision was also made for the prompt transportation to Washington of such of the militia regiments as were to serve as minute-men, as well as of the volunteers; and also for procuring necessary quarters, hospital and medical supplies, and for incidental objects. There was need of this action; such being the condition of affairs at Washington that the State was left, in most part, to supply transportation for its troops. Indeed everything was to be provided by our own authorities in the way of accommodations for volunteers, sick and well. The Governor's

military staff, fortunately, was composed of men who were fully competent for the new and weighty duties now imposed upon them. No time was given them to deliberate, but the work was pressed at once upon their attention. Soldiers were arriving at the principal depots—even before authority to receive them existed—often, indeed, presenting themselves unannounced; and such was the fervor of the times that many who were obviously unfit physically and by reason of age, came with the able-bodied volunteers. Orders were promptly issued for the rendezvous and organization of men; barracks were provided and hospitals improvised. The details, as well as the general duties of several of the staff departments, were instantly and vigorously entered upon. And there was ample employment for the head and heart of each. An army of forty thousand men, including the militia, were to be prepared for the field, and the records of the period show how ably and efficiently every duty was performed.

Several officers of the regular army were assigned to temporary duty at Albany about this period, to assist the military departments by their experience. Of these were Col. Delafield, since promoted to be Chief of Engineers, U. S. A.; Col. Schriver, for two or three years Inspector General of the army of the Potomac; Col. Keyes, subsequently in command of an army corps; and Maj. Patrick, long Provost Marshal General of the army of the Potomac.

While officials were thus engaged, the people were alive with zeal in preparing to answer the call of the Government. They held public meetings, adopted patriotic addresses, raised money and enrolled men in all parts of the State. Past political differences were forgotten; flags were thrown from church steeples, from public buildings, from school houses and from private residences. All was animation; a state of peace had been suddenly transformed into a condition of war.

On the 18th the Governor issued his proclamation for seventeen regiments to be enrolled under the act passed by the Legislature.

On the 19th a great meeting of merchants was held in the city of New York. Resolutions to sustain the Government were adopted, and on it being announced that several regiments, then organizing, needed assistance, more than twenty thousand dollars were raised in ten minutes' time. The Seventh Militia Regiment left that city on the same day for Washington, amid great enthusiasm.

The next day occurred that memorable meeting in Union square, where leading citizens, without distinction of party, met to unite their voices in support of the Government. Their action gave direction to popular sentiment everywhere. The meeting

was an important one in the best sense. Conventions and meetings were held the same day in Schenectady, Hudson, Utica, Oswego and Rochester, where men were raised and money subscribed. The people of Poughkeepsie, Troy, Auburn, Syracuse and Buffalo also met to counsel together on the best mode of responding to the country's call; and town and village, great and small, were likewise engaged, while Albany and Elmira were changed in a few hours from business centres to military camps.

On the 21st the Sixth, Twelfth and Seventy-first Regiments of militia left New York, and the Twenty-fifth Regiment left Albany, for Washington.

On the 22d the city of New York appropriated one million dollars for fitting out soldiers and supporting the families of volunteers. A patriotic meeting of the bench and bar of that city was organized the same day, at which money was subscribed by the thousand.

The succeeding day witnessed a great meeting in Brooklyn, at which Robert J. Walker, a former cabinet officer and resident of the second State to place itself in open rebellion, spoke. The Thirteenth militia, a Brooklyn regiment, left during the day, and the Eighth and Sixty-ninth militia of the city of New York departed at the same time for Washington.

Public manifestations increased. Nationalities vied with each other in the work of raising regiments and sustaining the Government. On the 25th an enthusiastic meeting of British residents was held in New York, and two or three days later French residents held a Union meeting. The Germans met frequently in large assemblages; and other nationalities were equally active. Distinctive regiments of Irish, Scotch, German and French were being raised for the war.

The Common Council of Buffalo made a large appropriation to equip a local regiment. Troy established a special depot, and raised money for its support. Other cities were not behind in the work. Collections were made in churches and at other assemblages for furnishing needed supplies for the soldiers and for supporting their families.

On the 26th of April the Secretary of War wrote as follows to the Governor. He had previously expressed himself in the same spirit: "I have to repeat the acknowledgments of this Department for your very prompt and energetic action in sending forward the troops of your State."

It was the glory of New York to be then, as since, in advance of the calls upon her by the Government for men.*

* For an account of the regiments sent to the war from the city of Albany, see Appendix.

The State, too, poured forth its treasures like water. Early in the war the bankers and men of wealth offered sums to almost any amount, to aid in sustaining the country and the Government. The most liberal appropriations were made by the Legislature; and from the report of the Paymaster General of the State, transmitted to this body January 23d, 1866, it appears that the total sum disbursed for bounties alone, from July 17, 1862, to January 1, 1866, was \$35,088,999.18. In addition to this amount, the local authorities, says the report, have expended at least \$60,000,000.

Besides these enormous sums, we are informed that the voluntary contributions from individuals, for sanitary and other purposes, amounted on the first of January, 1866, to about \$7,000,000. The fairs held in the State yielded \$2,500,000; making a total from these sources of \$9,500,000.

The statistics for the county of Albany are as follows:

For county bounties	\$3,100,700 00
For recruiting fees and other expenses connected with enlistments	225,125 39
Total	<u>\$3,325,825 39</u>
There was raised by county taxes	\$641,441 47
Raised by county loans	2,989,522 00
Total	<u>\$3,630,963 47</u>

These figures show the great sacrifices that the people were ready to make for the preservation of our Republic.

EARLY EFFORTS IN ALBANY.

In the department of voluntary contributions for the comfort of our soldiers and their families, and for the sick and wounded in camps and hospitals, the citizens of Albany manifested the greatest liberality during the entire period of the war.

Among the earliest efforts were those that we made to provide for the families of soldiers needing assistance. A committee was appointed to raise a fund called the "Citizens' Military Relief

Fund," to which our citizens most promptly and liberally contributed. Many esteemed it a privilege to add to the support and comfort of the families of the noble men who had gone forth for the defence of our Nation. The finance committee consisted of the following patriotic gentlemen: MESSRS. JOHN BENSON, BENJAMIN PAYN, J. W. HARCOURT, R. H. WELLS, HIRAM PERRY, M. W. BENDER, WM. M. VAN ANTWERP, R. P. LATHROP, A. VAN ALLEN, FRANKLIN TOWNSEND, C. D. RATHBONE, THOS. P. CROOK.

The total amount collected and paid over to J. C. Y. PAIGE, Esq., City Chamberlain, was \$20,479.00. In addition to this, printing and binding were gratuitously done by MESSRS. WEED, PARSONS & CO., and MESSRS. MUNSELL & ROWLAND.

Through this agency many families were aided, who would otherwise have been deprived of the necessaries of life.

To the patriotic ladies also, of our city, is the highest praise due for the promptness with which they responded to the calls that were made upon them. The first to move were Mrs. Governor MORGAN, Mrs. J. TAYLER HALL, and others with whom they became associated. After various efforts it was deemed expedient to organize an association for the more efficient accomplishment of the objects that were before the ladies.

THE LADIES' ARMY RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

As early as the first day of November, 1861, the Ladies' Army Relief Association of Albany was organized, to co-operate with the United States Sanitary Commission in affording aid to sick and wounded soldiers. Its first president was Mrs. EDWIN D. MORGAN, who entered most heartily into the work of the association. The following ladies constituted the first executive committee: Mrs. E. D. MORGAN, Mrs. WM. B. SPRAGUE, Mrs. E. P. ROGERS, Mrs. S. T. SEELYE, Mrs. RAY PALMER, Mrs. MARK TRAF-TON, Mrs. A. D. MAYO, Mrs. J. McNAUGHTON, Mrs. CHARLES M. JENKINS, Mrs. GEORGE H. THACHER, Mrs. ELI PERRY, Mrs. THOS. HUN, Mrs. JACOB LANSING, Mrs. RANSOM, Mrs. JAMES HALL, Mrs. OTIS ALLEN, Mrs. GEORGE B. STEELE, Miss C. PRUYN, Mrs. WM. BARNES.

Mrs. WILLIAM BARNES was appointed Secretary of the association, and the marked efficiency and patriotic zeal with which she discharged the duties of her office, are too well known to need any encomiums from my pen. She found also kindred spirits in the executive committee, and very many of the ladies connected with the association were indefatigable in their exertions to contribute to its success. The young ladies of our city also co-operated, and we may judge of their great industry, from the interesting statements of their work published in the annual reports of the association.

From the neighboring towns valuable aid was also received. Boxes and barrels of useful articles were sent by the ladies of the Greenbush Aid Society; by the Coeymans Ladies' Relief Association; the Soldiers' Friend Society of Coeymans Landing; the Soldiers' Aid Society of Knox; the Soldiers' Aid Society, Chatham Four Corners; the Soldiers' Aid Society of Rensselaerville; the Ladies' Benevolent Society of the Baptist Church in Schenectady; and from the ladies of Westerlo; East Schodack, Stephentown, Rensselaer county; Gloversville; Medway, Greene county; Gallupville; Brockett's Bridge, Herkimer county; Schenectus; Middleburgh, Schoharie county; Worcester, Otsego county; Nassau, Rensselaer county; Kinderhook, Valatie, Fultonham, Castleton, Fulton Centre, and other towns. These contributions, the fruits of the industry and liberality of thousands of ladies throughout this and other counties, shows how warmly the public heart beat in response to the calls from our suffering soldiers. In one of the reports of the Albany association we find the following tribute to these co-workers:

"To the ladies of the several societies who, in this and the adjoining towns, have labored with us, and sent us such ample evidence of their efficiency and zeal, we are profoundly grateful. Without their aid we should have often found ourselves unable to meet the calls so urgently made upon us, and we thank them for demonstrating that, although removed from that active stimulus of personal contact and association with the war, which so often stirs our flagging sympathies in the cities, the fire of patriotic zeal burns as brightly and warmly as though their hearts

were daily touched by the sight (now, alas! become so common to us) of sick and wounded and dying men.

“This report would be incomplete did the committee fail to recognize the generous donation sent us last December by the religious community of Shakers at Niskayuna. Prevented by their religious faith from accepting that stirring call to arms which roused the whole Nation a little more than a year ago, their hearts opened at once to that second appeal, which asked for aid in behalf of those who, answering the one, had left it to a great christian people to answer the other. Their quaint but decided protest against “the bloody trade of war” was offset by such generous supplies of everything that could be used in a military hospital, that our suffering soldiers could well afford to forgive their *logic* while they demonstrated so well in their *practice*, that

‘One touch of Nature makes the whole earth kin.’ ”

In the same report we find the following acknowledgments of services rendered by several gentlemen to the association:

“The committee cannot close this report without an expression of its obligation to the many friends who have so faithfully stood by the association since its formation, aiding it as much by their wise counsels, as by their personal superintendence and attention to its many outside duties. This tribute is especially due to Hon. GEORGE H. THACHER, whose persistent and untiring devotion to the best interests of the society merits more than this slight acknowledgment. The uniform kindness and courtesy which has characterized all his relations with us, can never be forgotten by those who have been associated with him during the past winter at the city hall.

“To WILLIAM McELROY, and to the firm of VAN SICKLER & FORBY, the committee would also speak one word of acknowledgment. The necessary manual labor connected with packing and marking large boxes has been most kindly assumed by these gentlemen, and no pressure of private business has ever interfered to prevent their immediate personal attention to this duty, when their services were required by the committee.”

On the first of January, 1862, Mrs. MORGAN resigned the presidency of the association, and the office has since been filled by Mrs. HORATIO SEYMOUR and by Mrs. REUBEN E. FENTON. These ladies, like their predecessor, brought to their position great executive ability and a warm interest in the welfare of the soldiers.

When Mrs. SEYMOUR was chosen president, the following ladies were appointed on the executive committee: Mrs. HORATIO SEYMOUR, Mrs. RAY PALMER, Mrs. RUFUS W. CLARK, Mrs. CHAS. G. AMES, Mrs. JAMES McNAUGHTON, Mrs. CHARLES M. JENKINS, Mrs. JOHN TAYLOR, Mrs. GEORGE H. THACHER, Mrs. JACOB LANSING, Mrs. JAS. HALL, Mrs. ELI PERRY, Mrs. RANSOM, Mrs. OTIS ALLEN, Mrs. GEORGE B. STEELE, Mrs. JOHN T. SPRAGUE, Mrs. ARCHIBALD McCLOURE, Mrs. WILLIAM WHITE, Mrs. JOHN TAYLER HALL, Mrs. CHARLES B. REDFIELD, Mrs. S. O. VANDERPOEL, Mrs. WM. N. FASSETT, Mrs. GEORGE SHORTISS, Mrs. WILLIAM BARNES, Miss CATHARINE PRUYN.

It affords us great pleasure to say that the officers and members of the association labored with unabated ardor to the very close of the war. During the four years ending January 1, 1866, they received \$19,712.30, and expended \$17,712.30, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$2,000.

Besides the aid rendered directly through the U. S. Sanitary Commission, the association performed other services, the following account of which has been kindly furnished by the secretary, Mrs. WILLIAM BARNES:

“When the advancing tide of war was checked by the surrender of Gen. LEE, in April, 1865, its return wave threw back upon us thousands of disabled soldiers, who were physically unable to support either their families or themselves. The State, with provident justice and humanity, assumed the charge of many of these men, and gathered them into the ‘Soldiers’ Home’; but many were only partially disabled, and, with a little assistance, they were competent to help themselves. There were also many homes made utterly desolate, where fathers, brothers and sons would return no more; these appealed to the association for relief. Monthly committees were at once appointed, and ordered

to visit and investigate personally every case of destitution brought before the executive committee. These committees report that they have visited in their respective districts, one hundred and four families, and distributed among them various needful articles. The chairman of these committees, Mrs. ELI PERRY, reports that she has expended for this purpose, the sum of \$646.31.

In April, 1865, a committee of citizens was formed, whose duty it was to feed, temporarily, not only our own returning regiments, but also those 'in transitu' through Albany. This committee appealed to the association for funds to sustain their enterprise, and its executive committee donated the sum of \$2,000 for that purpose. In February, 1866, on solicitation of the Army and Navy Claim Agency of this city, they appropriated to it the sum of \$700; thus enabling it to pay off its outstanding debts. This agency, it will be remembered, was established in 1863, by the Sanitary Commission, but has always been sustained by voluntary contributions from our citizens.

Acting under the suggestions and advice of the officers of the Sanitary Commission, in New York, the association in February appropriated the sum of \$1,000 to the National Freedman's Relief Commission, and \$1,000 to its auxiliary society in Albany, Mrs. AMOS DEAN, treasurer.

We have now the sum of \$2,000 in our treasury. This money, and as much beside as may be entrusted to us by our citizens, will be faithfully and judiciously expended in relieving the necessities of soldiers and soldiers' families; and when the last dollar has been spent, the labors of the Army Relief Association will be at an end, and it will pass into history with its enduring record of the fidelity and patriotism of the Women of Albany."

There were other movements among the ladies in other directions, of which the following is worthy of note.

In the summer of 1862, a lady in Washington city wrote to Mrs. SAMUEL PRUYN, asking her to send some stores for the needy soldiers, and especially for those at the camps Convalescent and Parol. Mrs. PRUYN responded by sending two large boxes, filled with articles contributed by a few personal friends.

Their reception was acknowledged by a letter, giving some very interesting incidents in relation to the relief afforded and the gratitude expressed. The writer also pleaded in the name of humanity for a larger supply.

Extracts from this letter, and from others subsequently received, were published in our daily papers, and found their way to many sympathizing hearts. Donations of all kinds were sent in to Mrs. PRUYN, with unprecedented liberality, and in a very short time boxes and barrels were packed and forwarded, most of which reached the camps at Washington. The whole number thus collected was *two hundred and eighty-seven*, and they contained everything which could contribute to the comfort of those to whom they were sent. The donors had the satisfaction of knowing that the articles were judiciously and immediately distributed, and without expense.

While these efforts were being made, Mr. BENJAMIN PAYN, of Albany, at the suggestion of Mrs. PRUYN, went to Washington and visited the camps. He was greatly excited and distressed by the scenes of misery that he witnessed, and came home to do all in his power for the relief of the soldiers. He went out into the country among the farmers, and quickened many to deeds of mercy. With the aid of Mr. ALEXANDER GREER, he collected and sent on to Washington about six hundred barrels, containing every variety of fruit, vegetables and delicacies for the soldiers.

THE GREAT SANITARY FAIR.

But in the midst of these various activities, which were alive all over our city and county, there rises before us the grand demonstration of patriotic enthusiasm, that enlisted the hearts and hands of all classes, namely: *The Army Relief Bazaar*. This beautiful building was erected in the Academy park of this city, for the Great Sanitary Fair of Albany, Troy, and other localities in our State, which was held during the months of February and March, 1864. Its officers were, Hon. GEORGE H. THACHER, President; Hon. ELI PERRY, Vice President; CHAUNCEY P. WILLIAMS, Esq., General Treasurer, and JOHN TAYLER HALL, Esq., Secretary.

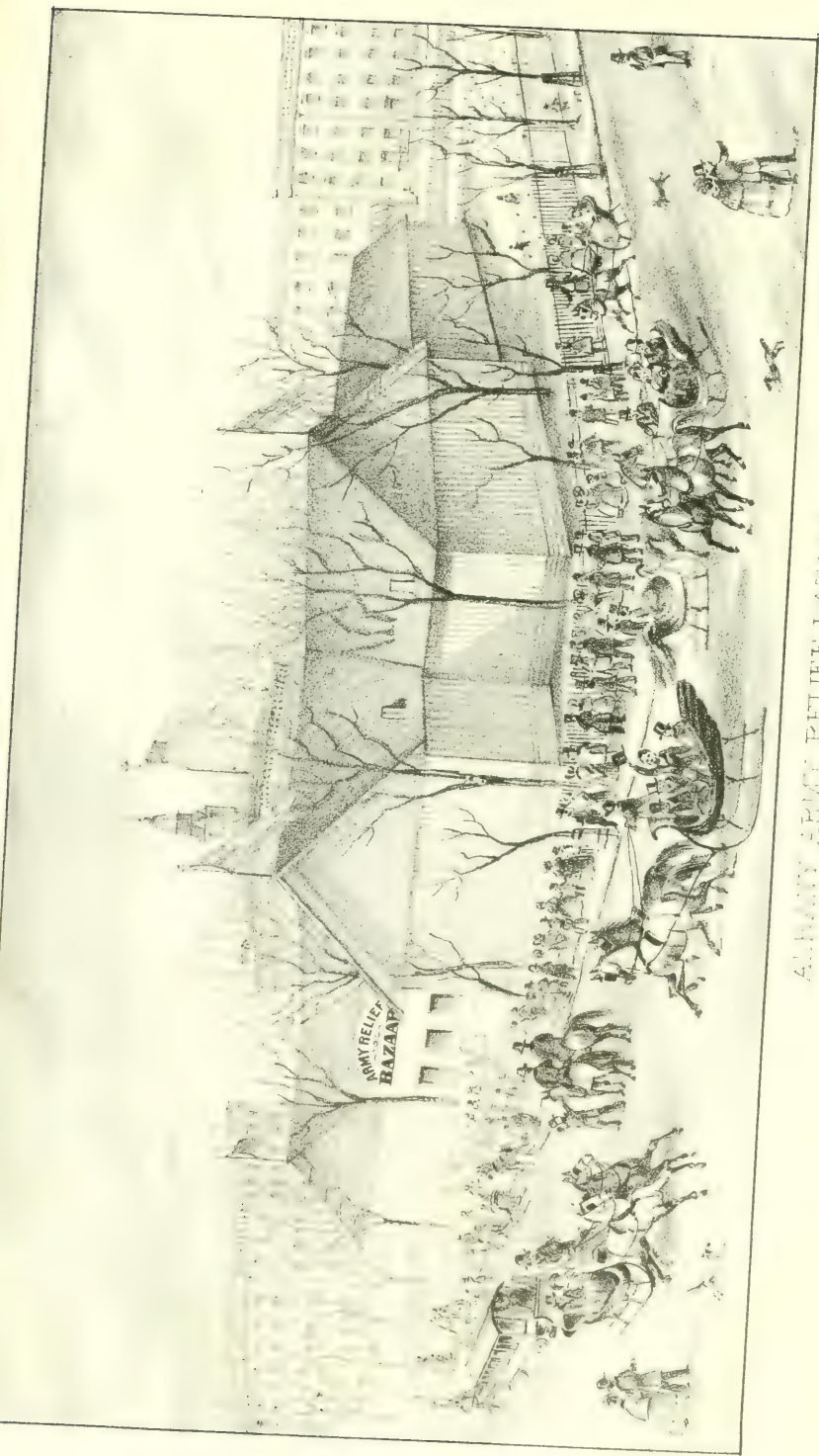
Managers.—The PRESIDENT and SECRETARY, CHAS. H. STRONG, JAMES H. ARMSBY, M. D., S. OAKLEY VANDERPOEL, M. D., HENRY Q. HAWLEY, JACOB C. CUYLER, FRANK CHAMBERLAIN, CHARLES B. REDFIELD, HENRY T. BUELL, JOHN H. VAN ANTWERP, SOLOMON HYDEMAN, ARTHUR BOTT, THOMAS KEARNEY, JAMES McNAUGHTON, JOHN TWEDDLE; MRS. ELI PERRY, MRS. WM. WHITE, MRS. FRANKLIN TOWNSEND, MRS. CHARLES B. REDFIELD, MRS. THOMAS HUN, MRS. JAMES GOOLD.

Managers for Troy.—MRS. A. D. SHEPARD, DAVID A. WELLS, MRS. GEORGE M. TIBBITS, MRS. JOHN FLAGG.

For the following account of the Bazaar, we are indebted to the “Albany Express”:

“We shall not stop to consider who originated the plan of the Bazaar in this city. It is sufficient to say that the credit belongs to the ladies of our Army Relief Association. To the various committees the credit belongs of maturing the plan, and for the vast details of the really monster undertaking, and they are entitled to all praise for the success which has thus far attended every effort.

“The form of the building—a double cross—and the location, were suggested by HENRY Q. HAWLEY, Esq.; and for the architectural beauty of the structure, the public are indebted to WALTER DICKSON, Esq. The building committee, consisting of HENRY Q. HAWLEY, Esq., WM. N. FASSETT, Esq., and Dr. S. O. VANDERPOEL, have devoted their time almost exclusively to the performance of their very difficult and responsible duties. Their labors have been most arduous, and they have been most cheerfully rendered at the sacrifice of their own comfort and business—a sacrifice which should and must be fully appreciated, when we consider the extensive business engagements of these gentlemen. The decorations of the building, which will be most elaborate, and unequalled in brilliancy, have been arranged under the exclusive direction of Dr. VANDERPOEL, who, at the outset, secured the valuable services of RICE & MICKEL, the well-known artists. The general superintendence of the work was entrusted to EDMUND KNICKERBOCKER, Esq.; and it is but just to this gentleman to say that his services have been invaluable, and that the managers feel



ARMY RELIEF BAZAAR.
February 23rd and 25th 1864

under great obligations to him, as also to Mr. DICKSON, the architect. The carpenter work has been performed under the special direction of JOHN N. PARKER and JOHN CLEMSHIRE, Esq., two of our most enterprising citizens.

“And in this connection it is proper to state that for lightness, strength and economy in the cutting and working of materials, the building cannot be surpassed. Notwithstanding all this, it is supplied with an abundance of braces and supports to resist all pressures and forces, and render it perfectly safe.

“As before stated, the building is in the form of a double Greek cross, the eastern nave being one hundred and eighty-nine feet long, the western nave one hundred and sixty feet long, and the transept two hundred and five feet long; height of eaves from floor, fourteen feet; height to apex of roofs from floor, twenty-eight feet; width of naves and transept, sixty feet.

“Immediately on entering the Bazaar, the great national booths, representing England, Ireland and Scotland, meet the eye. They are to be respectively in charge of St. George's, St. Andrews, and Hibernian Provident Societies, heartily supported and aided by representatives of those countries. The St. Andrews' Society, by reason of being the oldest organization, is honored with the middle or most prominent of these three great booths. We hazard nothing in saying that this will be principal among the many great features of the Bazaar.

“To the right of the United States booth and adjoining the Yankee booth, a booth equal in size to those allotted to England, Ireland and Scotland, has been set apart by the Germans. It is exceedingly gratifying to know that this portion of our citizens are laboring with unexampled zeal, and intend to compete with other nationalities for the palm of superiority. Never before has there been such united and harmonious action among them, and we have reason to expect the greatest results.

“To the right of the entrance is the ‘Curiosity Shop,’ a hall thirty by sixty feet, separated from the general hall by a dwarf partition. This will, undoubtedly, be one of the greatest features of the Bazaar, and by many it is asserted that it will be the great point of attraction. It will contain much that is curious,

rare and beautiful; relics of great value and age, and, in fact, will be the receptacle of everything attractive and novel. The value of the articles to be displayed in the hall will be immense, and hundreds of them could not be duplicated at any price. This department is in charge of ROBERT H. WELLS, Esq., who, assisted by JAMES A. HURST, Esq., the celebrated taxidermist, is devoting his whole time to its preparation and arrangement.

"Next comes the Shaker booths, another very attractive feature, to be filled with the exquisite productions of that class of our citizens.

"Then comes the great United States booth, thirty by sixty feet, to be magnificently decorated with flags and other emblems of our nationality, and fitted up throughout in such a style as shall make it one of the great points of interest in the Bazaar. It is to be under the direction and supervision of Mrs. H. PUMPELTY.

"Adjoining is the Yankee booth, to be supplied with home productions, with 'plenty more of the same sort left.' It will be in charge of a lady who will represent the character entrusted to her with great faithfulness.

"Next we have the Schenectady booth, which will be filled with many rare and beautiful articles, the handiwork of the ladies of that city, and other articles contributed by its citizens.

"Then comes the Spanish and Japanese booths, wherein will be offered for sale articles peculiar to those nationalities.

"The six booths at the north end of the east nave have been allotted to our sister city, Troy, and will be placed in their especial charge. They will be attended by ladies and gentlemen from that city, and stocked with goods contributed by their fellow citizens. We have already alluded to the earnestness of our neighbors, and their zealous efforts in behalf of the good work; and we are warranted in saying that unless our people work diligently, our Trojan brothers and sisters will eclipse them.

"On the opposite side of the east nave are the Italian, Russian and Holland booths, and the booth allotted to the people of Saratoga Springs, who are working diligently and intend to make a splendid display.

“At the north of east nave will be found the Indian wigwam. This bids fair to be one among the most attractive features of the Bazaar, and will be attended by ladies in regular aboriginal costume. The wigwam will be fitted up in a style that shall strictly resemble the home of the red man, and in every appointment will be so complete as to furnish a correct idea of life among the original settlers of the country.

“Here let us say that the ladies in attendance upon the booths will be dressed in costumes appropriate to the nationality they represent, which will add to the picturesqueness and novelty of the scene presented.

“The Gipsey tent, situate at the north end of the west nave, will be presided over by a Gipsey Queen, wearing the apparel of one of those singular and remarkable people. She will hold court during the Bazaar, and, if requested, will attempt to unveil the future to any anxious inquirer. Of course she will be favored with numerous visitors.

“At the left of the entrance is the Swiss booth, and adjoining the managers’ room or business office.

“At the head of the west nave is Floral Hall, where, it is hoped, will be displayed some of the choicest and rarest of Nature’s productions.

“Adjoining it on the west is the French and Perfumery booths, and at the west end of the transept the great War Trophy booth, where will be displayed all the flags and relics now deposited in the Bureau of Military Statistics, as also many other valuable trophies that have been contributed to the Bazaar. This cannot fail to be a most valuable and interesting feature of the Bazaar.

“Next we have the Military booth, and adjoining it the Autographic booth, at which will be offered for sale the autographs and photographs of all the prominent Generals in the United States Army, and also of many of the distinguished scientific and literary men of the past and present.”

On Monday evening, February 22, 1864, the fair was inaugurated under the most cheering and brilliant auspices. The great edifice was densely crowded, and the splendid illumination; the lofty arches in the decoration of which all the colors of the rain-

bow were blended; the tastefully arranged festoons of evergreen and flowers; the flags of our Union, of all sizes, which seemed to fill the air with the spirit of patriotism; the rows of richly ornamented booths, representing different cities and various nationalities; and the enthusiasm of the masses of human beings, swaying to and fro, made the scene one of thrilling interest and dazzling beauty.

The exercises of the inauguration were opened by the singing of the following dedicatory Ode, written by Miss MARGARET F. MORGAN, of Albany, and set to music by Mr. H. W. A. BEALE, organist of St. Joseph's Church:

All hail to our country, the Land of the West!
 The dream of the Nations, the Great and the Blest,
 The vision that came on the spice of the breeze,
 And haunted the heart of the dark Genoese—
 That rose like a temple of gold to his view,
 That hung like a star in his distance of blue.

The sun on his journey may linger to glance
 On the mosque and the temple, the vine and the dance,
 But always returns to the haunt he loves best,
 And leaves his last smile with the Land of the West.

O, Sun in thy beauty, untiring like thee,
 The heart of the Westland is glowing!
 And over the continent, over the sea,
 The light of its purpose is throwing.

Behold how its broad and beneficent ray
 Each measure and limit is scorning!
 Though dark clouds of error still lurk in the way,
 They are edged with the light of the morning.

Come, Morning Light!
 Come, quickly come,
 Break through the night—
 Trumpet and drum
 Call in their might,
 Come, quickly come!

Break, break the tyrant's yoke,
 Break through the battle smoke—
 Scatter the gloom!
 Let treason's wonted ire
 See in its force and fire
 Naught but its doom.

Break thro' the prison bars, go with a blessing,
 Shine on our captives, and bid them good cheer;
 Go where the soreness of famine is pressing,
 Tell them that bounty and largess are near;
 From mountain, vale and mart,
 Tell them the Nation's heart
 Whispers "Good cheer!"

Though the air is stirred with combat,
 Hope with lifted fingers waits—
 Hears the bugle call of "Union!"
 Hears the homeward march of States!

From the dim and doubting vision
 Rend the veil and show the right,
 Thro' the mists of fraud and fable
 Lead them onward, Morning Light!

Peace will return with her chaplet of glory—
 Home from the battle field weary and worn,
 Come the brave squadrons of song and of story,
 Bearing their banners up rifted and torn!

What have we done for thee?
 What have we won for thee?
 Surging with tumult and sorely oppressed—
 Given our all to thee!
 Given our lives to thee!
 Given thee Liberty, Land of the West!

Then hail to our country, the Land of the West!
 The marvel of nations, the Great and the blest!
 The green of her forests, the blue of her vales,
 Her mines and her mountains, her lakes and her sails,
 Her cotton and rice fields that stretch far away
 In saffron of sunset, or purple of day—
 All, all will we cherish with right and with might
 Till the sun shall grow dim on his voyage of light!
 From blight and from error, from woe and unrest,
 May God shield our country, the Land of the West!

The introductory Address, which was very appropriate and eloquent, was delivered by the Hon. Mr. THACHER. He was followed by Governor SEYMOUR, whose address contained several historical facts of interest. After having been enthusiastically received by the vast assemblage, the Governor said:

"Upon a day sacred to the memory of our greatest and purest

statesman, upon a spot made famous by historical incidents, we meet for a purpose which appeals to our liveliest sympathy. It is fit that the capital of a great State, which furnishes so large a share of the armies of our country, and which is so numerously represented amid the sick and wounded of our hospitals, and among the graves of our battle fields, should be prominent in efforts to soften the calamities of war. Upon this occasion the historical events connected with this city and the adjacent towns are brought back to our memories. Albany is the oldest city in the thirteen original colonies, and, with the exception of St. Augustine, in Florida, the oldest town in our Union, for the earlier settlement of Jamestown, in Virginia, had ceased to exist as a municipality. Before the Pilgrims landed upon Plymouth Rock, and before the foundations of our great commercial metropolis were laid at the mouth of the Hudson, a trading post was established at this point, and for years it was the most important commercial place within the limits of our State.

“It is not to its antiquity and to its long continued identification with the interests of our country to which I wish to call your attention, but to some incidents in its history recalled by the occasion which draws us together. In 1690, in this month of February—one hundred and seventy-four years ago—there came a midnight cry for help from the burning town of Schenectady, and the panting messengers who came along the pathways leading from Albany to that city, which ran along by the very spot upon which we stand, and told of the massacre of its inhabitants, by Indian savages and their French allies. The alarmed citizens of this place hurried to the protection of Fort Frederick, which stood on this ground; and the ancestors of many of those who I see before me, whose names are still familiar in your social circles, in your churches and in your public organizations, met to devise measures of relief for the sick, the suffering, the wounded and the dying of a neighboring town, and to adopt measures for the support of those who should go out to combat against the savage enemies. Many of their descendants bearing those ancient and honorable names, meet here to-night for a kindred purpose.

That long lapse of years, and those far removed generations, at this moment seem freshly linked together by this coincidence of place and purpose.

“A little later, another event occurred within this city, of still greater significance, and still more closely connected with this occasion. The people of the different colonies, living under distinct governments at the outset, were estranged from each other. Separated by distances which at that day were overcome with difficulty, made up of those of different nationalities and conflicting creeds, there was among them but little intercourse, and no concert of action. Alarmed by a threatened combination of savage tribes which menaced the safety, if not the existence of the colonies, they sent delegates to a convention held in this city. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was its presiding officer. This was the first distinct movement to a union among the colonies, looking to strength and protection from united counsels and combined efforts.

“Thus Albany became the birthplace of our Union. In God’s name, then, let it be upheld and cherished here. The first time that the Stars and Stripes were ever displayed upon our National banner—the first time that its emblems of State sovereignties and National unity were ever given to the winds of Heaven—the first time that that flag was ever displayed which now kindles the enthusiasm and patriotism of the American in whatever part of the world he may see it, and whose folds, in devotion to its sacred import, a million of men have battled within the last three years—that flag was first borne into the dangers of the battle field in the defence of this city. It was also first used to defeat an effort to divide the United Colonies. For the purpose of gaining possession of the line of the Hudson river, and the control of Lake Champlain, the British cabinet devised a combined movement upon this city. Its fleets were to ascend the Hudson—its savage allies, under St. Leger, were to come down the valley of the Mohawk, its disciplined armies, under Burgoyne, forcing their way along the upper Hudson, were to meet the co-operating forces at this point, and thus sever the Eastern colonies from the rest of our country. The point to be reached by

this great combined movement was the spot upon which we stand. This most formidable attempt upon our national existence was defeated upon the plains of Saratoga, and the three-fold attack upon Albany was baffled and defeated. It was in that battle of Saratoga that our National flag was first used. If we regard then the object for which we are assembled, and the relationship which that object bears to the union of our country and its glorious flag, we find that the associations which cluster around this spot are all in fit keeping, and well calculated to excite our interest and our enthusiasm."

After other remarks, the Governor dedicated the Bazaar in the following language:

"In pursuance of the invitation of your committee, and as Chief Magistrate of the State, I do dedicate this edifice to the great purposes of patriotism and charity, and I offer the fervent prayer to Almighty God, that it may not only relieve the sick and wounded, but by its gentle influence may touch the hearts of those in rebellion; that it may aid in bringing back peace to our land, restoring our Union, giving new life and vigor to the government of our fathers, and making us again a great, united, prosperous and happy people."

This address was followed by a Poem, by ALFRED B. STREET, Esq., which was distinguished for great delicacy of thought, beauty of expression and fervid patriotism. The following is the poet's allusion to love of country:

Spirit benign, oh, love of native land!
For thee, the sword leaps flashing to the hand;
For thee, long death is one brief smile of joy,
And loftiest thoughts their loftiest powers employ.
What though stern Winter chains the crouching clime,
Warm glows the bosom in thy fire sublime;
Soft luxury's slave that sleeps amid his flowers,
Leaps to the foe and battles through his bowers;
Age for thy sake will cast his crutch aside;
Youth for thy love renounce his new-made bride;
The widow's heart unloose the boy, to dare
War's flaming thunders hurtling through the air;
All round thy heavens thou sweetest fondest glance,
Holy thou holdest all thy earth's expanse,
Daunting the despot, fain to see unfurled

His crimsoned banner o'er a conquered world,
 Leaving glad Peace to plant the harvest gold,
 Rear his loud roofs, the sea's wide stores unfold,
 Lead civilization in its grand emprise,
 And raise man's nature to his native skies.
 Thus, through the North the thundering shout arose,
 Life to our land, destruction to our foes,
 Lift the starred banner—bare the battle brand !
 Death to our foes, but life to native land !
 Then, as the tempest bursting on the hills,
 Turns to wild torrents all the trickling rills,
 So as the tumult throbbed o'er hill and plain,
 Leaped the live floods, and roaring, swept amain,
 Up, with one bound, New England towered on high,
 Loud to the heavens New York launched mightiest cry,
 The Keystone's bayonet glittered on the air,
 Broad to the fight the Buckeye's breast stood bare,
 And the whole grand unconquerable West,
 Quick to the van, in war's wild frenzy prest,
 While as the strong wind rattles through the trees,
 The burst of banners laden every breeze.

The closing lines of the poem are as follows:

Oh long did our Eagle stand chained to his rock !
 But at last with a wing-burst of thunder-like shock—
 Red bolts in his talons, red wrath in his glare,
 And death in his wild shriek, he sprang to the air ;
 Ne'er back for a moment that pinion he drew,
 But onward, right onward, right onward he flew !
 One bolt shone at Shiloh, at Donelson one,
 And one made grand Gettysburg flash as the sun ;
 While the last lightning launched from his terrible quiver
 Made Lookout a beacon of glory forever.
 Each region wherever he sweeps is his own,
 And straightway from out its foul shade it has shone—
 Shone out with its freedom of tongue, pen and press,
 Those earth-stars that shine for our race but to bless ;
 And ne'er shall he pause, till, proud downward he swings,
 To slake in the Gulf his free triumph-clad wings,
 And loud alleluias shout wide as the blast,
 That the day of true glory hath risen at last.

And now, in a vision prophetic the eye
 Views earth and air glowing in magical dye.
 The sunset of time ! earth's millennial light—
 See, what is that grand, golden shape on the sight—
 Our Nation, with Time in Companionship's link,
 And reaching together eternity's brink.

The Bazaar having been opened, all our citizens entered into its plans and purposes with the utmost enthusiasm. Every department was supplied with cheerful laborers, and those who could not give their personal services, freely contributed money to aid the enterprise. Col. FRANK CHAMBERLAIN, HENRY T. BUELL, Esq., CHARLES B. REDFIELD, Esq., and others, called upon our wealthy citizens and were universally received with great cordiality. Every one was ready to subscribe. Many of the rich gave out of their abundance; and those of limited means showed their patriotism by a noble generosity.

Mr. BUELL states that probably no enterprise ever so fully enlisted the interest of all classes of the citizens of Albany and the neighboring towns as this Great Sanitary Fair. Social distinctions, denominational feelings and party prejudices were forgotten in the general and intense desire to sustain and comfort the noble men who had left their homes to fight for liberty and the Union.

Among our German population, Mr. ARTHUR BOTTS did admirable service in collecting money.

J. H. VAN ANTWERP, Esq., was also very active in making collections; and Mr. CANTINE TREMPER and Mr. CUYLER, editor of the Albany Express, devoted much time to receiving money at the Bazaar.

To CHAUNCEY P. WILLIAMS, Esq., treasurer of the Bazaar, and to JOHN TAYLER HALL, Esq., secretary, our whole community owe a debt of the deepest gratitude. These gentlemen were untiring in their efforts to make the Bazaar a glorious success.

How fully the highest expectations, in regard to this grand enterprise, were realized, is well known to all our citizens. Everything that skill, forethought, a persistent loyalty and pure benevolence could do, was done to render the whole affair a complete success.

The amount received from all sources into the treasury was one hundred and eleven thousand, four hundred and ninety-three dollars and forty-nine cents. The amount expended was twenty-nine thousand, five hundred and eighty-four dollars and ninety-

nine cents, leaving a balance, which was paid over to the treasury of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, of eighty-one thousand, nine hundred and eight dollars and fifty cents.

For pecuniary success in proportion to the population engaged in this enterprise, for executive ability in carrying out its plans, and for artistic effect, this fair was surpassed by no other within the limits of the United States.

THE U. S. CHRISTIAN COMMISSION.

Besides the U. S. Sanitary Commission, the U. S. Christian Commission received the cordial co-operation of the citizens of Albany. This commission had its origin in a convention of Young Men's Christian Associations, held in the city of New York on the sixteenth of November, 1861. Twelve gentlemen, from eight different States, were appointed as the first members of the commission. The object proposed, was to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of the officers and men of the U. S. Army and Navy, in co-operation with chaplains and others. At the fourth and last anniversary, held in the city of Washington on the evening of the 11th ultimo, the following summary of receipts for the four years of its existence was submitted by GEORGE H. STUART, Esq., President: In 1862, \$231,256.29; in 1863, \$916,837.65; in 1864, \$2,882,347.86; in four months of 1865, \$2,234,165.88;—making a total of \$6,264,607.67.

Owing to various causes, the Albany branch of the Christian Commission was not organized until the first of April, 1864. As its plans of operation became known, a desire was felt to aid in its work of ministering to the spiritual, as well as temporal interests of the soldiers. Accordingly, in March, 1864, a public meeting was held under the direction of the Albany Young Men's Christian Association, and appeals were made for funds, to which there was a liberal response. Soon after, a meeting was called at the rooms of the Board of Trade, and as the result, the Albany branch of the Christian Commission was formed, with the following officers: THOMAS W. OLCOTT, President; JOHN F. RATHBONE,

Vice President; LEVI DEDRICK, Secretary; WILLIAM McELROY, Treasurer.

The new organization awakened, at once, a great interest, and the pastors of our churches, and the members of all denominations, came forward to aid in giving success to the enterprise. The labors of the treasurer, Wm. McELROY, Esq., soon became very onerous, but he performed them with a cheerfulness and patriotic ardor, worthy of all praise. He achieved from week to week and month to month a great amount of work, which never met the public eye, but for which he will receive his reward. The amount that he received from April 1, 1864, to January 1, 1866, was \$23,740.20. With the exception of \$584.39, expended for the benefit of the soldiers in our own hospital and barracks, these funds were all sent to the central office of the Commission in Philadelphia.

Besides the contribution of money, a great amount of provisions and delicacies for the soldiers was collected; also hymn books, knapsack books and other reading matter were transmitted to the parent society. The good accomplished by these patriotic and christian efforts, eternity alone can reveal. In the operations of this association, as well as in that which acted through the Sanitary Commission, the ladies of Albany took a very efficient part, and sewing circles were formed in some of our churches, whose contributions served to greatly increase the comforts of our suffering soldiers.

At the request of the officers of the Young Men's Christian Association, a large tent was procured from Philadelphia to be used at the barracks for religious services. This measure was attended with great success. The meetings were arranged by JOHN E. PAGE, Esq., President of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the clergymen of the city preached on Sabbath afternoons; and the young men held prayer meetings once or twice during the week. Many of the soldiers were greatly benefited by these meetings, and some were led to give their hearts to Christ. Most interesting letters have been received from officers and private soldiers, by Mr. PAGE, expressing their deep gratitude to him for the interest that he had manifested in their

spiritual welfare. Religious meetings were also held at the hospital in connection with the services of the chaplain; and since the establishment of the Home for Disabled Soldiers, Mr. PAGE, S. R. GRAY, Esq., and their associates, have been indefatigable in their efforts to provide for the spiritual wants of the inmates of that institution.

It should also be stated that with the Albany Young Men's Christian Association originated the idea of preparing and sending to the soldiers the "little house wives," that is, small bags filled with needles, thread, pins, &c., which proved of so much value. Besides being expressions of the home interest felt for those who were far away, the tens of thousands of tracts and little books that accompanied them were the means of great usefulness.

SOLDIERS' REFRESHMENT COMMITTEE.

This committee was appointed to attend to the wants of regiments returning to and passing through the city; and the following report of their services is furnished by WM. H. VAN ANTWERP, Esq., chairman of the refreshment committee:

Regiments and Number of Men Fed.

Date.	Regiment.	No. of Men.
June 18—	118th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	334
" 18—	117th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	361
" 19—	142d Regiment N. Y. S. V.	438
" 20—	7th Heavy Artillery	219
" 21—	Prisoners from Camp Tyler, Texas	8
" 22—	77th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	95
" 25—	106th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	405
" 26—	10th Regiment Vermont S. V.	321
" 26—	5th N. Y. Heavy Artillery	120
" 27—	115th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	267
" 28—	3d N. Y. Light Artillery	335
" 28—	7th Ohio Cavalry	59
" 28—	10th N. Y. Heavy Artillery	973
" 28—	5th N. Y. Heavy Artillery	329
" 28—	11th Vermont Artillery	6
" 28—	121st Regiment N. Y. S. V.	328
" 29—	106th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	107
" 29—	6th Vermont S. V.	280
" 30—	3d N. Y. Light Artillery, Battery M	201

Date.	Regiment.	No. of Men.
June 30—	3d N. Y. Light Artillery, Batteries I and C	195
July 1—	144th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	890
" 1—	43d Regiment N. Y. S. V.	147
" 1—	77th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	189
" 2—	3d N. Y. Light Artillery	362
" 3—	93d Regiment N. Y. S. V.	287
" 5—	3d N. Y. Light Artillery, Battery K	177
" 7—	91st N. Y. S. V.	537
" 8—	175th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	89
" 13—	18th Battery N. Y. S. V.	111
" 16—	152d Regiment N. Y. S. V.	240
" 19—	2d Vermont Light Artillery	227
" 19—	12th Massachusetts Light Artillery	125
" 20—	7th N. Y. Independent Battery	117
" 21—	25th N. Y. Independent Battery	99
" 21—	157th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	382
" 21—	128th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	461
" 21—	60th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	403
" 28—	2d Regiment Hancock's Corps	217
" 24—	94th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	257
Aug. 4—	7th New York Heavy Artillery	233
" 5—	20th N. Y. Cavalry	730
" 25—	110th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	522
Sept. 1—	3d Regiment N. Y. S. V.	460
" 2—	100th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	451
" 2—	192d Regiment N. Y. S. V.	387
" 2—	81st Regiment N. Y. S. V.	304
" 2—	98th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	181
" 18—	75th Regiment N. Y. S. V.	334
Oct. 3—	11th New York Cavalry	302
" 12—	153d Regiment N. Y. S. V.	377
Sick men sent from Provost Marshal's office at different dates		36
Nov. 24—	2d New York Veteran Cavalry	447
Dec. 3—	4th New York Provisional Cavalry	640
1866, Jan. 20—	193d Regiment N. Y. S. V.	607
Total		16,709

WM. H. VAN ANTWERP,
Chairman of Refreshment Committee.

The committee expended in this department over seven thousand six hundred dollars; and their kind deeds were duly appreciated by the noble men who were the recipients of their bounty.

THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

In the medical department, the action of the government was very prompt and effective in this State as well as in other parts of our country. His Excellency, Governor MORGAN, appointed at the commencement of the war Dr. S. OAKLEY VANDERPOEL, of Albany, Surgeon General of the State of New York. Previous to this time this position had been simply complimentary, but now it was attended with great responsibilities and arduous duties. To this office, however, Dr. VANDERPOEL brought not only a high reputation for skill and experience in his profession, but great personal energy and efficiency. The bureau was organized in the best manner to secure the welfare of the soldiers and the honor of the State, and to add to the effective force of the army. The surgeons and their assistants were selected with great care, and minute instructions were given to the inspectors of recruits that only suitable men should be received into the service of the government. On the eighth of January, 1862, Dr. VANDERPOEL made his first report to the Governor of the State, which was afterwards transmitted to the Assembly, in which he gives the details of the duties performed in the various departments of the medical bureau. His second report was transmitted to the Legislature January 27th, 1863, in which he makes the following interesting statements:

“The past year has been one of memorable interest in the medical department.

“During that period the effective force of troops from this State has been doubled, while the medical staff has been nearly trebled, numbering now *five hundred and eighty-four*. Within that period they have been subjected to every vicissitude of climate, to every privation and fatigue—these, too, in the poisonous malaria and the deathly miasm arising from tropical heats.

“Even now, bodies of troops from this State are stationed at every principal post—New Orleans, Pensacola, Key West, Hilton Head, Newbern, Fortress Monroe—while the army of the Potomac and the defences about Washington and Baltimore have each large detachments.

“It is unnecessary to enumerate the fearful conflicts in which they have been engaged, or allude to the scenes of woe and suffering through which their duties peculiarly called them to move. It is enough to say that wherever carnage was the thickest, the ministering hand of the surgeon has been near, caring as rapidly as possible for the wounded.”

In the same report the Doctor alludes to a corps of volunteer surgeons, organized in accordance with his own suggestions. He says:

“Simultaneously with the measures taken to assume the charge of the sick and wounded, a movement was initiated to organize a corps of *Volunteer Surgeons*, who should hold themselves in readiness, whenever a great emergency occurred, to proceed to the vicinity of the field of battle and render gratuitous service to the wounded. The necessity calling for such an organization was obvious.

“Previous to the passage by Congress of the law of July last, authorizing the appointment of an additional assistant surgeon to each regiment, the medical staff was totally inadequate to fulfill even the demands of ordinary service, from the necessary details made for transportation, hospital service, and those who for any cause were unfit for duty. This inadequacy would be painfully and heart-rendingly felt by the whole people should a large engagement occur. Impressed by this idea, and after consultation with some of the first medical men of the State, I addressed your Excellency, on the thirtieth of March, the communication marked ‘A’ in the appendix.* This was promptly and strongly endorsed by yourself, and forwarded at once to Mr. STANTON, Secretary of War. His replies will be found in appendix ‘B’ and ‘C.’*

“From these replies, so favorable and commendatory, resulted the immediate organization of this corps, the names of whom are marked ‘D’ in the appendix.

A glance at the names comprising the list will readily assure confidence as to the character of the gentlemen composing it. It

* See Report, January, 1863.

is not presumptuous to say that it would be impossible to find on this side of the Atlantic, nor indeed upon the other, an equal array combining so much talent, skill and acquirements in their profession.

“I should do injustice to a large number of noble medical men throughout the State, who, though not formally recognized of this body, promptly repaired to the peninsula and labored most assiduously and faithfully. They waited for no official recognition, but in the true spirit of philanthropy ministered in their respective fields of labor. It would be gratifying to enumerate their names, but from their number, and the reason that only a few made the fact known to me, renders such an effort impossible. They enjoy a richer reward than public plaudits, in the quiet consciousness of a well performed duty, and the heart-felt thanks and prayers of the suffering sick and wounded alleviated through their unostentatious ministrations.

“The recital of the labors of this whole corps of volunteer surgeons, would form one of the noblest episodes of the many noble which this war has brought forth; would serve to illustrate that heaven-derived mission of the profession, the prompt, unselfish, intelligent relief of suffering humanity.”

In 1863 Dr. VANDERPOEL was succeeded in the position of Surgeon General for the State of New York by Dr. J. V. P. QUACKENBUSH, of Albany, who was also a gentleman of the highest personal and professional qualifications.

His first annual report was transmitted to the Legislature February 19th, 1864. During the preceding year Dr. QUACKENBUSH had appointed two hundred and nineteen surgeons and assistant surgeons in the places of those who had been promoted, or mustered out or dismissed, or who had resigned. Besides faithfully attending to his home duties, he visited the battle field and the hospitals in the vicinity of other cities. Of these visits he gives the following account, addressed to his Excellency, HORATIO SEYMOUR, Governor and Commander-in-Chief:

“By your direction I proceeded to Washington, and there received from the War Department ample facilities to visit the

battle field and all the hospitals in the vicinity of Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

“I visited these hospitals and saw very many of our own soldiers, who were much gratified, and expressed their thanks that you had sent a person from New York to look after them and bring them a word of good cheer from their own State. This to me was a pleasant duty, and when I saw their wan and painful countenances lighted up by the words of one who came from their own homes, I felt thankful that I could thus, though in a feeble manner, minister to the happiness of those who had suffered so much in the service of their country.

“After visiting the hospitals in Baltimore, I proceeded to the field of the last battle; but how different was the scene which a few short days had made. Our victorious army had left the hills which encompassed Gettysburg. The blast of the bugle no longer was heard. The echo of the loud-mouthed cannon had died away, and naught but the sorrow and misery of war now remained. The sick, the wounded, the dying were on every side; the long aisles of graves stretched along every camp; the unburied dead lay prone upon the ground, their lifeless, bloodless, soulless eyes directed to the mid-day sun. The battle was ended! A saddening and sorrowful sight was presented on every side. Each army corps had its separate hospital, and the surgeon and his assistants were constantly engaged in the rude shelter camp and at the operating table. All that humanity could suggest and skill invent and execute was done, but the machinery of war had been set in motion and the wrecks of mankind lay scattered around.

“While on the field of the late battle, I saw many surgeons from our own State, who, by their labor, were honoring the commissions you gave them. Some of these have since died from disease contracted at that time. Others, too, on distant fields of duty, have sacrificed their lives in the cause of their country, nobly vindicating the exalted character of the profession they represented. Perhaps at no period during the war have our surgeons been taxed so severely as at Gettysburg. They worked bravely and nobly, and while I would award all praise to all the

surgeons who were left in charge of the sick at this place, my natural State pride will not allow me to suppress the fact that no hospital, in its appearance of cleanliness, general arrangement or abundance of supplies, surpassed those which were allotted to and managed by the surgeons from the State of New York.

“In passing from one hospital to another, the same sad effects of the battle were seen; but while inhumanity showed her bloody trophies, humanity showed her nobler views, and those twin sisters of charity, the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, were in every camp, pouring their healing balm into those wounds which cruel war had so ruthlessly laid open. These charities opened wide their hands, and the soldiers keenly appreciated the blessings which were there dispensed. New York should thank these noble institutions, which then and there so deeply benefited the New York soldier.

“After leaving the field of battle and its vicinity, I visited the army at Antietam, and at Gen. MEADE’s headquarters I met Brig. Gen. WM. A. HAMMOND, Surgeon General U. S. A., and personally offered to him the services of the surgeons of this State, which I felt authorized in doing, as so many had already volunteered to go to the aid of the regular surgeons of the army. This offer was frankly accepted, with the assurance that they should be among the first called upon.”

And a call was made that same month, under date of July 27, 1863, by Dr. JOS. R. SMITH, Surgeon of the U. S. Army, which was promptly and cheerfully responded to by Dr. QUACKENBUSH.

In the Doctor’s second annual report, submitted to the Legislature February 28th, 1865, he shows the condition of the medical staff of the army from this State, the number of surgeons who have been appointed since the commencement of the rebellion, the number who have been appointed the preceding year, with the number who have died, and the general duties incumbent upon and discharged by this bureau. He says:

“Since the commencement of the war, there have been two hundred and forty volunteer regiments from this State in the national army, and the first duty of this bureau has been to keep

these regiments supplied with their full complement of medical officers. To each regiment are assigned one surgeon and two assistant surgeons, and these officers are commissioned by the Governor upon the recommendations issued from this bureau."

He gives in the report a list of the surgeons and assistant surgeons appointed in the New York regiments from April 15, 1861, to December 31, 1864, with the rank of each, and the regiment to which he belonged. The whole number commissioned was twelve hundred and eighty-two.

Of the corps of volunteer surgeons, Dr. QUACKENBUSH thus speaks:

"This corps was called upon in May last, immediately after the battles of the Wilderness, and in response to a telegram received Sunday morning, May 7th, fourteen surgeons started without delay for the scene of action. Indeed, within eight hours after the reception of the telegram, some from this city and Troy left for the army, and they met in New York city a number of others, with whom they went to Washington, and having reported to Surgeon General BARNES, were immediately assigned to duty in Fredericksburg and its vicinity. These gentlemen, whose names will be found in Schedule F, rendered very valuable and timely service, and I would now, sir, in your name, under whose commission they served, thank them for the aid and attention which they rendered to the sick and wounded soldiers of the National army, after the bloody battles of the Wilderness. The general who commands an army and wins his battle, receives the thanks of Congress, and it is right. The colonel who gallantly leads his regiment and performs his share of duty in the general engagements, meets and receives the commendation of his superiors. The lieutenant who seizes the standard of his company, and urges on his faltering men in the face of imminent danger, looks for and receives promotion. Thus each and every officer has his stimulus and meets his reward. How is it with the volunteer surgeon of the State of New York! His duty is performed in the hospital or on the field among the sick and dying. The sound of the clarion or the music of the drum meets not his ear. The voice of distress calls him to duty,

and the consciousness of having performed that duty well is his ambition and his reward. The testimony coming from the sick and wounded, and the evidence rendered by those competent to judge, has satisfied this bureau that the volunteer surgeon of New York has done his duty faithfully, and the proud consciousness of this must be his life-long reward."

Dr. QUACKENBUSH was succeeded by Dr. SYLVESTER D. WILLARD, and Dr. WILLARD by Dr. JAMES E. POMFRET, who were both appointed by his Excellency Governor FENTON.

As a proof of the wide extent of the medical department of our army, I would add, in this connection, the following statements made by JOSEPH K. BARNES, Surgeon General of the U. S. Army, to the Hon. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War, in his report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1865. The disbursements for that year for medical and hospital supplies; for the pay of private physicians, hospital employés, &c., amounted to nineteen millions, three hundred and twenty-eight thousand, four hundred and ninety-nine dollars and twenty-three cents.

The whole number of general hospitals established since the commencement of the war was two hundred and four, with a capacity of one hundred and thirty-six thousand, eight hundred and ninety-four beds. From April, 1861, to June, 1865, there had been appointed five hundred and forty-seven surgeons and assistant surgeons of volunteers; mustered into service, two thousand one hundred and nine volunteer regimental surgeons, and three thousand eight hundred and eighty-two volunteer regimental assistant surgeons; employed as acting staff surgeons, seventy-five; as acting assistant surgeons, five thousand five hundred and thirty-two. The returns of sick and wounded show, that of white troops, one million, fifty-seven thousand, four hundred and twenty-three cases have been treated in the general hospitals alone, from 1861 to July 1, 1865, of which the mortality rate was eight per cent.

Gen. BARNES, at the close of his report, bears testimony to the zeal and efficiency of the officers of the medical department, upon all occasions. He says: "With hardly an exception, they have been actuated by the highest motives of national and professional pride,

and the number who have been killed and wounded bears most honorable testimony to their devotion to duty on the field of battle."

But without dwelling longer upon these general operations of this department, we would speak of the care extended to the sick and wounded soldiers in the city of Albany.

In April, 1861, the brick edifice known as the "Industrial School Building," was occupied by the soldiers; and extensive wooden structures were erected around it, the whole constituting "The Barracks." Seven regiments of New York State volunteers were organized, equipped and sent to the field from this post, during three or four months. At that time, Dr. JAMES H. ARMSBY, of Albany, was the surgeon in charge of this post, and of the various temporary depots in the city; and he brought to his work great patriotic ardor, and a high degree of medical and surgical skill, gained in a long professional experience.

In 1862, "The Barracks" were opened as a post hospital, and five hundred and fifty-five sick and wounded soldiers were received. They were attended by most of the physicians of the city, who kindly volunteered their services. In 1863, five hundred were admitted and treated, and in 1864, nine hundred and fifty-seven were received.

In the fall of 1864, it was made a U. S. General Hospital, and was placed under the care of Dr. MASON F. COGSWELL. Dr. COGSWELL was removed from this position, and from his wide sphere of usefulness in our city, by death, and in February, 1865, Dr. J. H. ARMSBY was appointed his successor. At that time the hospital received the name of the "Ira Harris U. S. General Hospital," after our distinguished U. S. Senator from the State of New York.

During the year 1865, one thousand, one hundred and twenty-five patients were admitted and received medical and surgical treatment, nine hundred of whom were in the hospital at one time in the month of July. Besides faithfully discharging the duties of physician and surgeon, Dr. ARMSBY did all in his power to promote the comfort and happiness of the soldiers, by providing them with pleasant rooms and suitable reading matter, and interesting our citizens in their personal welfare.

MISCELLANEOUS PATRIOTIC DEEDS.

Under this head it would be impossible, within the limits of this introductory chapter, even to allude to the many patriotic deeds performed by our citizens. Besides those that are presented in the foregoing pages, we can only refer to a few:

Prominent among these was the patriotic generosity of our eminent sculptor, PALMER. In 1861 he gave, for the benefit of the Soldiers' Fund, one of his best works in marble; and afterwards he placed in the hands of Dr. ARMSBY four of his most recent and valuable pieces of statuary, for the same purpose. More than \$2,500 were realized from this contribution. At the time our great fair was held, he suspended his works, fitted up his studio for a picture gallery, and collected from among his friends a large number of rare and beautiful pictures, which were placed on exhibition for the benefit of the fair. Most of our city artists contributed pictures as gifts, and more than \$1,200 were realized from the exhibition. Our photographic artists and picture dealers also contributed liberally for the benefit of the soldiers.

Many of our ladies, too, were untiring in their efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and wounded. They watched over them, anticipating their wants, and in every way contributing to their temporal and spiritual welfare.

All classes of our citizens seemed to vie with each other in efforts to cheer and benefit the soldier, and sustain the government in crushing the rebellion. Many who were unable to enter the battle field themselves voluntarily sent substitutes to represent their patriotic ardor. Among these we would mention the case of ISAAC W. VOSBURGH, Esq., who employed and equipped one soldier for each member of his family during the war. Thus he furnished seven members of the American army, representing himself, his wife and five children.

Gen. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER was one of the most liberal of our citizens in his contributions in aid of the war. We hear from a citizen of the seventh ward that he contributed enough money to obtain thirty recruits for that ward; and we also learn from another quarter that he has contributed \$1,000 to the war fund

in the town of Watervliet. We presume he gave more in other directions, for he is constantly giving in large sums for patriotic and benevolent purposes.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the editors and publishers of our daily papers for their readiness at all times to aid in the great cause, which enlisted the sympathies and efforts of our citizens. In one of the annual reports of the Albany Army Relief Association, this aid is gratefully acknowledged.

Equally were they ready to help every other association and every plan which contemplated the good of the soldier or the welfare of the nation.

To our railroad, steamboat and express companies the community are indebted for innumerable favors that helped to advance the general cause.

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THE BUREAU OF MILITARY RECORD.

The Bureau of Military Record was established by Governor MORGAN in December, 1862, and has been sanctioned and sustained by the Legislature of the State. Its objects are to collect and preserve the records of the war, embracing an account of the action of cities, towns and counties in raising volunteers, and contributing in various ways to the support of the army; of the organization and services of regiments, with the preservation of their flags; and the collection of the biographies of officers and men engaged in the service, and of all printed documents pertaining to the war.

Already great success has attended the efforts of the bureau, and no less than five hundred flags have been received from the regiments that have been raised in our State. Biographies of many officers and men have also been collected, and the plan is now being carried out of thoroughly canvassing the entire State, for obtaining statistical information in regard to all the officers and soldiers who have been connected with our army.

The Legislature of 1865 instructed the bureau, in addition to its other duties, to collect and preserve "a record of the part taken by seamen from this State, in the naval service, since the

beginning of the war;" and also to procure "a detailed account of the treatment of Union soldiers from this State in rebel prisons, and a record of the deaths in said prisons, and other pertinent facts connected with such imprisonment." In accordance with this order, measures have been adopted to obtain the desired information.

In connection with the bureau, there is a valuable museum of articles of military interest, gathered from battle fields, forts, besieged cities and other localities.

To preserve these records and materials, as well as others that may be collected, the Legislature have passed an act, which it is believed will result in the erection of a fire-proof building, to be called the Hall of Military Record. The Chief of this bureau is Col. LOCKWOOD L. DOTY, a gentleman eminently fitted for his position by his courteous manners, his extensive military knowledge, and his pure patriotism.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

In the preparation of the following sketches, it has been our aim to present a clear and truthful narrative of each of the departed heroes of our city and county, based upon the most reliable information that could be obtained concerning them. In the length of the sketches we have, of course, been governed by the amount of the materials with which we have been furnished by surviving relatives and friends. Many officers and soldiers are briefly noticed (who deserve a more extended tribute), because of our inability to obtain any more facts in relation to them than those which are given.

A list of those whose names only, with a few historic dates, we have been able to obtain, will be found at the close of this volume.

Besides the articles contributed by the relatives or friends of the deceased, whose names are given, there are some others presented, with slight alterations, in the language in which they were furnished.

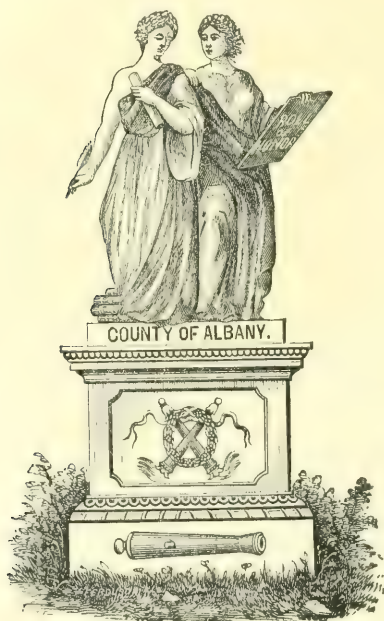
In the extracts given from journals and letters, I have taken

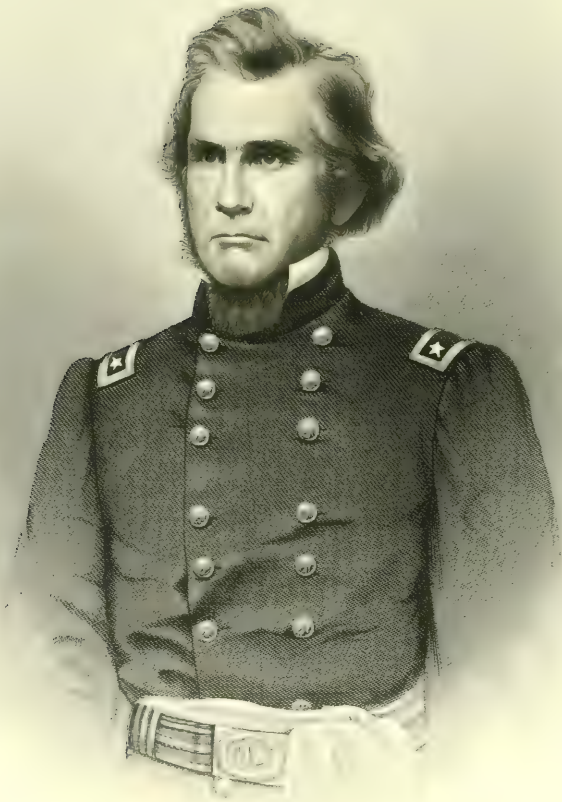
the liberty of making slight changes in the language used, where they would add to the clearness of the thought, or to the grammatical structure of the sentence employed by the writer.

The whole volume is now sent forth to meet the demands of every heart that is inspired with gratitude towards these patriot martyrs. It is also sent forth that it may perpetuate the memory of the achievements of these noble men, while the American Republic, with its just laws and free institutions, shall have an existence among the nations of the earth.

R. W. C.

ALBANY, *October*, 1866.





C. M. Mitchell

I.

MAJ. GEN. ORMSBY MACKNIGHT MITCHEL.

WE commence our sketches of the illustrious dead, with a name distinguished for scientific culture, earnest patriotism, tender humanity and devoted piety. Rarely do so many intellectual gifts and Christian virtues meet in the same person, as adorn the character of Gen. MITCHEL. His mind moved among the stars, and caught their brilliancy. His thoughts partook of the harmony and grandeur of the worlds and systems that he explored. His character was pure, his sentiments generous and lofty, and his love of country was second only to his love of God. Before the war, his discoveries and contributions to astronomical science had rendered him eminent as an American scholar. His popular lectures made him a favorite with all, and inspired his hearers with a love for the beauties and sublimities of astronomy, and with adoration for the Creator and his marvelous works.

The parents of our hero resided, before his birth, in Virginia. His father was a man of no ordinary intelligence and enterprise, and had a decided taste for mathematical pursuits. His mother was a woman of pleasing address, superior mental attainments, and earnest piety. Mr. MITCHEL having lost his property, moved west, and located in Union county, Kentucky. There he erected a rude habitation, and on the 28th of August, 1810, his son, ORMSBY MACKNIGHT MITCHEL, was born. When the child was three years of age, his father was called away by death, and the orphan boy was left to struggle with the obstacles and difficulties that early beset his path. The family, in their deep affliction, moved immediately to Ohio, with the hope of adding to their means of support, and settled in the town of Miami. ORMSBY was sent to school, and so rapidly did he advance in his studies,

that in some branches he soon surpassed his country teachers. At the age of twelve years he had mastered the Latin and Greek languages, acquired the elements of mathematics, and gained considerable knowledge in other departments. For the want of means to continue his studies, he entered a store as clerk. But the dull routine of the duties in a country store did not satisfy his ardent and aspiring nature. On removing to Lebanon, Warren county, he formed the purpose to gain admission, if possible, to the military academy at West Point. Through the influence of friends he was successful in gaining the appointment. To one who said to him: We have had many of our boys go to West Point, but few of them get through;" ORMSBY, with calm self-reliance, replied: "*I shall go through, sir.*"

The journey, at that time, from Ohio to West Point, was attended with many difficulties, and especially for a lad without money or friends to aid him. But our young hero pushed his way through the wilderness, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, and at last upon the canal boat, that brought him to Albany on Saturday night. Having previously determined to live a Christian life, and to obey all God's commands, he rested on the Sabbath, and was entertained by his relatives. On Monday he went to West Point, and arrived there with his knapsack on his back and twenty-five cents in his pocket. Instead of property and worldly advantages, he commenced his career, equipped with personal energy, an honorable ambition, and firm Christian principles. Possessing these elements of character, he had the very best armor, for a youth, with which to fight the battles of life, and win the most valuable prizes.

On the 23d of June, 1825, he was, after a satisfactory examination, admitted to the military academy, being then not fifteen years of age. The law required that candidates should be a year older, but, as a special favor, it was in his case suspended. At once he devoted himself to study with great diligence, perseverance and success. Among his associates in the academy were several of the generals who have distinguished themselves in the late war, both in our own and in the rebel service. Among the latter were JEFFERSON DAVIS, ROBT. E. LEE and JOSEPH JOHNSON.

In 1829, cadet MITCHEL graduated with honor, and so high was the estimate placed upon his talents and character, that he was very soon appointed assistant professor of mathematics in the academy. This position he held two years, and was then stationed with the army at St. Augustine, in Florida. There life was too monotonous for his active and ambitious spirit; and having no prospect of usefulness or distinction before him, he resigned on 30th of September, 1832.

While connected with the army he married Mrs. TRASK, formerly Miss LOUISA CLARK, of Cornwall, on the Hudson river; a lady of superior intelligence, rare attainments and devoted piety. He moved with his wife to Cincinnati, where he opened an office as counselor at law, and practiced until the year 1834. Here he connected himself with the church, under the care of the Rev. Dr. LYMAN BEECHER, and was identified with the religious interests of the city.

The Cincinnati college having become established in 1834, Mr. MITCHEL was elected professor of mathematics, philosophy and astronomy. Here he had a field suited to his taste and genius. His ardor, in the noble study of the science of the heavenly bodies, was greatly quickened. He infused his enthusiasm into the minds of his pupils, by whom he was greatly loved and admired.

In addition to the duties of his professorship, he filled the office of chief engineer of the Little Miami railroad, from 1836 to 1837. Thus in time of peace he was learning lessons that, years afterwards, would enable him, amid the stern realities of war, to render the most valuable services to his country.

In the prosecution of his astronomical studies, Professor MITCHEL felt the need of an observatory, and in 1832 he bent his energies towards obtaining the means for the erection of a great astronomical observatory in Cincinnati. He prepared and delivered a series of lectures upon astronomy, that were received with the greatest enthusiasm. As his clear intellect moved with the planets, and searched for the secret laws of nature among the mysteries of the stars; as his pure soul reflected, as a burnished mirror, the beauties and sublimities of God's wonderful

works; as he labored to weave out of language, garments with which to clothe his own grand ideas of the distances in space, and of the magnitude and mission of the far-off worlds; as he poured forth, in burning eloquence, his almost inspired thoughts of the attributes and perfections of the Infinite Author of all material systems, and intelligent beings,—thousands listened in breathless attention, and with emotions of the highest delight. Not only did he gain the means for carrying forward his favorite project, but he gave an impetus, in the popular mind, to the science of astronomy, that is felt to this day.

In speaking of Professor MITCHEL as a man of science, an able writer says that he “was an ardent investigator, and an eminently practical inventor. Fully imbued with the poetry of science, delighting in the lofty picturesques of astronomic thought; abounding in the rarest imagery in his public teachings; his truest sphere was in the mechanism of the means for scientific observation and labor. To prepare himself as the director of the observatory, he had studied and mastered the higher astronomical mathematics, and was thoroughly conversant with the history of the science. To qualify himself as a public teacher, he had resolved the most difficult problems into such forms, and such lucid language, as to make them clear to many who had regarded it impossible to comprehend them. To give himself facility in observing, he had studied under Professor AIREY, the astronomer royal of England, at Greenwich; and to understand the scientific relations of astronomy as they appear in the cosmogony of the universe, he had investigated those sister sciences which, while they are distinct elements of the great subject, came forward, in harmonious concourse, to cast their tribute at the feet of Him, who dictated the record of Moses.”

Without describing the various steps in the enterprise, which resulted in the erection of the Cincinnati observatory, now justly called the Mitchel Observatory, it is sufficient to state, that the corner stone of the pier that was to sustain the great telescope, was laid by the Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, on the ninth of November, 1843. The telescope reached safely the city of Cincinnati in February, 1845, and in the following March the building

was in readiness for its reception. In the prosecution of this great undertaking, Professor MITCHEL had exhausted all his private means. He had overcome obstacles and difficulties that would have utterly discouraged ordinary men. He had labored on, month after month, and year after year, sustained only by the sleepless energy of his own soul, and by the hope of success that inspires every truly great mind. But the desire of his heart was accomplished. He was permitted to gaze upon the triumph of his genius and enthusiasm, as expressed in the beautiful temple crowning the lofty hill-top, and consecrated to science, to the universe, and to God. He had been instrumental in opening upon this continent, a new pathway to the skies, along which thought and aspiration might travel to distant worlds and systems. The hour was one of joy and exultation. But as the professor had learned that the brightest sun might be eclipsed, so he was soon to learn that the bright sun of prosperity might grow dim, and our most cherished plans be thwarted by an unseen hand. He had agreed to superintend the observatory for ten years, without remuneration, and to depend for his support upon his salary as professor in the college. But in a sad hour the college was destroyed by fire, and he was left penniless! The temple enshrining the clear telescopic eye, stood serene upon the lofty eminence, but the high priest of science could not enter. His intellect, with its keen vision, was left to him. His energies had not been consumed in the conflagration. His knowledge of the stars had not been turned into ashes. His trust in God was not gone. But his means of support were cut off; and what can he do? Hear him, in his own language: "It was impossible," he said, "to abandon the observatory. The college could not be rebuilt, at least for several years, and in this emergency I found it necessary to seek some means of support least inconsistent with my duties in the observatory. My public lectures at home had been comparatively well received, and after much hesitation, it was resolved to make an experiment elsewhere. For five years I had been pleading the cause of science among those little acquainted with its technical language. I had become habituated to the use of such terms as were easily under-

stood; and probably to this circumstance more than to any other one thing, am I indebted for any success which may have attended my public lectures. To the citizens of Boston, Brooklyn, New York and New Orleans, for the kindness with which they were pleased to receive my imperfect efforts, I am deeply indebted."

After a most brilliant career through these and other cities, Professor MITCHEL accepted an appointment from the Ohio and Mississippi railroad company, as confidential agent to attend to their business in Europe. In 1844 he surveyed this road, and in 1853 he went to Europe, and again in 1854, to transact business for the company. On his return he had charge of the eastern division of the railroad, and managed its affairs with great success.

In the summer of 1860, he was chosen director of the Dudley Observatory, that adorns our own city. The land for this noble edifice was generously given by Gen. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, and towards the building Mrs. BLANDINA DUDLEY gave \$13,000, while other individuals increased the amount to \$25,000. But while the professor was maturing his plans, for giving the greatest possible success to this observatory, the trumpet of war stirred his patriotic heart, and a sense of duty prompted him to tender to the Government his military knowledge, and his personal services, for the defence of the country. It was, indeed, hard for him to relinquish his scientific pursuits, for which nature had so eminently endowed his intellect; it was hard for him to tear himself away from his cherished wife, and the delights of a fond home; it was hard for him to give up the brilliant future that was opening before him in the regions of astronomical investigation and discovery; but in the hour of his country's peril, he was ready to sacrifice all for her interests. And although the military career of Gen. MITCHEL was short, yet it was long enough to prove that he was a whole-hearted patriot; a superior disciplinarian; a brave soldier, and a noble and successful commander.

For the details of his military life, we are indebted to WILLIAM P. PRENTICE, Esq. of New York city, who has furnished such facts as came within his own personal knowledge. These we give mainly in his own language.

On the ninth of August, 1861, Prof. MITCHEL was appointed brigadier general of volunteers, and was ordered to report to General FRANKLIN, on the Potomac. He was, however, almost immediately relieved, at the request of western men, and sent to Cincinnati, as commander of the department of the Ohio.

Here everything was in confusion, and destruction seemed coming down from Kentucky to sweep away the city and its State. There were no soldiers and no supplies. Quartermasters and commissaries were deeply in debt, having been plundered by miserable contractors, and in every quarter there was need of such a man as now began to lead.

Night and day he was at work, using others' powers as well as his own, organizing and directing whatever was to be done. He seemed almost to create artillery. As by magic, there came up regiments of foot, and marched to the front in Kentucky, seizing the railroads and mountain passes. Cincinnati, at once, had the fortifications which have twice since proved her safety. Mr. CAMERON, the Secretary, moved by the change wrought by this "live man," as he called him, and urged by the General and those who clearly saw the course of the rebellion, ordered an expedition to Cumberland Gap, which, it was afterwards proved, must certainly have been a great success, by dividing the Confederacy, saving Eastern Tennessee, and cutting off the rebel supplies from the west.

But the delays, opposing counsel, and final countermand which this and other movements met, led the General to urge the consolidation of the departments in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee, in which he offered to take a subordinate place.

The new department, called that of the Ohio, was created, and Gen. BUEL made its commander. Gen. MITCHEL was second in rank.

On the thirteenth of December, 1861, Gen. MITCHEL took command of the third division, army of the Ohio, and led it through Elizabethtown to Bacon creek, where he lay for six weeks, drilling and exercising his men, until he had certainly the finest division in the western army.

He planned and urged the attack on Bowling Green, and leav-

ing Bacon creek February 11th, 1862, though held back at Green river, he captured it on the fourteenth, while BUEL's main army was on the march to Donelson. This fell, and Nashville surrendered to Gen. MITCHEL February 23d.

To him also belongs the credit of the march upon and surprise of Huntsville, one of the most important movements of the war. For very soon Decatur and Bridgeport, with their bridges across the Tennessee; Tusculum, through which water communication with our army at Pittsburg Landing was opened, and a flank attack on the rebel line of retreat offered; Rogersville on the Elk river, and Winchester in the mountains, were ours.

Had these been held by the united western forces as they should have been, and as Gen. MITCHEL desired, the consequences would have been far different from what they were to our cause in Tennessee.

The defence and government of the General's district of Middle Tennessee and Northern Alabama, continued from April 11th to July 6th, when he was ordered to Washington, with a view to his employment in Virginia.

The plan of an inroad upon Georgia, and a campaign in that State and Eastern Tennessee, in 1862, met with the approval of the Government, and was filed in the Secretary of War's office. It will be found to have been of similar and equal promise to that of Gen. SHERMAN.

But the conflicting counsels at Washington were in the way of all work in the summer of 1862. In August, the Mississippi river expedition was ordered for Gen. MITCHEL, and he was about to embark with some thirty thousand troops for a campaign which would have been short, and decisive of great results, if we can trust the evidence now before us; but Gen. HALLECK was called to the chief command, and every new project was for the time abandoned.

It was a strange thing to see such a man as Gen. MITCHEL idle, and, as a forlorn hope it seemed, he was in September sent to the department of the south. Matters there were in a bad state. Military misrule had produced a general discontent. The soldiers were a prey to the climate; and the listlessness of camp

life, while the freedmen corrupted by their idleness, gave little promise of improvement or work.

The General landed at Port Royal September 16th. He began at once the reorganization of the tenth army corps, and very soon began to make for it a history, with new energy and hope.

Four expeditions met with such success that the campaign against Charleston and Savannah was about to open. With reinforcements of twenty thousand men, sustained in its inception with great confidence by the government, and entered upon with enthusiasm by our troops, the first stroke, that against Pocotaligo, succeeded well. Three expeditions, organized jointly by the army and navy, were at once to follow, led by the Commodore and the General, for the purpose of cutting off Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah and Mobile from mutual support. Charleston and Savannah would then have been attacked from the land side, positions on the coast gradually occupied, and expeditions sent into the interior. But while in the midst of these plans and others that contemplated the protection and elevation of the colored people, our hero was prostrated by sickness. On Sunday, the twenty-sixth of October, 1862, he was attacked by the yellow fever in Beaufort, S. C., and on the thirtieth of the same month he expired.

His death, so sudden and unexpected, produced the greatest consternation and sorrow among all classes, white and black. Just as difficulties that had embarrassed efficient action in the past had been settled, and the brightest prospects were opened before our forces, the beloved leader was snatched away.

Gen. MITCHEL's civil policy was not inferior to that of his military government. His schemes and efforts for the benefit of the negroes were eminently practical and successful; and as a leader, he was looked up to by them with great enthusiasm and hope. They gave him their best assistance, and soberly entered upon their great task. They built for him his first model village, and took part in that social system of which he made the family and the church the centres. Soon peaceful industry would have overcome the ruin shown on every side, against which, up to this time, almost nothing had been done. The grandeur and prac-

tical wisdom of his plans will be recognized in his correspondence, invited by the President, the Secretary of the Treasury and some of his New York friends, which will hereafter, it is hoped, be published.

It is to be observed in reviewing his course, that while he used gloriously every opportunity, he was always found capable of greater things. The rays of his genius were seen struggling through every cloud, and breaking out into the light of noon-day. His powers of organization, and energetic, successful government, displayed in the departments of the Ohio and of the south, mark him as of high administrative ability. The plan of the Cumberland Gap expedition; the captures of Bowling Green, Nashville and Huntsville; the plan of the campaign on the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, were all his; and also the plan of the Chattanooga and Georgia campaign, which would have saved the country untold misery. To him also belongs the credit of initiating such a campaign against Charleston as afterwards proved a success. These alone distinguish him as a great commander.

As a leader he was unsurpassed; he seemed of electrical presence; he always led; he marched like the thundercloud, and struck like the lightning. It was his lot never to have had to retreat, although not neglectful of its possibility. Observing every precaution and watching the details of every movement, few could be so sure as he. If the burning of Decatur and Bridgeport bridges should be called an exception, this unnecessary action, it is to be remembered, was by command of Generals BUEL and HALLECK, and against Gen. MITCHEL's own counsel.

He was just and merciful in the use of power, although he sought strenuously to maintain perfect discipline. The devotion of his soldiers to him is well known; and Union feeling followed him in the southwest, as was seen before and after the outbreak at Athens, in which the eighth brigade, then detached, was implicated. His cotton bridges, his improvised steamboats and gunboats, his plan of defence for railroads, his system of scouts among the negroes, his feats in railroad building, his extraordinary marches, show his invincibility by obstacles. His

passages of the rivers at Mumfordsville and Bowling Green were indeed grand, and show his masterly power. Think of twelve hundred feet of heavy bridging being created in ten days; three hundred feet in twenty-four hours; a flatboat made a steam gunboat, for the shoals of the Tennessee river, in three or four days; pontoons put on the Elk river in eight days; a river steamer made a gunboat at Charleston, and almost impregnable by the use of chains, as afterwards the Kearsage, in thirty-six hours! Such things seem dreams rather than realities.

It is proper to add that the Georgia railway expedition, so-called, owed neither its inception nor organization to Gen. MITCHEL, he having been simply furnished with men from the third division by the special orders of Gen. BUEL.

Fortunately, all the records of his military history have been carefully preserved. Among them the original dispatches and orders by him received are to be seen; and the copies of his orders and correspondence. For every doubtful act he sought and had the concurrence of the government, and he was cordially sustained by the friends of the Nation and of truth.

Gen. MITCHEL was an earnest Christian soldier, and was ever ready to engage in every good work. In the southwest, daily prayers were offered up with each regiment, except when circumstances rendered it impossible. Public services were also established on the Sabbath, and at his meals the divine blessing was invoked.

He had a soul that could hear the cries of humanity, and respond by toil and sacrifices for the helpless and unfortunate. For the education and happiness of the freedmen committed to his charge, he did what he could; and at the last great day many of the recipients of his benevolence will be ready to rise up and pronounce him blessed. At the moment the breath left his body science lost a rare ornament; the army mourned for a skillful and brave soldier; humanity wept for an earnest defender and advocate, and the church lost a true Christian and humble follower of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The writings which he has left we would earnestly recommend to the lovers of science, and to all who would enlarge their

views of the grandeurs and splendors of the universe. Among them are his "Planetary and Stellar Worlds;" his "Treatise on Algebra;" his "Popular Astronomy," and "The Astronomy of the Bible," which has been published since his death. In reading the latter beautiful and eloquent work, we cannot but think of the spirit of our departed Christian hero as now moving amid those splendid regions, gathering fresh stores of knowledge from the vast fields that are open, and rejoicing in the love of that God, whom he delighted to serve with his genius and his heart while he was a resident of this earth.

II.

BRIG. GEN. JAMES C. RICE.

PASSING along, we come to another countenance radiant with christian hope and beaming with victory. The eyes reveal the inward intelligence; the lips whisper the peace of the soul. Upon the brow is stamped "heroism." In the hand is a commission addressed to "Brig. Gen. JAMES C. RICE," a name which history will embalm and posterity applaud.

Six years ago this hero enlisted under the captain of our salvation, and professed his faith before angels and men, in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, in the city of New York. Less than two years ago he took to his heart one who is now a widow. She looked and prayed for the brightness of serene skies, and received the thunderbolt that has shattered her spirit.

Although this christian soldier did not first enter the service of his country from Albany, yet his numerous family connections here, together with his being early and prominently identified with the Forty-fourth N. Y., better known as the Ellsworth regiment, which was organized and sent to the field from this city, gives Albany the right to claim him, and to place his name upon the list with her own noble sons.

Gen. RICE was a native of the State of Massachusetts. He was born in the town of Worthington, Hampshire county, in the year 1828. The records of his ancestors trace them to Hertfordshire county, England. They were among the early settlers of New England, having immigrated to this country about the year 1636.

The paternal and maternal grandfathers of Gen. RICE were active participants in the Revolutionary war, and both served at several different times during that long conflict, and endured many and great hardships. The father of Gen. RICE was a com-

missioned officer, and served several months during the last war with Great Britain. He is said to have been a man of true martial spirit, and a thorough and a brave officer. The mother, who is now living at the advanced age of eighty-four years, has been a woman of great energy of character. Her long life of devoted purity and strong Christian faith, has deeply impressed itself upon all who have been subject to her influence; and it was from this source that the son drew his religious inspiration.

Gen. RICE graduated at Yale College, in the class of 1853, with distinction. Upon leaving college, he took charge of a seminary at Natchez, Miss., giving such spare moments as he had at command to the study of the law, having already decided to make this his profession. He returned to the north the following year and entered the office of THEODORE SEDGWICK, Esq., in New York city. Not long after he was admitted to practice in the courts of this State. He was here devoting himself to his profession, which was already becoming lucrative, when the first call was made for volunteers to defend the flag of the Union. Immediately upon the firing upon Fort Sumter, his ardent and patriotic nature was fully aroused to the magnitude of the offence against the government, as also to the urgent necessity of great determination and promptness on the part of the people to sustain and preserve their institutions. He believed that this could best be done by a general uprising of the north, hoping thereby to convince the insurgents, before blood should be spilled, of the futility of the attempt to subvert the government. He immediately offered himself as a private in one of the New York city regiments, but so rapidly were the ranks then filling up, that the regiment was already found to have a surplus of men, and he was transferred to the Thirty-ninth N. Y. S. V., known as the Garibaldi Guards. He received a commission as first lieutenant, and was appointed adjutant of this, then, splendid regiment, upon which large sums of money had been lavishly bestowed by the citizens of the metropolis. The regiment was early in the field, but from lack of discipline, did not meet the expectations of its friends. Insubordination soon began to manifest itself among the men, and on one occasion Lieut. RICE took such a determined and

courageous stand, as to successfully quell a formidable mutiny. For his gallant conduct on this occasion he was immediately promoted to a captaincy. With this regiment Captain RICE was engaged in the first battle of Bull's Run. Soon after the return of his regiment to the defences about Washington, he became convinced that he could not, in this organization, be as useful to the cause, as he desired to be. He therefore made application to Gov. MORGAN for a position in some of the new regiments then being raised. High testimony from his superior officers to his fidelity and bravery, secured for him the appointment of lieutenant colonel of the gallant Forty-fourth, whose already full ranks were waiting to be officered. On receiving this appointment, Lieut. Col. RICE was the recipient of a beautiful sword, belt, &c., from the ladies and gentlemen of Albany. The following account of the presentation is taken from the Albany Evening Journal of October 19th, 1861:

"A large company of ladies and gentlemen met at the house of A. McCLURE last evening, on the occasion of the presentation of sword, &c., to Lieut. Col. RICE, of the Ellsworth regiment. Among those present were Gov. MORGAN, Hon. ERASTUS CORNING, JOHN G. SAXE, Esq., and other distinguished citizens. The Presentation Address was made by Mrs. WILLIAM BARNES, who spoke with great feeling and in a vein of patriotic fervor, which stirred the hearts of all who listened. It will be long before the recipient will forget her eloquent words and impressive counsels. Lieut. Col. RICE responded in an address marked at once by earnestness and scholarly finish. He pledged those present that the sword, of which he was the recipient, should return to its scabbard, when the war was ended, untarnished; and that no friend should have cause to blush over his record. He was deeply affected, and spoke with the pathos of earnest feeling.

"The sword is beautifully finished, and bears the following inscription: 'Lieut. Col. RICE, Forty-fourth Regiment N. Y. S. V. Presented by his Albany Friends.' Among the articles presented, in addition, were a pair of revolvers, belt and sash, &c."

After the appropriate and eloquent Presentation Speech by Mrs. WM. BARNES, Col. RICE made the following reply:

“Respected Madam: Be pleased to accept for yourself, and for those whom you have so eloquently represented here this evening, my grateful thanks, for these precious testimonials of your and of their regard.

“Aside from the intrinsic value of these martial gifts, so rich and beautiful in themselves, the thought that they are the generous offerings of friends whose esteem long years of absence from their midst has not dimmed; the thought that the fair and patriotic channel of their conveyance is, at this moment, recalling to the mind of each one present the distinguished source from which you spring; the thought that they are presented here, surrounded by my kindred and family friends; and, above all, the thought that they are so soon to be used for the defence of a beloved country, in whose preservation each of our homes and firesides, our families, and all the kindest relations and blessings of life are so intimately allied, will ever enhance to me the value of your gifts—adding, whether upon the tented or battle field, joy to duty—tenderly touching to their finest issues the sacred love and devotion I bear to my country, and causing me more fully than ever before, to realize:

‘How home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot’s sigh,
And makes him wish to live, yet dare to die.’

“The manner, Madam, in which these martial gifts have been presented to me—coming as they do from the hands of one of the gentler sex, and surrounded as I am by so numerous an assemblage of fair women and brave men—naturally calls to my mind those chivalric days of England’s earliest kings, when around the Round Table of the good and gallant Arthur, valorous knights modestly told their loves, and feats of arms; when the fair Countess of Brittany and Montford stooped to bind the sash and sword around the waists of the bold Sir Tristram, and the generous Knight, Sir Lancelot; when the fair Lady Isabella, and the beautiful Eloisa, beside prancing steeds, gracefully knelt and fixed the spurs to their gallant knights; when the brave Templar of Ivanhoe won his fair Rowena by his faithful arms; when love was the crowning grace—the grandeur of the soldier’s toils and

bravery in woman's eyes the dearest quality of the manly mind. In accepting this sword, on this occasion, from your fair hands, I would not entirely forget the noble examples of those chivalric times; but I will remember their many virtues, their mercy towards the helpless, and their kindness towards the oppressed. Be assured, Madam, that this sword, now entrusted to me by you, shall never be tarnished with one ignoble or ungenerous action; that as it now comes from your hands, bright and unsullied, so shall it be sheathed, when this war shall have ceased and peace shall have been restored throughout the land. When the skillful armorers of Saragossa presented their new made swords to the brave knights of old, they first plunged them, hot from the forge, into the river Stalo, and thus tempered, baptized them with a sacred name, and dedicated them to some noble cause. This night I receive this sword, tempered by your eloquent and burning words, and forever dedicate it to the freedom and preservation of my country. Inspired by your commands, I receive this sword, and with the Trojan hero, as the Greeks threatened his beloved Troy, confidently exclaim:

* * * 'Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.'

"If the Union can be defended by any right hand, even by this, it shall be defended.

"In the sentiments which you have so eloquently and feelingly expressed in regard to this war, I fully concur. I have long and confidently believed that God, looking down from His Eternal Throne of Justice upon the American people, from the formation of our Government, and despairing, after a long and faithful trial, that justice and right would ever be done to the down-trodden slave, either by the North or the South, at last has taken their emancipation upon Himself. I believe that it is God's divine purpose, having used the wrath of the South to commence this war, to cause that wrath to praise Him by the freedom of every slave. And I also confidently believe that this war, under his Providence, will be made just severe enough to effect this object; and that it will be ended by God only when

we, as individuals, both North and South, shall see and realize this Divine object. Be assured, Madam, that in this war

‘ There is a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will.’

Bearing no unkind or ungenerous spirit towards the South, but at the same time determined to defend my country to the last, on this Divinity, in conducting this war to a happy and glorious peace, I alone rely.

“ With feelings thus inspired, I receive these military arms and equipments from your hands. But be assured that in doing so, I accept them relying not boastingly or confidently upon my own strength. I receive them, feeling deeply the responsibility of the sacred trust imposed upon me by your kindness, and trusting for their unsullied keeping entirely to that Being who never forsakes the brave and the faithful, who in the day of battle and of trial, put their trust in Him alone. I accept them as a Christian, feeling that they are to be used in a most holy cause—a cause that God will bless, and in His own wise time and way bring to a happy and glorious issue. I accept them as a patriot, proudly remembering the blessings and the glory of our country’s past, and anxiously trusting that the same glory and blessings, so abundantly shared by us, may be transmitted to our children. I accept them as a soldier, willing to leave all, sacrifice all (save a Saviour’s love), willing to offer up my life, if need be, for my country; for in the loss of our country all is lost, and whoever of us shall be so unhappy as to survive his country, can but feel that he has already lived too long.”

The subsequent history of this regiment, and the glorious record made by it, are well known. Young RICE was shortly promoted to its command, and led it through all the hard fighting of the seven days’ battles before Richmond, in the campaign of 1862. It was here that the soldiers learned, in their hardships and sufferings, that they had in their Colonel, a friend whose heart was ever open to their needs, and that their comfort was ever his first solicitude. The noble men of this splendid regiment, who have escaped the dangers of the battle field, uniformly

bear grateful testimony to the constant kindness and sympathy of Col. RICE. At the battle of Gettysburg he had charge of a brigade, and here, in the language of an eye-witness of that day's terrible conflict, "he again distinguished himself by his gallantry and skill. He was highly spoken of by Gen. MEADE, for his conduct on this occasion, and earnestly recommended by him, as well as by Generals HOOKER and BUTTERFIELD, for an appointment of brigadier general of volunteers. The President acquiesced in the wishes of these officers, and Col. RICE was presented with his commission, dating from the day of the battle of Gettysburg." Gen. RICE was now assigned to the command of a brigade, and had a part in all the battles of the "Army of the Potomac," till the fatal bullet closed his earthly career, at the close of a desperate day's fight at Spottsylvania, Virginia.

Gen. RICE's last letter, addressed to his aged mother, reveals the inner thoughts and workings of his soul. He said:

"We are about to commence the campaign, the greatest in magnitude, strength and importance since the beginning of the war. God grant that victory may crown our arms; that this wicked rebellion may be crushed, our Union preserved, and peace and prosperity again be restored to our beloved country. My faith and hope and confidence are in God alone, and I know that you feel the same. I trust that God may again graciously spare my life, as he has in the past; and yet we cannot fall too early, if, loving Christ, one dies for his country. My entire hope is in the cross of my Saviour. In this hope I am always happy. We pray here in the army, mother, just the same as at home. The same God who watches over you also guards me. I always remember you in my prayers, and I know that you never forget me in yours. All that I am, under God, I owe to you, mother. Do you recollect this passage in the Bible: 'Thou shalt keep, therefore, the statutes, that it may be well with thee, and thy children after thee.' How true this is in respect to your children, mother. I hope that you will read the Bible and trust the promises to the last. There is no book like the Bible for comfort. It is a guide to the steps of the young—a staff to the aged. Well, my dear mother, good bye. We are going again

to our duty, to bravely offer up our life for that of our country, and, through God, we shall do it valiantly. With much love and many prayers, that whatever may betake us we may meet in Heaven at last,

I am, your affectionate son,

“JAMES.”

They will meet again where sorrow and parting are no more.

We regret that after several efforts we have not been able to obtain a fuller account and more minute details of the career of this distinguished soldier and eminent Christian; but the following papers, from those who knew well the departed hero, afford a just and clear view of his pure and lofty character, and of the valuable services that he rendered to our country.

THE LAMENTED GEN. JAMES RICE, AS HE APPEARED IN CAMP—A VISIT WITH HIM TO A PRAYER MEETING—HIS REMARKS AT THE MEETING.

Correspondence of the New York Evening Post.

Near CULPEPPER, *April*, 1864.

MY FIRST NIGHT WITH THE ARMY.

Well, after dinner my hosts fulfilled their promise; one of them guided me several miles to the quarters of the General.

The General is a Massachusetts Yankee, and was a New York lawyer. He entered the war as a private; became afterwards lieutenant colonel of the finest regiment our State has ever sent out; rose to be colonel of it, and was made brigadier general for a brilliant deed at Gettysburg. He has fought his way up, having neither family nor political influence, and has the reputation, with the commanding general, of holding tenaciously what is given him to hold, and going, over all difficulties, to the spot which he is ordered to take. His men say of him that he never says “go,” but always, “come;” they are sure of hard fighting under him, but they are certain, too, to see him leading in the hottest part of it. He will blush when he reads these praises of him, but as I do not call him by name, and as what I tell is the simple truth concerning the simplest, purest and bravest soldier I ever knew, there is no need of his blushes.

I proposed a walk before dark, and we lit our cigars and sauntered through the brigade, that I might see how soldiers live in

their winter quarters. It is not such an uncomfortable life as many of us at home feared. What we call tents are in fact huts; a frame-work of logs is built up to the height of four feet, and tightly sealed with mud; over this is spread a canvass tent as a roof. A broad, backwoods fireplace extends nearly across one side of this little house, on which the great logs are heaped to make a warm and cheerful fire. Some tents have boarded floors, in others the ground is beaten down hard; all are kept dry by a ditch surrounding the outside. Within are two "bunks" or berths, in which two or four men sleep; the walls are decorated with pictures cut from illustrated papers, with scraps from the country weeklies, patriotic songs, here and there an army hymn, and perhaps a photograph. You enter by a door, but there are no windows, the canvass roof admitting abundant light. This was the home of our soldiers during the long winter months. Here they read, slept and discussed; for these men are inexhaustible disputants, having brought with them from home all their curious love of political discussion.

"There is the chapel," said the General to me; "the chaplain is an excellent man—plain, rough, but full of fervor, and with a spirit of a Christian soldier. There is a prayer meeting to-night, and we will go in presently."

The chapel was a long building of logs, somewhat higher than the ordinary tents, and covered with canvass given by the Christian Commission. The seats were fence rails, firmly fixed in crotches driven into the ground. A little ledge, with two candles, answered the purpose of a pulpit and reading stand. When we entered, the meeting was about to begin. The house was full, about one hundred and twenty-five men having gathered together. I shall not soon forget this remarkable evening. The chaplain opened the meeting with a hymn, sung to a familiar, old-fashioned Methodist air, then asked the General to pray, who did so, fervently and simply. After more singing, such of the men as chose were called upon to speak or pray, as they wished. A number rose, one after the other, some speaking a few words, others offering a prayer. Those who spoke, urged in simple, direct, earnest words the necessity and happiness of a Christian

life; those who prayed, called upon God, with touching appeals, to bless their country, the President, their generals and their families, from whom they had been so long separated. They spoke and prayed as men feel who have been long upon the sea, and whose port is yet far off; as men troubled with the yearnings of a lonely life, yet strong in their sense of duty fulfilled, and earnest to continue even unto death, if God so willed, in the cause for which they have so long battled. I am not ashamed to say that my heart filled, and tears came to my eyes, as I listened to them and saw what greatness of endurance, what fortitude and patient self-sacrifice, was found here in the camp. At the close of the meeting the General spoke: "You know well," said he, "and I rejoice that you know the importance and sacredness of the contest in which we are engaged. This is God's war; we who fight it are God's soldiers; we are God's people—the plain people whom he loves and cares for. This is God's war; everything that is holy and good on earth is at stake in it; we are fighting for law, for free government, for the liberty and equality of all men; we are fighting to maintain all that ever or can keep this Nation pure and happy and prosperous; not only our laws and our liberties, and those of our children, but even the religion of Christ would be corrupted if the enemies of the Union could triumph. They are autocrats, hating the plain people, despising the workingmen, corrupting religion, snatching at our liberties. We are God's servants, engaged in his work; and *because* we are that, *because* it is His service we do, therefore we are bound to be honest, to be faithful, upright, enduring, brave, pure of life, devoted in all things to Him who is our master; *therefore* it belongs to us, before all other men, to serve God in every act of our lives, to love Him, to follow His commands, to restrain our passions, to be in all things moderate, virtuous soldiers of God."

"You have been told," he went on, "how the soldiers of the Union are thought of at the north; how they are cared for, loved, looked up to. You know how, in your own homes, a soldier of the Revolution was revered, because he fought in the great battles which first gave us liberty: but your reward will be greater

and more enduring than theirs. When this war is over, and you go home, you will be received with shouts, and hosannas, and tears of joy; you will be honored and cherished as man never was before you in the world; your children and children's children, to the latest generation, will make it their proudest boast that their fathers fought in this great and holy war. You will found families in the land; the greatest in the land will be proud to say, 'my ancestors served in the great war;' and if we die on the field of battle, as many of us must, do you think we shall be forgotten? Ah! don't believe it. When the war is over, be sure every smallest incident of its history will be traced, every name will be recorded, every brave deed will be searched out, and for a century to come your trials, your sufferings, your constancy and bravery will be the chosen theme of the most finished scholars, and the greatest writers our country produces. No act of ours will escape the vigilance of that multitude of busy writers who will, in every State and every town, search out our names and the story of our services, to make them known to the Nation, which will call us fathers of a redeemed country, the soldiers of a greater revolution. Ah! it is a proud thing to fight in this war; our reward will be great. Let us live such lives that God will love us, and that our countrymen may be proud of us. Let us keep up, here in the camp, the thoughts and habits of the dear homes we have left so far away, that our old mothers, when we come back to them, shall not find us in anything changed except for the better."

Do men fail to think thus? The General, whose words I have written here, has fought in twenty battles. He is but a little past thirty, but his black hair is already grizzled, and the lines in his grim face tell of exposure and the excitement of battle. "Do they see it as you do, General," I asked, as we walked homeward, "do they believe with you?" Believe," said he, "they *know*; they have discussed these questions many hundred times about their camp fires; it is their life, their hearts are full of it. Do you think they are men who give their ease, their prospects, their lives for it; don't understand it? My dear sir, they know more than all the north put together."

I believe they do. These soldiers, in their long isolation from the busy world of home, have pondered and settled certain questions for themselves; they have disentangled themselves from the sophistries in which adroit politicians at home used to catch men as in nets. They call right, right; wrong, wrong, and duty, duty. The men of this army are curiously self-contained, self-confident. They no longer toss up their hats for a passing general—a disgusting fashion which was encouraged in the army at first, because it was thought that Americans fight as Frenchmen, and must be moved by personal motives, and by appeals to the meaner passions. “The soldier, if he does his duty, is as good as his officer,” they say; “the soldiers have achieved more than their officers in this army; *we* gain battle by hard fighting.” They believe in the power of the army of the Potomac, and think it the finest army now in the world. “It is easy,” they say, “to go on from victory to victory; easy to be confident when you always beat the enemy.” But we have been defeated time and again, and after every defeat we have fought again as stubbornly, as bravely as ever. That’s the hardest trial. But of what the army says, or such small part of it as one by chance and effort can get knowledge of, I must write another time. C. N.

BRIG. GEN. JAMES C. RICE.

By Chaplain TWICHELL, Second Regiment Excelsior Brigade.

One of the most pleasant passages of my army experience, and one that I think will stay as freshly as any in my recollection, should my life go on to old age, is my last visit to Gen. Rice, at his head quarters near Culpepper Court House, a few days before we crossed the Rapidan and entered upon the late campaign, from the scenes of which he was fated so soon to disappear. I cannot say that he and I were friends, as our acquaintance had been recently formed; but I had often felt of late, that if his regard should keep pace with mine for a season, we were destined to become such; for it was not possible for one who knew him, to refrain his love. His soldiers, who sat down in the trenches before Spottsylvania, and sobbed when word passed

along the line, "The General is dead!" can tell how that was, for they knew him, as he knew them.

The afternoon before the visit I speak of, I had ridden over to Culpepper—several miles from our camp—to pass the night with a friend; and just at sunset, having half an hour to spare, I called on the General. Had I no more than that short interview to recall concerning him, it was still enough to make me a mourner when he fell. He had lately written, to send to Mr. WHITTIER, that beautiful, sad story of the hospital, since published in the "Independent," and taking the manuscript from his portfolio, he read it aloud to me. His voice, subdued to the pathos of the subject, and the narrative itself, blended harmoniously with the soft shadows of the waning spring day that gathered around the reader's form as he stood in a western window for light, all together blend harmoniously with my present thoughts of the scene, now that, like the sergeant whose last hours he comforted, the General himself has halted and bivouacked forever.

When I rose to go, but not till the proposed half hour had twice expired, he asked me with true soldierly heartiness to stay till morning, and replied to my plea of a previous engagement: "Well, then, come out to-morrow and spend the forenoon; I shall be at liberty after nine o'clock, and we can talk over everything." I am very thankful now that there was nothing to forbid my acceptance of the invitation.

When the orderly admitted me, at the time appointed, the General was giving audience to three private soldiers of his command, who had come for counsel in some matter. It was delightful to witness the spirit that presided at the interview. The grace with which his kindness met their confidence, showed that kindness and confidence were the law and custom of the place; yet no one could have failed to perceive that the proprieties of rank were not in the least article violated. That he was their commander, appeared as plain as that he was not their tyrant. When finally he dismissed them, satisfaction and gratitude shone in all their faces, and I comprehended why it was that once (as I heard himself tell), during the "Seven Days," in the summer

of 1862, when he was Colonel, the remnant of his wasted regiment, ordered as a forlorn hope to save a battle well-nigh lost, followed him steadily up, struggling through the reflux tide of their own broken line, until it dashed, bayonet to bayonet, against that of the enemy, sweeping down fifty to one, and stopped it at the fearful cost of nearly half that started. The smile of encouragement by which he lighted the hearts of his men, and more than that, the frequent prayers he offered, kneeling in their midst, boded ill to the foe against which he led them.

Thus was my forenoon with Gen. RICE introduced. Before it ended, I heard him say many things that I wish might be told in his own noble words—it would honor his memory so much more than any representation of mine. But the long intervening agony of this campaign, whose battles have almost jostled each other—the echoes of one scarcely dying out before the thunder of the next begun—makes that quiet April day seem a great way back, and I cannot recall it as I would. His words, as he uttered them, are for the most part gone from me, but their substance and manner, and the impression they made on me, are as yesterday. His country was the one engrossing theme with him. He did not much discuss parties, or campaigns. Though he gave his opinions freely of both, neither political aspects nor alone the military situation appeared uppermost in his thought; but rather the true goal of our legislation and our arms—the advancement of Liberty. That it was the duty and privilege of the Nation to be free, was a truth that, on this day at least, possessed him utterly. He betrayed little interest in other things. We walked out, looked at the horses, talked somewhat of men and books, remembered our common alma mater, touched on a variety of topics, and occasionally a staff officer came with business; but whatever the diversion, the General each time soon returned to the cause, for which, soul and body, he was in arms; and listening, I felt the charm that dwells in consecration.

I wish again that I could repeat all the strong words his loyalty chose; but these I do remember: As we strolled through an orchard that adjoined his quarters, he stopped me by the shoulder, and, turning so that we faced each other, said, with a

great weight of earnestness on every syllable, and his eye burning: "Why, I have thought this over *so* much, and have lain awake *so* many nights in anxiety for the country, and have grown to *love* her so —." He did not conclude the sentence; but the intensity of his expression, and especially of the last clause, though it was tenderly spoken, was such, that to have added, "that I offer her my life," would have weakened the sense. After a silence, he continued: "If we should fail in this war, and I survive it, my course is determined. I shall never leave off fighting for liberty—if not in this country, in some other—if not with my sword, with my pen—to the end of my life." And so the General went on, as long as I remained his guest, breathing out his passionate devotion to the truth, for which, in a few days, he was to spill the blood of his brave heart; and knowing how many times his knighthood had been proven in the fires of conflict, he seemed to me, while speaking, as grand as a man could be.

Of the Christian piety, that was Gen. Rice's eminent trait, though it was manifest in his whole conversation, I have not spoken distinctively, because I had yet something to relate that would set it clearly forth. My desire to tell this, moved me, more than anything else, to write a sketch of the visit.

As the day advanced to noon, and we returned from our walk to his room, we fell to talking of what would follow if our cause should be lost. The strain grew more and more sombre, till it drooped into silence—a silence which the General broke by saying, as one proposing the solution of a difficulty: "Suppose we pray." He rose, and taking the Bible from the shelf, opened it and read the fourth chapter of 2d Corinthians—"Therefore, seeing we have this ministry," etc.,—after a manner that showed how deeply he felt that a ministry had been committed to him. At the eighth verse he paused to look up and smile; when the reading was ended, we kneeled down. He drew very near the Throne, revealing how closely a Christian soldier may walk with God. It is not often that any single passage of a life can be taken as a specimen of the whole, and especially the ordinary, every-day expression of a great and useful career is not up to the

level of a grand significance; but I think that this prayer of Gen. RICE, written over his tomb, might stand as a just monument and record, to tell the true history of what he was. It was the last of earth between the General and me. As we rose from our knees, he remarked, in a cheerful tone: "It looks brighter, does n't it?" and I, feeling that the visit was complete, soon took my leave.

I saw him once more. He lay in a tent—dead. A wounded soldier, with his face buried in his hands, sat beside the body. I lifted the hat that covered the features. They were calm as the slumber of peace. I remembered how he once said to a friend of mine, who told it to me: "Give my life for my country! I *have* given it many a time." The sacrifice was often carried to the altar; at last the flame had touched it, and it was consumed. The sound of cannon at the front, when the battle yet raged, was borne back on the trembling air, but his sword reposed quietly beside the still hand, that two hours before had grasped it in God's name. It was pleasant then, as it has been through the six weeks of fiery toil and tempest, that have since worn wearily by, to think that the General was at rest.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES AT NEW YORK.

We give the account of these services from the "Wisconsin Puritan," because of the additional facts of interest that the article contains relative to our departed hero.

"Honors to the Heroic Dead."

Under the above title, we find in the "New York Evangelist" of May 19th, an account of the funeral services of the late Brigadier General JAMES C. RICE, who fell mortally wounded while leading his troops, on Tuesday, May 10th, in the late series of battles in Virginia. We copy the account in full, for two reasons: First; we of Milwaukee and Wisconsin have a kind of inheritance in this departed hero, by virtue of his brother, JOHN RICE, Esq., in this city, to whom was written his last letter, just on the eve of the campaign in which he nobly laid down his life.

Secondly; in Gen. RICE were beautifully and grandly united the Christian, the patriot and the hero.

In civil life there are some who combine the characteristics of a Christian and a patriot. In military life there are less such. Few in either class add to the other two qualities, so excellent in themselves, the undaunted valor and intrepidity of a *hero*. Let his name be held up now and in all history, for emulation. Look at a few *last things* concerning Gen. RICE. He closed his last letter thus:

"I enter upon this campaign cheerful and happy, for I love my country *more* than my life, and my *entire* hope, whether living or dying, is in Christ, my Saviour and Redeemer. Again, good-bye, my dear brother; and if we meet not again on earth, may we meet in Heaven. Your affectionate brother,

"JAMES."

His last words were: "Turn me over and let me die with my face to the enemy;" and the dispatch from the battle field, announcing his last breath, was: "He fell at the head of his column, where he was to be found in every fight." He was in *twenty* battles. How marvellous did he escape in all the preceding. God spared him, not only to serve his country through her greatest peril, but to give him time and occasion to leave a name and influence for posterity. The treasure will be governed with fond affection and great respect. We have seen the whole of his last letter referred to. The writer seems to us to have had a premonition that it was his last campaign. We should judge that he had just closed a letter to his beloved wife. He then turns to his brother and touchingly speaks of his companion, and makes a brother's statements and requests (which may not be spread before the public eye), as though he stood in the very face of death, and much expected to fall beneath his dart. Ah! it is trying to the soul to go into the deadly conflict thus; and that, not for himself, nor for his family, but for his country—self and family and all laid on the public altar. God bless the men who do it. The account of his funeral, with some biographical notice, is as follows:

"One of the most imposing services we ever witnessed took

place last Sunday afternoon at the church of Rev. Dr. ADAMS, on Madison square. The occasion was the funeral of Brig. Gen. JAMES C. RICE, who fell in the battle of Tuesday. He was an officer of high reputation in the army, and not one was more truly beloved by those whom he commanded, or more deeply mourned. In this city he was well known, having resided here many years. He was a member of Madison Square Church, and here, before the altar where he had professed his faith in Christ, and where he had been joined in marriage, was now laid his manly form, silent in death. The deep interest and general sorrow drew together an immense audience. Long before the hour, the church was filled to overflowing. At half-past three the remains enclosed, draped in the national flag and decorated with wreaths, bearing on it the hat and sword of the deceased, was borne in, escorted by several distinguished officers, among whom were Gen. ANDERSON, the hero of Fort Sumter, Maj. Gen. DIX and Brig. Gen. HAYS. During its passage up the broad aisle, an appropriate requiem was performed by the organ and choir.

“When this solemn strain had died away, Rev. Dr. PRENTISS began the service by reading the Scriptures; and never did those blessed words of consolation: ‘I am the resurrection and the life;’ ‘Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept;’ and ‘Oh! death, where is thy sting? Oh! grave, where is thy victory?’ sound more appropriate than over the bier of one struck down in the power of his manhood, yet dying in a holy cause, full of Christian faith and hope.

“Dr. ADAMS then rose to pay the last tribute to his departed friend and brother. Looking down from the pulpit upon the coffin which contained all that remained of the noble dead, it was some moments before he could speak. He then began in words that we shall long remember:

“‘The scene before us needs no interpreter. It is solemn and sublime beyond all speech. Solemn and sublime, because we bend over the bier of a true, brave, Christian soldier, who died in the discharge of his duty, at head of his column, full of faith in his Redeemer and the cause of country. Six years since, in this very church, he who now lies here confessed Christ, and

partook of the communion. Eighteen months since he stood before this altar and was married, going forth with only a sky of blue and gold; upon that identical spot he lies now, on his way to an honored grave. The circumstances of this occasion in themselves are eloquent. Self-sacrifice is eloquent; devotion to the cause of God and our country is eloquent; death is *eloquent*. Who would not rather be in that coffin, covered with the emblem of our nationality, a true patriot and a Christian, than be walking alive a supporter of this wicked rebellion against the best government the world ever saw; or than be dragging out a low, sordid, sensual and selfish existence.’”

“Dr. ADAMS then proceeded to give a sketch of the life of the deceased, a few points of which we give, as well as we can, from memory: He was a native of New England, being born at Worthington, Mass., where his mother still lives, at the age of eighty-four years. When he came to this city to enter on the profession of law, his mind was somewhat disposed to skepticism, but meeting with wise religious counsel and instruction, he soon embraced the truth, and entered with all the manly earnestness of his nature upon the duties of a Christian life. Asking at once for *something to do*, he was set to work in the mission school, in which he was a diligent laborer, so long as he remained in this city. At the first breaking out of the war he entered the army, impelled by a sense of duty. He did not wait for a commission, but enlisted *as a private*, and made his way up without any patronage or family influence, solely by the force of his own talents, his courage and prompt devotion to duty. It was at once seen that he was no ordinary man, and his promotion was rapid. It was his fortune to be in all the campaigns of the army of the Potomac. He fought in twenty battles, and was always foremost, seeking the post of danger, and inspiring his men by his own heroic example. But not only was he thus brave, he was always also a Christian soldier. He did not forget, amid the excitements and dangers of a military life, that he was a soldier under another Captain. His courage was inspired and animated by religion. The fear of God cast out all other fear. He was always active for the welfare of his men, visiting them in their tents, dissuading

them from the vices of the camp, and bidding them, amid the perils of war, remember their homes, their families and their God. As a testimony to his example, Dr. ADAMS read from a letter to the 'Evening Post,' written but two or three weeks since by one of the editors, who, on a visit to the army, saw and admired this noble Christian soldier, the Havelock of our army. Owing to such a consistent life, he had great influence over his men. They became known, like the Ironsides of Cromwell, as a God-fearing regiment. They were ready to follow where he led the way. In the late battles, out of eighteen hundred men whom he commanded, he lost eight hundred before he met his own end.

"At last death, for which, like Havelock, it had been the study of his life to be 'always prepared,' found him on the field. It was on the afternoon of Tuesday, May 10, his men drawn up in line, and while resting on their arms the mail arrived, bringing him a letter from his wife. He read it, and scarcely had he finished it before the order came to 'advance.' He placed himself at the head of his column and led his men to the charge; and thus, 'foremost fighting, fell.' As he was borne from the field he was met by Gen. MEADE, who, seeing him, dismounted, came and spoke to him tenderly, as one whom he loved, lamenting his wound and hoping it might not prove serious. But the brave soldier, who felt the life blood rapidly flowing from his wound, and knew that his hour had come, answered calmly that he had tried to do his duty, and was ready to die for his country. The reply of his commander deserves to be remembered: 'Would that all had done it as faithfully, and were as well prepared.' The wound was mortal. A Minnie rifle ball had penetrated the thigh, and though the leg was at once amputated, the flow of blood was too great. He lived but two hours. As he grew unconscious, his young aid knelt by his side, and putting his lips to his ear, whispered his last prayer; and so he died.

"This simple narrative, given by his pastor with so many details, and with extracts from his letters showing his character, was listened to by this vast audience with the deepest interest. Many times the recital melted all to tears. The service continued for two hours, and at the close they lingered still longer,

to avail themselves of the privilege given them, of looking for the last time upon the face of the heroic dead.

“So has fallen one of the manliest, the bravest, and the best, who have risen up to defend our country in this hour of peril.

“Shall we say that he died too soon? Too soon, indeed, for us; but for him, not a day nor an hour. He fell in the prime of manhood—only thirty-four years old; but he died in a righteous cause, with a pure conscience, at peace with God; leaving an example which will be to others a model and an inspiration. Long will the grateful hearts of his soldiers, of his comrades in arms, and of Christian brothers, as well as his own kindred, cherish his memory.”

FUNERAL SERVICES AT ALBANY.

The Death of Gen. Rice—Order from Gov. Seymour.

GENERAL HEAD QUARTERS, STATE OF NEW YORK, }
ALBANY, May 14, 1864. }

GENERAL ORDER, No. —. I announce with pain, the loss of General JAMES C. RICE.

Young, brave, ardent, enthusiastic, he engaged in the support of the flag of his country, and in the suppression of the rebellion against the constitutional authorities, as a duty demanding the devotion of body and soul, and the willing sacrifice of life.

Ever faithful to his trust, he was the gallant leader of his command, and, in the midst of a brilliant career, he fell upon the battle field, leaving to his companions in arms, to his friends and his country, a character of unsullied Christian patriotism. As a mark of respect for his memory, the National Flag will be displayed at half-mast on the Capitol, and upon all the arsenals of the State, on Monday, the 16th instant.

HORATIO SEYMOUR,

Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

J. I. JOHNSON, A. A. A. G.

Military Funeral of Gen. Rice.

The military funeral of Gen. RICE took place at half past four P. M., May 16, after the services at the house. The body was

borne to the capitol, preceded by the bearers, JAMES MARTIN, WM. CASSIDY, WM. KIDD, WM. BARNES, PAUL CUSHMAN, E. C. BACHELDER, GEORGE B. STEELE, CHAS. CRAFTS, ISAAC EDWARDS, SAMUEL WILLIAMS, ROBERT H. WATERMAN and CHAS. H. STRONG, where it remained until it was borne to the receiving vault. The military bearers were, Generals RATHBONE and DANFORTH, Cols. AINSWORTH and CHAMBERLAIN, Lieut. Colonel FRIEDLANDER, and Major McKOWN.

The military pageant was imposing. It consisted of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, under command of Col. CHURCH; Gov. SEYMOUR and staff, in uniform; members of the common council; prominent citizens, and personal friends of the deceased. The procession moved up Washington avenue, and thence to the receiving vault, where a volley was fired over the grave, and an impressive address was delivered, closing with the following beautiful lines, written and pronounced by Rev. Dr. PALMER:

Rest, soldier—rest! thy weary task is done;
Thy God—thy country—thou hast served them well;
Thine is true glory—glory bravely won;
On lips of men unborn thy name shall dwell.

Rest, Patriot-Christian! Thou hast early died,
But days are measured best by noble deeds;
Brief though thy course, thy name thou hast allied
To those of whom the World, admiring, reads.

Rest, manly form! Eternal love shall keep
Thy still repose, till breaks the final dawn;
Our Martyr stays not here—*He knew no sleep!*
On Death's dark shadow burst a cloudless morn.

Live! live on Fame's bright scroll, heroic friend!
Thy memory, now, we to her record give—
To earth thy dust: Our thoughts to Heaven ascend,
Where, with the immortals, thou dost ever live!

The following beautiful tribute is from J. G. HOLLAND, Esq.:

TO THE MEMORY OF MY FRIEND, BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES C. RICE.

Moaning upon the bloody plain,
The young and gallant soldier lay;
And from his failing heart and brain
The life was ebbing swift away

The restlessness of death was there—
The weariness that longed for rest—
The beaded brow, the matted hair,
The hurried pulse, the heaving breast.

“TURN ME,” he said, ‘THAT I MAY DIE
FACE TO THE FOE!’ and ready hands
And loyal hearts were waiting by,
To execute his last commands.

Facing the enemy, he died—
A hero in his latest breath;
And now, with mingled love and pride,
I weep, and boast his glorious death.

No braver words than these, my friend,
Have ever sealed a soldier's tongue;
No nobler words hath history penned;
No finer words hath poet sung.

The oak that breaks beneath the blast,
Or falls before the woodman's strokes,
Spreads by its fall the ripened mast
That holds in germ a thousand oaks.

And in the words thy death hath strewn,
More than thy fallen life survives;
For o'er the Nation they are sown—
Seeds for a thousand noble lives.

III.

BREVET BRIG. GEN. LEWIS BENEDICT.*

COLONEL LEWIS BENEDICT, the subject of this sketch, son of LEWIS BENEDICT and SUSAN STAFFORD, his wife, was born in Albany, New York, September 2d, 1817.

His early studies were prosecuted at Aurora, Cayuga county, N. Y.; but his preparation for college was made mainly at the Albany academy. In 1834, he entered the sophomore class at Williams college, and was graduated in 1837. Thence he went into the office of the late JOHN C. SPENCER, at Canandaigua, and read law. In January, 1841, in Albany, he was licensed as attorney at law, and subsequently was admitted as counselor in the State and Federal courts. In 1845, he was appointed city attorney; and was reappointed for a second term. In 1847, he was appointed Judge Advocate General on the staff of Governor JOHN YOUNG. In 1848, he was elected surrogate of the city and county of Albany, for a term of four years, by a majority of seventeen hundred votes—his entire vote greatly exceeding the party strength. In 1849, he received the appointment of Judge Advocate General from Governor HAMILTON FISH. In the fall of the year 1860, the Union men of his district nominated him for member of assembly, and elected him by a majority of nearly four hundred votes. He was the only Union candidate elected from the county at that time. This was the last public position of a civil character held by him.

Both the beginning and end of his life develop the same characteristics. As a boy, he was noted for zeal and diligence in study, and not less for enterprise in play. The records of the

* For gallant conduct at Port Hudson, the Government conferred the rank of Brevet Brigadier General on Colonel BENEDICT.



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Albany Academy attest his successes in competitive examinations, and it is well remembered by many who shared in them, how, after sweeping the prizes for good scholarship, he would resort to the play ground, and exhibit equal superiority in those games and contests which are alike the peril and delight of robust and ambitious boyhood.

His collegiate career resembled his academic. It was successful to whatever degree he chose to make it. A classmate, now President of a College, describing him, says: "It is doing injustice to none of his classmates to say that, in mind as in person, he had no superior among them all. His rank as a scholar was high; and he could have made it higher. His mind was quick and clear, and he learned with great facility. His critical power was unusual, and no one could detect the weak points of an argument, or the incorrect use of terms, sooner than he." He graduated with distinction, and three years after was chosen to deliver the Master's oration.

While a student of law, he maintained sufficient ardor of pursuit to enable him to acquire a knowledge of the elements of that science; but his taste for general literature was decided enough to save him from being engrossed by studies purely professional. His habits of critical investigation, of collation and analysis, are indicated by marginal annotations and references contained in his books. Indices rerum, diaries and memoranda of various sorts remain, that show his reading to have been varied, extensive, and always careful. They disclose an acquaintance with authors and topics, and also preferences and prejudices in respect to both, that indicate clearly the knowledge he most prized, and in which he was farthest advanced. They exhibit a degree of acquirement, of intellectual power, and mental habits of such tendencies, as might have justified him in adopting literature as a profession. It is, perhaps, well to say, that not the slightest expression of fondness for the one chosen for him, is recorded in any form, anywhere; and later in life he did not scruple to say that it never was his choice.

On his admission to the bar, MARCUS T. REYNOLDS, then at the zenith of his professional fame and intellectual vigor, received

him as his law partner, and elevated him at once to a position in the practice of law, not attained so often, perhaps, as fairly earned. Other connections and associations concurred to make his entrance upon his professional career one of the most promising that could fall to the lot of a young practitioner.

The City Attorneyship, which he held two terms, appears to have been the first political appointment he received. From that time he was actively and earnestly a political partizan. The tersest record of his political labors would be the history of every party struggle, State or National, that occurred between his entrance on political life and his joining the army. He was always a leader. He was often delegate to conventions, State and county; chairman of committees, local and general; a prolific author of addresses and resolutions, and a frequent speaker at political assemblages.

In this department of effort he was not without occasional success, although the general fortune of his party in his own district may be said to have been adverse. Even when defeated, he commonly had the compensation, if it may be called by that name, of appearing by the election returns to have received more than the vote of the party that nominated him—especially was this so, when he was elected Surrogate.

He was acute in his perceptions of the qualities of men, and accurate in his estimates of character. It is impressive to read, now, the memorials that exist of his early distrust of some who are infamous to-day, on account of the treachery and apostacy he dreaded and predicted.

It can hardly be necessary to say that the principles and objects for which he contended through life, were essentially the same as those in defence of which he died. Descended, as he was, from Puritans, who planted Liberty on this continent; from Patriots, who subsequently achieved American Independence; and the son of one of the most active and persistent of the founders of a party to preserve both, when both were threatened, his life was the natural result of his instincts; and his death attests his faith in his convictions, and the unselfishness of his patriotism.

He was early convinced that the slaveholders meant war, and prepared his mind for that issue. He also regarded all attempts to conciliate them as very much worse than futile, and addressed himself to persuading others not to rely upon efforts in that direction. At the beginning of December, 1860, writing to a friend connected with the Government, he said: "The feeling here is, that one concession would but pave the way for another, until, without saving the Union, public sentiment would be demoralized." This he believed with the earnestness of a conviction, and on all occasions spoke and acted in the faith of it. As the rebellion became systematized and aggressive, the spirit of resistance rose within him: he toiled hard to arouse his fellow citizens to a sense of the necessity there was to provide for the public defence by suitable military preparations. The then Adjutant General of the State, JOHN M. READ, JR., bears testimony to the cordiality and energy with which Mr. BENEDICT seconded the efforts of the State administration to induce the Legislature to put the State on a war footing, early in January, 1861—that was, at the beginning of the session.

He not only believed that war could not be escaped, but he estimated the dimensions of the struggle in a manner not common at that time; and, although he hailed with joy the call of the President for volunteers, he did not conceal his disappointment at the meagreness of the number invoked by the proclamation. Writing a few days after the issuing of that paper, he said: "The sentiment of the North is not satisfied by the present call for troops. The Government would be justified in demanding three hundred thousand, and the men would respond with delight. It is time that we should exorcise from our breasts those gentle spirits, brotherly love and fraternal regard, and substitute implacable determination and stern justice in their place. * * * We have been wronged, insulted and betrayed by false brethren; the flag of our Union disgraced, and our true brethren slain." This was addressed to a member of the administration.

Upon this call, Governor MORGAN, by a special message, requested the necessary action of the Legislature; which responded by "An Act to authorize the embodying and equipment of a vol-

unteer militia, and to provide for the public defence," passed April 16, 1861. This Act authorized the enlistment of thirty thousand men, and appropriated three millions of dollars for the purposes of the Act. To the perfecting and carrying out of these measures he devoted all his energies. Loyal men abounded in the House, and many, as ardent as himself, labored as zealously to the same end; still a minority was there also, whose hostility to warlike preparations was active and skillful enough to tax severely the strength and resources of the friends of the measure. In debate a member interrupted him thus: "I wish to ask the gentleman a question—if I imbrue my hands in my brother's blood, do I thereby promote the cause of liberty?" Mr. B.: "I will answer that question. Yes, Sir! I do promote the cause of liberty by slaying my brother, if, with traitorous and parricidal hand, he dare to tear down the flag of our common country."

The attack upon Fort Sumter had excited him sufficiently, but the slaughter of Union troops by the traitors of Baltimore, and the cutting off the communication with the National Capital, greatly increased his indignation. He chanced, too, at this conjuncture, to visit the State whose blood, the first shed in the cause of the Union, was even then flowing; whose hills and valleys cannot be traversed by any lover of freedom, nor her people communed with, without being conscious of an access of fervor toward liberty, and of detestation toward everything opposing it. To a friend connected with the Government, he wrote, April 25th: "I am in New England for a short visit, and have imbibed the spirit of determined patriotism, which is breathing over every city, town and hamlet within the borders of Massachusetts.

"There is much apprehension growing out of contradictory reports as to the movements of troops, the strength of Washington and the fate of the Capitol. * * *

"Order WOOL to widen the streets of Baltimore with cannon, so that our road to the capital will be free. Trust no Southern man who is a Unionist politician. They have played a game with our Peace Conference, and have lulled the North to rest, while the South perfected its traitorous designs.

"If the troops in Washington are beaten, the Administration

had better resign; because you can have a million of men by calling for them. There is power here to *crush* out treason; do not *peck* it to pieces."

While in the Legislature, it was signified to him that the Coloneley of one of the early regiments would probably fall to him, if the power to appoint were left with the Executive, although he preferred and suggested another mode. Under no circumstances would he have accepted such a commission at that time. In his own judgment, he was not sufficiently advanced in military science or art, to qualify him to be a safe trustee of the lives of a thousand men. So strongly was he impressed with this idea that, even when a Lieutenant Colonel in the service, he declined promotion actually tendered, on this ground.

The New York Fire Department having made some progress toward recruiting the Second Fire Zouaves, in July, conferred upon him the Lieutenant Coloneley of the proposed regiment. Subsequently, WILLIAM R. BREWSTER, late Major of the Twenty-eighth N. Y. S. M., was chosen Colonel. The regiment was ordered to Washington, where it arrived July 24th, but it was not until the close of August that it joined its brigade, then at Good Hope, Maryland, forming part of Hooker's division. It assisted in building three forts, named, respectively, Carroll, Stanton and Greble, to command the approaches to Washington from the south. This regiment, at this time known as Fourth Excelsior, Second brigade, HOOKER's division, was afterwards designated by the State of New York, as the Seventy-third Regiment New York Volunteer Infantry.

The winter was spent mainly in performing picket duty. It was found necessary to change the locality of the camp frequently. The roads were not only rendered impassable by frequent rains, but it was difficult to find firm ground enough on which to drill the soldiers. During these seasons of discomfort, a deep attachment was growing between the regiment and its Lieutenant Colonel, and was often manifested by significant tokens of respect and gratitude. At one time he writes: "Our regiment never looked as well as it did to-day, on inspection. I love it. Its wild boys are full of ardor and activity, and are growing

out of their careless ways. The prospect of active service has brightened them up, and they are becoming ambitious to look well. Contact and contrast with other troops will stimulate them to excel, and they can if they try."

His knowledge of the most potential means to influence men—the result of his almost intuitive perceptions, and long continued use of such appliances on a more peaceful theatre, served him efficiently in his new sphere of action. With an undoubting conviction that the best interests of the public service were identical with those of the regiment, he indulged the humane impulse of his nature while he executed the suggestions of his best judgment, and strengthened while he made more acceptable his naked military right to command, by investing it with appeals and claims to obedience that were neither legal nor technical, but stronger than either. He earned their regard and confidence, by kind and considerate treatment, and was rewarded by an alacrity and cheerfulness of obedience, which is always yielded to power when it is exercised without caprice or inhumanity. His first campaign was against the hearts of his own men; and the completeness of his conquest was demonstrated by the incidents of every day, while he held his place in the regiment; and never more touchingly than on the last, when some of his "wild boys" preferred to share the horrors of a rebel prison, rather than desert him in his helplessness on the field of Williamsburg.

Early in April, the Seventy-third proceeded with its brigade to take part in such operations of the siege of Yorktown as were committed to the charge of HEINTZELMAN's corps, to which it was attached; such operations comprising a principal share of the entire labor of investment. Though greatly fatigued and worn by severe picket and trench duty, the Seventy-third was vivacious enough to be the first to plant its colors on the ramparts of Yorktown, on the morning of Sunday, May 4th, the enemy having evacuated the place during the previous night.

The surrender of this fortified place, without a struggle, was not expected; and, deeply impressed by the grave contingencies inevitable to the issue he anticipated, he wrote his mother: "I am pained to learn that so much apprehension for my safety is

mingled with the gratification you feel at my being in a position to do service to my country. I know it is impossible for a mother to forget her son; but I would, if I could, inspire you with the pride I feel in devoting my life to the cause of freedom and the Union. Thus far, though I have endeavored to do, as far as my frail nature would permit, my duty to man, I know I have not forgotten myself as I should in many instances have done; but in the struggle soon to be inaugurated here, the opportunity will be given me to furnish unmistakable evidence that I am animated by the noblest sentiments—that I can resign life that I love, that my country may again enjoy the blessings of peace and the development of its beneficent principles of government. Politically acting, I have sought its weal; personally, my life belongs to it in its woe; so I view the result of the battle with complacency. If I survive, as I hope I will, no fortune in future life can destroy my consciousness of having periled life for right; and if I fall, through all the grief you and our dear ones will feel, will breathe the consolation that I was a soldier fighting in a just cause. Let that feeling, dear mother, console you, as it reconciles me to this war.”

The retreating enemy made a stand at Williamsburg, within the second line of works above Yorktown. The bastioned fort Magruder, and thirteen other formidable earthworks, could only be approached through an abatis of felled trees five hundred feet in breadth. Behind them, as was then supposed, two-thirds of the whole rebel army confronted the Union forces. At noon, on Tuesday, May 4, Hooker's division started in pursuit. The second brigade marched about eight miles, and bivouacked in the woods. It rained hard during the night, and by daylight the roads had become nearly impassable, the men drenched, weary, hungry and cold. At six A. M., Monday, 5th, the rain still falling in torrents, the pursuit was resumed, and about 7½ A. M. the first and third brigades encountered the enemy. The second brigade (Excelsior) was posted in reserve, and the first and third brigades having been forced back by overwhelming numbers, after some hours of hard fighting, it was ordered into action.

This is not the place or occasion to assume to decide the mani-

fold controversies to which the origin and conduct of the battle of Williamsburg gave rise; but of facts which appear clear through the smoke and dust of the contention, it may not be improper to record one or two. HOOKER's division was left without support from early morning until nearly nightfall, to contend with a vastly more numerous force, protected by formidable defences, while General SUMNER was aware of the situation, and his corps of thirty thousand men was lying supinely within hearing of the thunder of the unequal contest; the main body of the army of the Potomac being all the while within four hours' march of the same point, and the commanding general, McCLELLAN, not arriving on the field until near the close of the battle. HOOKER lost one in six—a loss proportionate to that of the allied armies at the Alma, the bloodiest battle in modern European history. The Excelsior brigade went into action with about two thousand four hundred men, and lost seven hundred and seventy-three, about one-half of the entire loss sustained by HOOKER's division.

HOOKER's left was the point that the rebel general in command, JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, especially desired to turn, and throughout the day it was vehemently and persistently assailed. It was also the point that HOOKER, aware of its importance, determined should not be turned; hence the desperateness of the fighting. The Seventy-third and the Seventy-fourth New York, the last remaining regiments of the reserve, were moved up to reinforce the left. It was in the execution of this purpose that Lieut. Col. BENEDICT was taken prisoner. Col. BREWSTER, of his regiment, wrote: "From the position in which I last saw him, which was upon the extreme left of the regiment, when we were driven back some time before the right and centre gave way, I think he must have been taken prisoner at that time. He was at the head of the line, encouraging the men, driving up, with pistol in hand, those who seemed inclined to hang back, and acting in the bravest manner." A correspondent of the "New York Tribune," writing from the field, said: "I have just returned from the spot where Lieut. Col. BENEDICT was taken. It is in the densest heart of the abatis, and close in front of the rifle

pits. The bark of the trunks and branches of the trees is chequered white with musket balls and grape. The idea prevailing in his regiment is, that he got to the front; that a charge drove his men back, and he was captured for his exchangeable value instead of being killed." His own account, written from Libby prison, was: "My horse was wounded early in the fight, though I rode him some time afterward. After I dismounted, we made our way into the felled timber, and, when our line was broken, I was taken prisoner."

A principal cause of his capture became known afterwards. While in Maryland, his horse had fallen with him, seriously injuring his foot and ankle. He was unable to walk without support when he went into action at Williamsburg, and the general judgment of his men was, that he was unfit to take the hazards of the battle field. So long as his horse served his purposes of locomotion, he did pretty well, but the moment he dismounted he was at great disadvantage. The abatis of felled timber through which he was aided to clamber, in order to reach the open field beyond, which was studded with rifle pits, was more than four hundred feet in breadth, and when he and his men were overwhelmed by the enemy, it presented an insurmountable barrier to his retreat. There is reason to believe that some who were captured with him might have escaped, as others did, but that they were unwilling to abandon the idol of their camp, when he was too lame to move without assistance. Such certainly was his own idea; for a few days later, while in prison in Richmond, he contrived to get into the hands of those men who were released on parole, a slip of paper containing these words: "Good bye and good luck to the Seventy-third New York prisoners! It pleases me more to have you free, than it would to be released myself; for I know that if it had not been for my helplessness, you would not be here. If you see any of our regiment, remember me to them. Good bye, and God bless you!"

From Williamsburg he was hurried to Richmond as rapidly as his condition would allow. On his way thither, he was fortunate enough to be in the custody of humane and placable foes, who, in consideration of his inability to walk, suffered him to

ride on horseback. The condition of affairs within the enemy's lines inspired him with something stronger than hope—that he would be recaptured by Union troops before he could be transported to Richmond. On every side evidences abounded that the enemy felt himself utterly defeated, and was concerned about nothing so much as providing for his own retreat. His reasonable expectation was not, however, realized; and on the ninth, he found himself, with many other Union officers, in the Rebel Capital, shut up in a filthy pork-packing establishment, since recognized and cursed as the Libby prison. Here he was first insulted and plundered.

A natural consequence of the physical exertions compelled by the exigencies of the battle and the capture, was, that the injured foot and ankle became immoderately swollen, and the seat of excruciating pain. It was always a pleasant recollection to him, and it still abides with his friends, that in this condition he received much kindness and attention from his fellow prisoners, some of whom were well known to him, who seemed to forget their own misery in assiduous attempts to alleviate his.

Under an expectation that the Union forces would take possession of the city, which the army of treason felt constrained to abandon, the rebel authorities, on the fifteenth of May, hurried the Union prisoners from this den to Salisbury, North Carolina. They were transported on uncovered platform cars, rudely fitted with rough board benches. Thus they were exposed at every point on the route, where there was rabble enough to deride and insult them. The place to which they were now transported, was found to be a much more healthful locality, and the prison buildings vastly more commodious than those of Richmond. A most welcome appurtenance to these structures was an enclosure of some ten or twelve acres, in which, under rather stringent regulations, the prisoners were allowed to take air and exercise. Another grateful improvement upon the regime at Richmond was, that their rebel custodians exhibited some decency of demeanor, and although the fare was both meagre and scanty, supplies could be obtained from without by the payment of exorbitant prices.

Under date of June 28, 1862, writing from this prison, he said: "I have nothing agreeable to communicate, except that I continue in good health. Our hopes are raised on the slightest rumor or remotest incident, that we shall be soon paroled or exchanged; but we are constantly disappointed. This produces various effects upon those confined here. * * * I belong to another class, who, adopting the philosophy of Pope, take comfort in the belief that 'whatever is, is right.' I have the utmost reliance on our Government. Its capacity and energy have been exhibited in prosecuting the most remarkable campaign the world has ever seen, for valuable results, and in extent of country passed over by our armies. I value myself too little, to suppose that nothing has been done because I am left here a prisoner. I imagine the world may be moving and doing a very respectable stroke of business, though I am taking no part in it. I am far happier in such a thought than I should be in nourishing the conceits of an exaggerated self-importance."

The bitterest element in the cup of his captivity touched his lips, when it was nearly drained and was about to pass from him. Just before his exchange he learned that a heart, that had been grievously wrung by his imprisonment, was not to be soothed by his release. More than a month before the sorrowful intelligence penetrated his prison, his father, whom he revered as well as loved, had died.

Under a cartel, he left Salisbury *en route* for the Union lines. Arriving opposite to Richmond, the prisoners were turned out on Belle Isle, and left to pass the night on the bare ground without shelter of any sort. This exposure of debilitated men to the damps and chills of the night, entailed consequences not immediately apparent. Thence they were taken to the Libby prison, well remembered by most of them for its filthiness and discomfort, which they found in a far more loathsome and pestilential condition than when they left it. The sick and wounded of our army, whose low condition precluded them from the present benefits of exchange, lay there, with nothing between their tortured and languishing bodies and the reeking floor, without blankets or sheets, and some without even a shirt to cover them,

with no nourishment but the coarse prison rations, wretched in quality and wholly insufficient in quantity. This sorrowful sight so affected the exchanged officers, that they contributed money, and divested themselves of blankets, overcoats, and indeed of all their surplus clothing, for the relief of their suffering countrymen.

Under the impression that, in care of Federal authorities, shelterless nights *in transitu* from Richmond to Washington needed not to be provided against, he had devoted his last overcoat to the service of the sick and naked of Libby prison. He found himself, however, on a damp, misty night, on the open deck of the U. S. transport, on the James river, with insufficient clothing, afraid to lie down, and too weak to stand up. What wonder, then, that he sunk down where he stood, and arose wet and shivering, to lie down again at no distant day, with that form of fever that filled more hospitals and graves from the army of the Potomac, than all the other casualties of the war combined.

On the 20th of August he reached Washington. The effect upon his mind, of his southern experience and observation, is quite apparent in some statements extracted from him by reporters, and published at the time. "Col. BENEDICT is eager, and in this he says he expresses the desire of all who came with him from Rebeldom, to get to work again. He will command a regiment, if he can get one; if not, he will resume his old position. He says, and others too, that are with him, say, that the harshest measures towards the rebels are the best. He spurns conciliation, and cries, 'War to the knife.' He believes in emancipation as a means of crushing the rebellion. The slaves, he says, are all our friends, and show their friendship toward Union prisoners in all safe ways. * * * The confiscation and emancipation act is, in Col. BENEDICT's judgment, the most terrible weapon the North has yet drawn. The rebels wince at it as it stands on the statute book, only executed in part as it is."

After reporting at the War Department, he received leave of absence for thirty days, in order to visit his home. On Saturday evening, August 23d, he reached Albany. In anticipation of his coming, his townsmen had arranged to receive him in a manner strikingly expressive of their approbation of his conduct, and sym-

pathy with his sufferings, as well as their satisfaction at his return. The orator chosen for the occasion, his cherished friend, Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN, with words of welcome on his lips, was in waiting with a numerous array of friends; but when he emerged from the car, trembling and tottering, unable to stand without support, his appearance shocked the beholders, and put a sudden period to all the schemes for a formal reception. His long subjection to the influence of impure air, and bad as well as insufficient food, had unquestionably predisposed him to disease; but the exposure at Belle Isle and on the Government transport on the James, had put a match to the train that now reached the magazine. He was burning with fever, and was at once carried home. It required skillful treatment and assiduous nursing to enable him to execute his fixed purpose, to return to the service at the earliest practicable moment.

During this confinement, Gov. MORGAN, in the kindest manner, tendered him the Coloneley of the One Hundred and Sixty-second N. Y. V. Infantry, then in process of being recruited. His resignation of the Lieut. Coloneley of the Seventy-third New York, was accepted, to qualify him to receive this promotion; and his exchange was announced, officially, September 30, 1862.

On the 9th of September, though still quite infirm, he had proceeded to New York, to supervise the concerns of the new regiment. This was the third, raised under the patronage of the Commissioners of the Metropolitan Police. By the latter part of October, his regiment had attained proportions to entitle it to take the field; and for that purpose, on the 24th of that month, it was ordered to Washington. After spending some time in various camps in the vicinity of the city, he was directed to embark it at Alexandria, Virginia, for Fortress Monroe, the rendezvous of the forces assembled for what is commonly called the Banks Expedition.

To a brother he wrote: "I shall merit a good fate, if earnest endeavors will secure it; at any rate, I will always be consoled by knowing that warm hearts will exult in my honorable efforts, and mourn if I fall doing my duty. While I believe I am engaged in a sacred war for moral, political and religious right,

and am certain it will be prosecuted to the bitter end—to the subjugation of secession—I will be confident and fearless; but if the time come when compromise is tolerated, expect me home. I will never support a war which is to end in any event except the establishment, in its entirety, of the authority of the Government. My life, and that includes all, is at the service of the Union, but not one hair of my head will be given voluntarily for any modification of it.”

He sailed from Hampton Roads, December 3d, under sealed orders, not to be opened before approaching the mouth of the Mississippi; and opening his orders at Ship Island, he learned his destination to be New Orleans, where he arrived December 15, 1862. On reporting at head quarters, he was ordered to disembark his men at Camp Parapet, some eight miles above, and assume command of the post, which was garrisoned by several regiments and batteries.

About the 10th of January, 1863, he was ordered with his regiment to Donaldsonville, some sixty miles above New Orleans, to hold that place, while Gen. GODFREY WEITZEL, who had been lying at Thibodeaux, marched on Brashear city and other points on Bayou Têche; it being apprehended that the enemy, taking advantage of WEITZEL's absence in that quarter, might gain his rear, thus endangering him and our possession of the Mississippi river. Col. BENEDICT remained at Donaldsonville until the 25th, when WEITZEL, having accomplished his purposes, the necessity to strengthen the regular garrison ceased, and he returned with his command to the Parapet.

His command at this post was his first service as an acting Brigadier. The anomalous condition of affairs in the surrounding district, and the entire absence of civil or social authority, imposed on military commanders much besides professional duty. In so disturbed a state of society, military vigilance could not be relaxed, if the public enemy were not immediately at hand—elements that needed watchful care were always present. Every day brought with it occasion for the exercise of sound judgment, moderation and presence of mind; for there was neither code to prescribe, nor precedent to follow. He was fortunate enough,

in this difficult position, to satisfy his superiors, by his diligence in military matters, and by his discretion in such affairs as were rather civil and administrative in character.

Having suffered acutely for many weeks from an ailment, to be relieved only by a difficult surgical operation, on the 6th of March he obtained leave of absence to go north, to receive proper surgical treatment.

He arrived in New York March 16th, and at once underwent the needed operation, convalescing so rapidly that he reëmbarked April 23d, and joined his regiment May 11th at Alexandria, La. He had barely landed, however, and was receiving the congratulations of his friends, when he was knocked down by a frightened horse and his leg so injured that he was obliged to return to the boat, and remain in it while it made a trip to Brashear city and back.

His march to Alexandria was said to be a ruse on the part of Gen. BANKS to induce the rebels to believe Shreveport was his objective point. On the 17th, the army retraced its steps to Cheneyville, and thence made a forced march to Semmesport, on the Atchafalaya, about ten miles from the Red river. At this point Col. BENEDICT came up with the army and took command of the brigade. The troops moved up the Atchafalaya to its source and the junction of the Red and Mississippi rivers, thence down the latter to Morganzia, where the army crossed the river to Bayou Sara, ten miles above Port Hudson.

At Morganzia, May 23d, he was detached with the One hundred and tenth N. Y., two companies of cavalry, and a section of the Sixth Mass. artillery, to occupy and hold an important position, directly opposite Port Hudson, called indifferently Hermitage or Fausse Point. Just here there is a bend in the river, and a swampy flat projects far into the stream, making the point. An insignificant hamlet, named Hermitage, is seen on the banks of the Fausse river, from which the point obtains its name. From its relative position, Port Hudson invested, this locality would have been invaluable to the beleaguered garrison, furnishing a convenient avenue for retreat, if that were expedient, or for strengthening itself by communication with friends on the

opposite side of the river, beside offering a very eligible location for batteries. To prevent such or any use of it by the rebels was the duty he was sent to perform. A signal station was discovered in the neighborhood, and captured with seven men of the signal corps of the enemy. By means of the cavalry, he swept the country in his rear and kept it free from small hostile parties, at the same time collecting information for use at headquarters. His position was frequently shelled out without serious results, though some very narrow escapes were experienced.

Under orders he yielded this command to Gen. SAGE, of the One hundred and tenth N. Y., and proceeded to join his regiment before Port Hudson, arriving in his camp June 13th, in the evening. He was immediately put in command of the One hundred and seventy-fifth N. Y., Col. BRYAN, the Twenty-eighth Maine and Forty-eighth Mass., which, together with his own regiment, One hundred and sixty-second N. Y., under Lieut. Col. BLANCHARD, constituted the Second brigade of the Second division of the Nineteenth corps, under command of Gen. DWIGHT. At twelve o'clock that night orders were issued for an attack at day-break by the entire line of investment. At one A. M. Col. BENEDICT moved his brigade still farther to the left, opposite the lower sally-port of the enemy. On information received from a deserter, that there was a straight and plain road to this sally-port, and that the enemy's works were then quite practicable, Gen. DWIGHT ordered the left to assault at that point. By some miscarriage, orders failed to reach the Twenty-eighth Maine, and the brigade went into action with three regiments, numbering only five hundred and eighty-two men.

The attack was commenced by the First brigade, under Col. CLARK, of the Sixth Mich., which in a few moments was thrown into disorder. Gen. DWIGHT then ordered Col. BENEDICT to advance his brigade to the assistance of Col. CLARK, and to make the attack "in column of companies." On reaching the open ground, which rose gently towards the enemy's works, upon which the column entered from a wood, under cover of which it had formed, it was met by a terrific fire of shot and shell; and a little farther on it came under a cross-fire of artillery that was

almost insupportable. Still, he urged the column on, passing CLARK's brigade, to the verge opposite to the sally-port, only, however, to find himself confronted by a ravine between him and the enemy's works, made impassable by felled timber, and exposed to a withering fire of all arms. He halted the column and ordered the men to seek cover—retreat threatening annihilation, while further advance was absolutely impracticable. Coolly surveying the hostile works from the brink of the ravine, he retraced the perilous road, for being without an aid for the purpose, he was compelled to report in person the critical situation of his command to Gen. DWIGHT, who, recognizing the necessity, ordered the brigade to lie where it was until the shades of night might cover its withdrawal. After reporting he rejoined his men, having gone and returned through a tornado of shot and shell untouched.

The sufferings of that day will never be forgotten in this life by any who shared or witnessed them. From morning until night the men lay under a burning sun, exhausted by fatigue, maddened by thirst, and many agonized by wounds. The slightest manifestation of life made the exhibitor a target for a volley from the sharpshooters of the enemy, who crowded the works that crowned the field. The assault failed elsewhere throughout the lines, as it did here, and as might be expected from the manner of the fighting. The casualties were numerous and severe. It was in this advance that the brave Col. BRYAN, of the One hundred and seventy-fifth N. Y., fell. The One hundred and sixty-second N. Y., his own regiment, which led the brigade, lost, in killed, wounded and missing, fifty-one out of one hundred and seventy-three in action. Major JAMES H. BOGART was among the killed.

At seven p. m. the brigade was withdrawn. The calm bravery displayed by Col. BENEDICT on this occasion attracted much notice, and excited the admiration of all who beheld it; and partial as may be the pen that records this memorial of it, it is exceeded in strength of eulogy by many less interested commentators. An officer's letter to a friend says: "When about three hundred yards from the works I was struck. The pain was so intense I could not go on. I turned to my second lieu-

tenant as he came up to me and said: 'Never mind me, Jack, for God's sake, jump to the colors!' I do not recollect anything more until I heard Col. BENEDICT say, 'Up men, and forward.' I looked and saw the regiments lying flat to escape the fire, and Col. BENEDICT standing there, the shot striking on every side about him, and he never flinching. It was grand to see him. I wish I was of iron nerve as he." Adjutant MEECH, of the Twenty-sixth Conn., writing to his friends, says: "I saw Col. BENEDICT standing just in front of me, when I was wounded, on the edge of the ravine, looking intently at the rebel works, while the bullets and shells were flying about pretty thick. He walked to the rear as composedly as if out for a stroll."

The following day, June 15th, Gen. BANKS called for a thousand volunteers to form a column to storm the enemy's works. Officers who might lead the column were assured of promotion; and all, both officers and privates, were promised medals of commemoration, and that their names should "be placed in general orders on the roll of honor." High on this roll would have appeared the name of Col. LEWIS BENEDICT. Col., now Gen., BURGE, of Mass., volunteered, and by virtue of seniority was assigned to command the First battalion of the stormers. Col. BENEDICT volunteered to lead the Second battalion, and his offer was accepted. The fall of Vicksburg, however, constrained the rebel Gen. GARDNER to surrender Port Hudson, and so the forlorn hope lost the opportunity to illustrate its bravery and patriotism.

Springfield Landing, some four miles below Port Hudson, was the base of supplies for the investing army. The safety of these stores, upon which that of the army depended, became imperiled by the aggressions of LOGAN's cavalry, and some small successes, in the way of plundering and burning, and it was apprehended that they might invite serious attacks by larger bodies of the enemy. The Second brigade having become reduced by casualties and details to a single battalion, Col. BENEDICT was relieved of that command and ordered to the protection of this important depot soon after the battle of the 14th of June. He had just completed a parapet for that object when the surrender of Port Hudson took place.

He was in attendance on the ceremonies of that surrender, and thus described some objects of peculiar interest to him, which the occasion gave him opportunity to observe: "We entered the works by the road over which we advanced to assault them on the 14th of June; and, as I rode along, I congratulated myself that our progress then had been checked, although the storm of grape and bullets cost my brigade the lives of more than a hundred of its best men, a Colonel, a Major and several other valuable officers. A glance at the ground showed that our assault must have been unsuccessful. The natural difficulties of the position were very great, and they had been augmented by the rebels, with all they possessed of means or skill."

Soon after this, Col. BENEDICT was detailed to serve on a succession of Courts Martial convened in New Orleans. His professional acquirements and training made him a desirable member of tribunals of this character.

About the middle of August, while at New Orleans, Gen. BANKS reorganized the army of the department. The One hundred and sixty-second N. Y., One hundred and tenth N. Y., One hundred and sixty-fifth N. Y. and Fourteenth Maine were constituted the First brigade, Third division of the Nineteenth army corps, and Col. BENEDICT was assigned to command it.

He reached his command at Bâton Rouge September 1st, and on the 4th sailed in the R. C. Winthrop from New Orleans for the place of rendezvous for the vessels of an expedition, which was off Berwick Bay. The land forces consisted of the Nineteenth Corps, and the transports were conveyed by a naval force, consisting of four light draft gunboats, the Clifton, Arizona, Granite City and Sachem, the whole under command of Maj. Gen. W. B. FRANKLIN. It turned out that the object of the expedition was to capture and occupy Sabine City, at the mouth of the river of that name. The entire fleet was directed to make Sabine Pass by midnight of the 7th, in order that the attack might be made early on the morning of the 8th. This was not accomplished, however, for, owing to the absence of the blockading vessel, which was relied on to indicate the point, the fleet ran by in the night, and thus necessitated a change of both the

time and manner of the attack, which finally took place on the evening of the 8th. The Pass proved to be sufficiently fortified, and was defended with audacity enough to defy such demonstrations as were made on behalf of the expedition; so that, after sacrificing two of the gunboats, the *Clifton* and *Sachem*, the most serviceable of all, in view of the shallowness of the waters, the fleet returned to New Orleans, to the infinite disgust of the soldiers who expected to fight, and equally to the sorrow and disappointment of a multitude of refugees, who sorely needed an opposite result. It was said that this bootless expedition was not favored by the most experienced officers in the department, who preferred Brownsville as a base of operations.

Col. BENEDICT shared in the general regret, caused by such barrenness of creditable results from an enterprise which had inspired high hopes, founded largely on the tried bravery of the Nineteenth Corps. The reaction, however, created in all, both officers and men, a burning desire to supplant the remembrances of the Sabine Pass failure by other emotions, excited by some important success. It was, therefore, with great satisfaction that, after spending four or five days in camp, at Algiers, he received orders to march his brigade to Brashear city, in order to participate in some operations in Western Louisiana. These operations were designed to favor another portion of the army, sent to occupy Brownsville, on the Rio Grande, by compelling the rebels to withdraw troops from Texas, to oppose the advance of this one. After an unimportant skirmish near Carrion Crow Bayou, the Nineteenth Corps moved to Vermillionville.

Here it was reported to Maj. Gen. FRANKLIN that the enemy was concentrating forces at or near Carrion Crow Bayou, and for the purpose of determining their numbers and position, he directed Gen. A. L. LEE to make a reconnoissance with all his available cavalry. The cavalry division, comprising two brigades of eight hundred each, started from Vermillionville for the Bayou in question, distant twelve miles, due north, at 6.30 A. M., November 11th, and soon commenced driving back the pickets of the enemy to their reserve of six hundred. A running fight then ensued for some six or eight miles, ending in

Gen. LEE's charging them vigorously, and driving them back in confusion to a dense wood. NIMM's Light Battery of Flying Artillery was quickly brought up, and after it had shelled the woods, Gen. LEE advanced his whole force, in line of battle through the woods, and found the enemy drawn up in like order on the opposite side of a prairie, about two miles broad, numbering, as nearly as could be estimated, some seven thousand. Seeing that he was outnumbered four to one, and having accomplished the object of his reconnoissance, Gen. LEE ordered a retreat.

The enemy, detecting his intention, sent a large force to make a demonstration on his left flank, upon which he dispatched the First (Col. LUCAS) brigade to protect the left, while the General in person remained with the main column in the road.

Col. BENEDICT had been ordered to advance his brigade about a mile beyond Vermillion Bayou, and hold himself in readiness to support Gen. LEE. After being in position an hour, he received a request from the General that he would advance up the road. About four miles up he was met by a message, that Gen. LEE was retreating before a superior enemy, and directing him to take a position where his force would be masked, in order to give Gen. LEE an opportunity to turn and make a dash at the enemy's cavalry. Col. BENEDICT selected for this purpose the east side of a prairie, about twelve hundred rods wide, posting the men in the ditches—NIMM's battery in the rear of the left flank, and TRULL's in the rear of the right, a position in which his eight hundred and odd could withstand five thousand. Gen. LEE retired behind the position to tempt the enemy into the open prairie; but he was too cautious, and opened with his artillery. This was replied to with vigor, and for an hour the fire was active, the rebels suffering severely. Then failing in an attempt to out-flank, they sought the cover of the fences and retired. Col. BENEDICT's brigade was so well protected that it had but one killed and four wounded.

November 15th the army left Vermillionville, encamping for the night near Spanish lake, and the next day marched to New Iberia, where it remained in quarters until the close of the year.

Col. B.'s brigade held the post of honor on the march, acting as rear guard to the army.

Though not attacked on the way, it was closely followed by the enemy, and had not become settled in quarters when it was announced that Camp Pratt, its very place of encampment the night before, was occupied by the enemy. A detachment was at once sent out, which surprised in their beds, and captured more than one hundred and twenty rebels.

January 2d, 1864, he arrived at Franklin, La., where the army was concentrated. Here was organized what is known and generally deplored as the Red River Expedition. Col. BENEDICT was assigned to the command of the Third brigade of the First division of the Nineteenth army corps. Maj. Gen. FRANKLIN commanded the corps, Brig. Gen. EMORY the division.

March 15th the division moved to enter upon the Red River campaign, traversing the rich flats of Lower Louisiana, and skirmishing slightly on the way; on the 25th it reached Alexandria, a distance of one hundred and sixty miles. On the 27th the march was continued to Natchitoches, where the army encamped on the 31st, and awaited the arrival of the provision transports. Gen. BANKS and Com. PORTER, with his fleet, were at Grand Ecore, four miles above. A reconnoissance having ascertained the strength and position of the enemy at and beyond Pleasant Hill, with sufficient accuracy, as was thought, the entire army marched from Natchitoches on the morning of April 6th. After an exhausting march through rain and mud, Col. BENEDICT's brigade arrived at Pleasant Hill on the evening of the 7th, and bivouacked, the wagons not having come up. At eight o'clock the next morning, the 8th, it resumed its march, and in the afternoon encamped with the rest of the division at Carroll's Mill, about eleven miles northwest of Pleasant Hill. Hence it was summoned to Sabine Cross Roads, to cover the retreat of the cavalry and the Thirtieth corps, which had been routed, and to check the advance of the enemy. The brigade was scarcely in position when it received the fire of the enemy, who, encouraged by previous successes, came on, as if already the field was won. They were received, however, by such a fire as put further advance out of

the question, although they continued the attack with great bravery and perseverance, at a great cost of life. The maintenance of his position by EMORY was indispensable to the safety of the army, of which emergency the enemy appeared to be as conscious as himself. Hence their desperate determination to turn his left, held by Col. BENEDICT'S brigade. One vigorous effort that was made towards night, was so bloodily repulsed, that the rebels not only recoiled but fled, leaving their dead and wounded where they fell. In this repulse the One Hundred and Sixty-second New York and the One Hundred and Seventy-third New York were mainly instrumental, and it closed the fighting at this point. Col. BENEDICT was much commended for the effective manner in which he handled his brigade.

"From Pleasant Grove, where this action occurred, to Pleasant Hill," says Gen. BANKS in his official report, "was fifteen miles. It was certain that the enemy, who was within reach of reinforcements, would renew the attack in the morning, and it was wholly uncertain whether the command of Gen. SMITH could reach the position we held, in season for a second engagement. For this reason the army, towards morning, fell back to Pleasant Hill, Gen. EMORY covering the rear, burying the dead, bringing off the wounded and all the material of the army.

"It arrived there at 8.30 on the morning of the 9th, effecting a junction with the forces of Gen. SMITH and the colored brigade under Col. DICKEY, which had reached that point the evening previous. Early on the 9th the troops were prepared for action, the movements of the enemy indicating that he was on our rear. A line of battle was formed in the following order: First brigade, Nineteenth corps, from the right resting on a ravine; Second brigade in the centre, and Third brigade on the left. The centre was strengthened by a brigade of Gen. SMITH'S forces, whose main force was held in reserve. The enemy moved towards our right flank. The Second brigade withdrew from the centre to the support of the First brigade. The brigade in support of the centre moved up into position, and another of Gen. SMITH'S brigades was posted to the extreme left position on the hill, in *echelon*, to the rear of the left main line. Light skirmishing

occurred during the afternoon. Between four and five o'clock it increased in vigor, and about five P. M., when it appeared to have nearly ceased, the enemy drove in our skirmishers and attacked in force, his first onset being against the left. He advanced in two oblique lines extending well over towards the right of the Third brigade, Nineteenth corps. After a determined resistance, this part of the line gave way and went slowly back to the reserves. The First and Second brigades were soon enveloped in front, right and rear. By skillful movements of Gen. EMORY, the flank of the two brigades, now bearing the brunt of the battle, was covered. The enemy pursued the brigades, passing the left and centre, until he approached the reserves under Gen. SMITH, when he was met by a charge led by Gen. MOWER, and checked. The whole of the reserves were now ordered up, and in turn we drove the enemy, continuing the pursuit until night compelled us to halt."

A New Englandman, an officer in one of the New York regiments, thus describes the battle: "The enemy, finding a strong force on our right and centre, massed a heavy body of troops on our left, where our division (First) lay, and about five P. M. drove in our skirmishers. We immediately lay down, and waited for them to come out of the woods. Just as they arrived at the edge of them, they halted and gave a most hideous yell—such as Texans and border ruffians alone can give—thinking that we would immediately fire and show our position. But in this they were much mistaken: for we lay still, under cover of the bushes in the valley. *At that moment our artillery should have commenced firing, but it did not.* Finding we did not fire, they rushed out of the woods to the brow of the hill, and poured tremendous volleys upon us, at the same time rushing down the hill. Our brigade poured several into them, but found them coming in such overwhelming force that we were obliged to fall back. The second line seeing us coming back in such confusion, began to break, but the officers succeeded in preserving the line until a few volleys were fired, when it and part of the third line broke. *The artillery then commenced firing, and we rallied, and immediately formed a new line.* By this time most of the rebels

were out of the woods, and rushing upon us pell-mell. Now it was our time to have something to say about it. * * * Our massed column pressed on and drove the frightened rebels two miles through the woods. In the mean time they opened on our right, and found more than they expected there. They charged upon a battery and took it, but to their sorrow; for our infantry opened upon them in such a terrific cross-fire, that they fell like grass before the scythe, and what was left fell back. It was now so dark that it was impossible to distinguish one side from the other, and the fighting ceased. * * * *If they had fired a little lower while we were lying in the valley, they would have killed or wounded one-half of our brigade.*" Another officer, a Captain, in connection with this latter statement of opinion, says: "While lying down, as we were ordered to do, whole volleys from the rebel ranks, which came upon us five lines deep, yelling furiously, *passed over* us, as their aim was too high, and we could hear the bullets strike on the knoll in our rear."

Maj. Gen. FRANKLIN writes: "Col. BENEDICT came to my head quarters, about 12 M. on the 9th, to obtain permission from Gen. EMORY and myself, to change the position of his line, indicating another which, in his opinion, was stronger and safer. We agreed to the change, and it was made." Some merits of the new position are developed by the preceding extracts; but a further obvious advantage may be stated. The whole of the woods in front, and the slope to the ditch at the bottom, were left free and clear to be shelled by the artillery without the slightest peril to the brigade lying among the bushes along the ditch, which, indeed, might have added its own fire to that of the artillery. The silence of this arm, at so critical a moment, appears remarkable, and it is not easy to resist the belief that a main advantage expected from the change of position was not realized.

The theatre of this battle may be described as a large open field that had once been cultivated, but was then overgrown with weeds and bushes—many of the latter were the red rose of Louisiana. The moderately elevated centre of the field, from which the name Pleasant Hill was derived, is merely a long

mound or ridge, scarcely entitled to be called a hill, that from its crown descends gently to the ditch of which mention has been made. Beyond the ditch an easy acclivity rises to a belt of timber, which encloses it semicircularly on the side towards Shreveport, and out of which the attacking forces came. The ditch and its fringe of shrubbery, while it afforded some cover, presented little obstruction to the passage of troops. The front of the position occupied by Col. BENEDICT's brigade, extended along this ditch. It was on the Pleasant Hill side of this shallow valley that the final and decisive fighting took place. On his way up, this locality had attracted the Colonel's attention, and he expressed a belief that there the rebels would be fought; and when some dissent was expressed, it was afterwards remembered that he argued the probability almost with vehemence. Whether this impression was merely the result of his military perception of the fitness of the place, or one of those shadows said to be cast before coming events, it is not now worth while to consider; but certain it was, he was doomed to illustrate in his own body, either the soundness of his judgment or the correctness of his apprehension.

In the conflict on the slope, and perhaps in the *melee* of that critical moment, when the reinforced enemy caused our line to hesitate and even recoil, and the fortune of the day seemed doubtful; when by almost superhuman efforts on the part of the officers, the men were rallied to that frantic charge which gave victory to the Union arms and saved its army, its navy and its jurisdiction of the southwest, Col. BENEDICT fell.

It was only by the prompt activity of one of his officers that his body, pierced by five balls, was rescued from the field. Capt. SAMUEL COWDREY, of the One Hundred and Sixty-second, aided by one man, conveyed it to a building, for the time appropriated to the uses of a hospital, and delivered it to the Surgeon in charge. Lieut. VAN WYCK, of the deceased Colonel's staff, was detailed to deliver it to the family of Col. BENEDICT, which service he performed with equal tenderness and fidelity.

In anticipation of its arrival, the Common Council of Albany had appointed a committee of its members to receive the remains

in New York, convey them to the city and order the arrangements for their interment. In the discharge of this duty, it returned with the body on April 30th, and in deference to the wishes of his family, laid it in sorrow in his desolate home, rather than in state at the Capitol, as had been designed.

Its presence in that house, dead, where his advent, living, had been so long hoped and prayed for, raised still higher the flood-gates of anguish, opened by the intelligence of his death.

On Monday, May 2d, 1864, his shattered body, followed by sad hearts and weeping eyes, was removed from the dwelling of his mother to the house of the Lord; whence, after appropriate religious services and an eloquent commemorative address, with becoming civic and military honors, and many *impromptu* manifestations of private regard and public respect, it was borne on its last earthly pilgrimage to the Albany Cemetery. There, he was laid forever to rest, within the shadow of his father's monument; around him, "his martial cloak," covered with the dust of battle, rent by bullets and stiffened by his blood.

The foregoing Sketch is mainly extracted from a Memorial, prepared for the use of the family of Col. BENEDICT, to which access has been kindly permitted.

The following Letters have been received from distinguished Generals of our Army who knew Col. BENEDICT, and can speak of him from personal knowledge:

WASHINGTON, *October 14, 1864.*

My Dear Colonel: * * * I knew Col. BENEDICT well, and was near his brigade when he fell. He died bravely and nobly in a battle which was terrific in its progress, and where our success saved the army, the fleet, and gave us the continued possession of the Mississippi and New Orleans. Had we failed at Pleasant Hill, we could not have maintained our power with the loss of the army and fleet of gunboats.

Col. BENEDICT did not die in vain; and the close of his career was as glorious as its progress had been upright and honorable.

We were, at once, upon making acquaintance with each other

on a confidential footing, and I was often surprised and delighted with the general intelligence and knowledge of men which he always exhibited. I read, at the time of his death, the discourses pronounced at his funeral, and by the bar of which he was a member. They did no more than justice to the many virtues which distinguished him.

Very truly yours,

N. P. BANKS,

Major General Commanding.

To Col. N. N. LEE DUDLEY.

PORTLAND, ME., *July 25, 1864.*

My Dear Sir: * * * I was quite intimate with your brother, Col. LEWIS BENEDICT, of the One Hundred and Sixty-second New York Regiment. He was under my command from August, 1863, until the time of his death. I, like every one else who knew him, was exceedingly attracted by his social qualities, and I enjoyed his society extremely. I saw a great deal of him during the winter of 1863-64, while I commanded at Franklin, La. At this time he commanded a brigade in Brig. Gen. EMORY'S Division of the Nineteenth Corps.

He retained command of this brigade on the march from Franklin to Alexandria and Natchitoches, and commanded it in the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, April 8, 1864, and of Pleasant Hill, April 9, 1864. In the last named battle he was killed.

I know little of his conduct in the battle of the 8th of April. I do know, however, that his brigade, which held the left of the line, was severely attacked by the enemy; that it behaved exceedingly well, entirely repulsing the attack, and that it held the ground until nightfall, when the battle ended. My position on that day prevented me from knowing any more than what I have told above.

On the 9th of April, at Pleasant Hill, his brigade formed the left of Gen. EMORY'S line. He came to my headquarters about twelve o'clock M. to obtain permission from Gen. EMORY and myself to change the position of his line, indicating another, which, in his opinion, was stronger and safer. We agreed to the change, and he then left, and the change was made. In this new

position his brigade was attacked by the enemy, and after a gallant fight was driven back. It was, however, rallied very soon, returned to the fight, drove the enemy in turn, and did a great deal toward saving the day.

It is my impression that your brother was killed while his brigade was advancing, after he had succeeded in rallying it; but I am not certain of this, nor is it material now. What is certain is, that he handled his brigade well; that he fought it as well as it was possible to fight it, and that he died performing his duty like a noble soldier.

There was one universal expression of sorrow among all his comrades when it became certain that he was killed. He had endeared himself to all of them.

I am sorry that I am able to give you no more reminiscences of him. I have told you all that I now recollect, but events crowded on so fast just at the time your brother was killed, that I have doubtless forgotten much that I would otherwise have remembered. * * * *

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. B. FRANKLIN,

Major General U. S. Volunteers.

HENRY M. BENEDICT, Esq., Albany, N. Y.

HEAD QUARTERS NINETEENTH ARMY CORPS, }
CAMP RUSSELL, VA., *November 29, 1864.* }

HENRY M. BENEDICT, Esq.:

Dear Sir—We are still in the field, and I do not know that this campaign, unsurpassed for its activity, is yet ended. This has been, and is still, my excuse for not doing what has been nearest my heart—writing some account of your brother, Col. BENEDICT, who fell under my command. I have not had, nor have I now, the opportunity to refer to the statistics of his military history. Under these circumstances, you must forgive me for being brief.

Col. BENEDICT was honorably engaged in the siege of Port Hudson, where he exhibited his most distinguished military characteristic, personal courage. His first field service under me

was during the Red River Campaign, where, on account of his well known gallantry and high character as an officer, I selected him to command a brigade. Of his noble and patriotic death, I cannot speak in terms of too great admiration, although I am now too much engaged to give a detailed account of the circumstances under which it occurred.

He commanded the Third Brigade, First Division, Nineteenth Army Corps, during the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, where we were brought into action after the Thirteenth Corps and the Cavalry had been routed; and he there aided in checking and driving back an overwhelming force of the enemy, flushed with temporary success. The next day, at Pleasant Hill, still in command of the same brigade of my division, he fell at the head of his men, bearing the brunt of that bloody battle.

I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

W. H. EMORY, *Brig. Gen.*

DOVER MINES, GOOCHLAND COUNTY, VA., }
March 15, 1866. }

HENRY M. BENEDICT, Esq.:

Dear Sir— * * * It gives me sincere pleasure to have an opportunity to express the high appreciation which I have of the character and services of your late lamented brother, whom it was my good fortune to meet often during our service in the Department of the Gulf.

He joined, to high order of capacity and fine soldierly qualities, a warm heart and most genial manner, so that while he inspired confidence in his ability to command, he also gained the warm affection of those with whom he was associated.

His presence in the command always gave me both confidence and pleasure; and his death was to me the most saddening personal event of the campaign in which he fell. In this feeling, I believe all in the Army of the Gulf participated.

With great respect, I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient servant,

CHARLES P. STONE,

Formerly Brig. Gen. and Chief of Staff, Dep't of the Gulf.

IV.

COL. EDWARD FRISBY.

EDWARD FRISBY was born in Trenton, Oneida county, N. Y., on the third day of August, A. D. 1809, and was the son of EDWARD FRISBY and NABBY BLACKMAN. When about two years of age, his father removed to Whitestown, where he died when EDWARD was about thirteen or fourteen years old. He was the second son, and the seventh of ten children, of whom but one survives him, viz: Hon. D. H. FRISBY, of Illinois. Notwithstanding his youth, he was so unwilling to see his mother burdened by the cares of so large a family, that he determined to do something for himself, and commenced working his own way in the world in the Oneida cotton factory. During the whole time of his residence at home, he was noted for his kindness and attention to his mother. At the age of seventeen, he came to Albany, and on the first of February, in the year 1827, was bound apprentice to JOHN MAYELL, latter, by his brother ELEAZER B. FRISBY, who, being fifteen years his senior, took more the place of a father than a brother. He served as apprentice until he was twenty years of age, after which he continued in the service of Mr. MAYELL as a journeyman until he was twenty-two, when he commenced business for himself. When in his twenty-fourth year, on the fifth of November, 1832, he was married to MARY AUGUSTA STEVENS, of Amherst, N. H.

His parents were Presbyterians, but after coming to Albany he usually attended the Baptist church. He experienced religion in a protracted meeting, held in the First Baptist church in Albany, with which he united, then under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. HODGE. His wife was already a member of that church.

Col. FRISBY was the father of six children, two girls and four boys, of whom but two are living, the two youngest (boys). The first four died in infancy. He was kind and devoted as a husband and father, as well as a son and brother.

When quite young, he evinced a great taste for a military life, and at the age of eighteen was chosen corporal in a State militia company. This post he filled until he was about twenty-two years of age, when, on the second of September, 1831, he received his commission as ensign in the Eighty-ninth Regiment of Infantry. In August, 1833, he was elected captain; in March, 1835, major; in September, 1839, lieutenant colonel; and in August, 1841, colonel; which position he held for about three months, when he received his commission as colonel of the Twenty-fifth Regiment under the new organization. On the 19th of May, 1856, he received his commission as brigadier general of the Eleventh brigade, Third division N. Y. S. M. This position he held until the fall of 1860, when he resigned, and for the first time in thirty-three years, was out of office. He was then in his fifty-first year. Although he was now in no way connected with the military of the State, still officers of every rank were constantly applying to him for the advice and instruction which he was so well qualified to give.

He now intended to give his whole attention to his family and to his private business. But he was not long permitted to remain in the quietude of domestic enjoyment. His country called, and found him ready to obey. In the spring of 1861, at the first appearance of trouble, he manifested a great interest in everything connected with our country's welfare, and repeatedly expressed a desire to enter the service and do something to avert the evils which threatened us as a nation.

When the old Twenty-fifth Regiment, of which he was so long a member, began to talk of leaving for the field of action, their Colonel, M. K. BRYAN, desired Gen. FRISBY to accompany them, both to give advice to himself and officers, and to encourage the men who placed such explicit confidence in him.

On the 22d of April (a day that will never be forgotten in

Albany), they left home and friends, to go forth to battle for freedom.

Besides the children to whom we have referred, Col. FRISBY had an adopted son, the child of his wife's sister, who died when the boy was an infant. This little one the Colonel, in the generosity of his nature, took and brought up as his own. He was older than his own sons, and took charge of his business while he was in the army.

While they were detained in New York, waiting for the necessary preparations to be made for their departure to Washington, Gen. FRISBY wrote home to his wife, as follows:

"I have been very busy since our arrival here. Our men are in good spirits, and the best feeling prevails. I want to express my thanks to you, for your heroic conduct upon my departure from home; that you did not say one word to discourage me, but arranged everything in your power for my comfort, when I know your heart was full of trouble."

He remained with the Twenty-fifth until their arrival in Washington, and then hastened home to recruit a regiment of volunteers, to aid in the defence of the Union. This regiment, the Thirtieth N. Y. S. Volunteers, was mustered into the service. He was commissioned its Colonel. On the 27th of June, 1861, they left for the seat of war.

The following is an extract from a letter written by him to his sons, dated at Camp Union, Brightwood, July 7, 1861:

"You are now of an age, when you will establish a character and habits which will grow through your whole life. I know you are well disposed, but many, who are equally well disposed, often yield to temptations, and soon find that they have no power to resist evil. I hope you will listen to the counsel of your mother in all things; be constant in your attendance at church and Sabbath school, and 'Remember your Creator in the days of your youth.' I have felt, and still feel, a great anxiety about you, knowing, as I do, how necessary it is for boys to have the advice and care of a father. But the call of my country has come, and it is my duty to respond, and leave you in the hands of Him who tempers the wind to the shorn lambs, believing He

will watch over, and guide you safely, through every trial and temptation, if you will look to Him. I have been very well since I left home, but the care upon my mind has been very fatiguing. We are situated very pleasantly, and are doing as well as could be expected under all circumstances. We are to have religious service at ten o'clock this morning, in a grove adjoining our camp, which will be conducted by our chaplain, Rev. N. G. AXTELL."

It is needless to follow our hero through all the changes of the army of the Potomac; through the long and weary marches, or in the dull monotony of camp life. In a letter to his wife he says:

"It is hard for you to be left alone, but you must consider that the cause in which we are engaged requires sacrifices, and you are doing your duty as much as the soldier who is fighting upon the field of battle. If I can see this war honorably brought to a close, I shall not regret any sacrifice that I have made. I may not live to enjoy it, but I know that my boys will not love their country the less because their father fought for it."

In another letter, speaking of his officers, he says: "I am well satisfied with them, as well as with the men. My regiment is doing well, indeed, better than I could have expected. If we can have a little time to drill, I believe that we can do our country good service."

Again he writes: "My dear wife, keep up good courage, our God is a God of war as of peace. Let us trust in Him. He is mighty in battle, and the right will conquer."

Col. FRISBY enjoyed excellent health until July, 1862, when his health began to fail and he desired to see his wife. He wrote to her, desiring her to come to him immediately (he was then at Falmouth, Va., opposite Fredericksburg), saying nothing, however, of his ill state of health. She went with all haste to him, and on arriving found him lying very low with fever. By the tenderest care he was restored so far as to be able to travel.

While lying on his sick bed, the army were ordered to march, and never did a father feel worse at parting with his children than did Col. FRISBY at parting with his officers and men. He

would lie upon his bed, the tears streaming down his cheeks, and exclaim: "Oh, my poor boys! My poor boys!"

He procured a leave of absence, and in company with his wife turned his face homeward. The sail up the Potomac seemed to revive him, and on arriving in Washington he felt so much better that he determined to return at once to his regiment, then stationed at Culpepper, where he expected they would remain in camp long enough for him to fully regain his strength. So he bade his wife and son (who was with her) adieu, little thinking that it was for the last time. He returned to camp, and instead of remaining there for several weeks as the regiment had anticipated, they were ordered into action at once. They fought all the way from there to Bull Run, where, on the third day after entering battle, he fell. The day he fell his leave of absence had not expired.

A young man, a member of his regiment, who went from Troy, and who was for some time in the Colonel's tent as orderly, writes to Mrs. FRISBY as follows:

"A few hours before the battle I conversed with the Colonel. He seemed a little melancholy. He spoke, however, of the position of our troops, of the admirable position of the batteries, and expressed entire confidence in the ability of our commander. When we made that fatal charge, his duty called him from that part of the field, and I did not see him again. When I inquired for the Colonel, I was informed that he had fallen while leading us on.

"He was like a father to me, ever gentle and kind. I deeply feel his loss, but why should I complain, when others have equal cause, and are silent. Through this life, I shall act as I know he would desire me to. God be with you and bless you, my kind friend. With many prayers for you and yours, in your sorrow, I subscribe myself your friend. Respectfully,

"ALBERT MOTT."

The following account of the death of this gallant officer appeared in the "Albany Express," August 30, 1862:

"Col. E. FRISBY, of the Thirtieth regiment, was killed in action near Centreville, Va. He was at the head of his regiment on the

memorable Saturday when the second battle of Bull Run was fought, urging his men forward, they having received an order to charge at double quick. While thus discharging his duty, a ball struck him on the lower jaw, passing through his face. He did not fall from his horse, but grasped the reins firmly. Maj. CHRYSLER, noticing that his colonel had been wounded, hurried to his side and said to him: 'Colonel, you are hit.' Col. F., the blood streaming from his shattered jaw, immediately responded: 'Major, to your post!' and, brandishing his sword, started his horse up. Scarcely had he uttered the words of command, when he was struck on the top of the head with another ball, which passed through and came out on the opposite side, killing him instantly. He dropped from his horse, and the remnant of his regiment, which had been in the hottest of the fight, was forced to fall back, leaving the remains of their heroic commander on the field of battle. Four days after, his body was interred by the surgeon of the Twenty-second New York State volunteers. When the common council committee reached Washington, Monday morning last, they learned that the body had been interred on the battle field, and that a regiment had been sent out to bury our dead. No intelligence was received from the regiment during Monday, and Col. HARCOURT then resolved to go to the battle field. He procured the necessary passes for himself and Maj. CHRYSLER, and early Tuesday morning left the city in a carriage. They proceeded as far as Bailey's Cross Roads, where they met the regiment returning with the body of Col. FRISBY. The body of Col. F. was found in the precise spot where the surgeon of the Twenty-second stated he buried it, with a board at the head marked Col. FRISBY. On arriving in Washington, the committee at once made arrangements for embalming the body, a process which required some considerable time. They left Washington Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock, and came direct to New York without stopping, arriving there yesterday morning, too late for the early train. The remains were removed to the Hudson River railroad depot, when the committee was informed that the body could not be sent forward without permis-

sion from the city inspector. Col. HARCOURT, after considerable effort, succeeded in procuring the document, and left New York."

The funeral of Col. FRISBY took place September 11. The military escort took the cars at North Ferry street for the cemetery. During the movement of the funeral cortege all places of business were closed, the flags were flying at half mast, the bells were tolled and minute guns fired, the streets meanwhile being densely crowded with spectators.

A nobler hero, a purer patriot, has not fallen during the war than Col. EDWARD FRISBY.

The following touching letters were received by the bereaved widow:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *September 4, 1862.*

Mrs. E. FRISBY—I have hesitated and delayed writing to you in hopes the first rumors that reached us, in relation to the fate of our beloved Colonel, might be confirmed.

But, alas! my heart aches, my eyes become blinded, and my head is dizzy, when thinking of that awful field of carnage and death. O, God! that I could blot from my memory the scenes of that most unfortunate encounter. I cannot give you a detailed account of that battle, or of the part taken by any one. I can only say your husband, our beloved colonel, fought in the thickest of the fight, and died at his post of duty.

We have made every exertion to obtain his body, but have been unsuccessful, but feel in hopes that Dr. CHAPIN, who was taken a prisoner, will mark the spot where he is buried. I have collected his effects and will send them by express to-morrow. Anything I can do will be cheerfully done. I have lost a very dear friend in your loss of a husband. I am in hopes of seeing you before long, when I can relate more particularly the incidents of that awful day. Bear up under this affliction. God is good, and doeth all things well. Your friend,

WILLIAM M. SEARING.

TROY, *Sept. 14, 1862.*

My Dear Mrs. Frisby: It was with feelings of inexpressible sorrow, while absent from home, that I heard of the death of

your generous-hearted and gallant husband (my old friend and Colonel), EDWARD FRISBY, by the hands of the enemies of his country. He died a martyr to law and order, a lover of the constitution and government under which he was born, reared and educated, and a brave and conscientious defender of that flag which so long had been the pride and admiration of his countrymen, and the emblem of hope and happiness of the oppressed in all parts of the world, as it was, and is, a terror to tyrants and despots. He died as all true patriots love to die—with his harness on, in the full, conscientious discharge of his duty to the government under which he was reared.

A bereaved country, a widowed wife, orphan children, sympathetic and condoling friends, mourn his loss; but their loss (consoling is the fact) is his gain. May you, his disconsolate widow, and his orphaned children, find consolation in the fact; and may He, who holds nations in the hollow of his hand, and without whose notice not a sparrow falls to the ground, aid you in finding that consolation.

I have said that Col. FRISBY was my friend during all my association with him. I have found him to be such, and therefore I mourn his loss as a friend. Of course, I cannot mourn that loss as you do. But there is one thing that I can do. I can bear truthful and uncontradictory testimony to his moral worth as a man; to his honesty and usefulness as a citizen; to his devotion as a patriot, and his steadfastness as a friend. May the bright example, which he has so disinterestedly bequeathed to his posterity, never be forgotten by any of them.

Believe me, Madam, to be most sincerely your friend and well wisher.

CHAS. E. BRINTNALL.

KEEDYSVILLE, Md., *Sept. 28th*, 1862.

Dear Madam: Pardon me for addressing you by letter, which I presume to do, because of my former intimate relations with your deceased husband, and because I deeply sympathize with you in your affliction.

None knew Col. FRISBY, outside his family, as I knew him. Our military connection commenced when I was so young, and lasted

so long, that I had come to look to him, as a son toward a father. I knew his inmost thoughts, so far as military matters were concerned, and could almost read in his face the thoughts passing through his mind. Amid the excitement of the battle field, and the tediousness of long marches, I have not fully appreciated that he is gone—that I shall never see him more; but during the past week, partially confined to my chamber by a wound, the fact has appeared to me in all its force, and I realize that I have lost a dear friend who loved me, and that the service has sustained an almost irreparable loss, in the sphere in which he moved.

How forcibly comes upon my mind our parting on the second of April last, at Alexandria! Then I knew how painful to him, and how painful to me, it was, to be separated in our official relations. Clapsed in each other's arms, the big tears rolling down his cheeks, he said, among other things: "We may never meet again!" How true it proved, but how little did I then think it was our last meeting on earth.

Dear Madam: Let me assure you, in your bereavement you have the deep sympathy of the officers and men of the regiment, and of the division to which he was attached, and in which he served so faithfully and efficiently. Indeed, the remnant of the Thirtieth mourn his loss as children mourning the loss of a father.

While we thus lament his loss, it is a source of comfort to me to know that all acknowledged his worth, and showed their appreciation of his merit. To the city of Albany, to the militia of the State, the loss is great; for he and a few others, by their noble, yet at the time unappreciated, labors, made the militia of the city and State what it now is, and gave to the Nation a powerful force to check the onward march of the rebellion.

Col. FRISBY's name will rank high among the heroes of this war.

The God whom he worshiped will give comfort to your bereaved heart. He will not see the widow or children of the soldier and patriot suffer. Let me commend you to Him; and with my most earnest sympathy, I subscribe myself,

Your obedient servant,

R. C. BENTLEY.

I write with some difficulty, having one arm still in a sling.

FORT COVINGTON, *Sept. 5th* 1862.

My Dear Mrs. Frisby: With the greatest solicitude, I have watched for, and scanned the lists of the killed and wounded, in the late terrible encounters. I saw in one of the papers that your husband was wounded, and in another, that he was killed; and was unable to ascertain which report was correct, until this morning, when my attention was directed to a paragraph in one of the New York papers, describing the manner of his death, and stating the fact that his body had been recovered.

My heart is filled with inexpressible grief; it is to me as if it were my father thus stricken down.

To you I need not praise him; and I but repeat what, often, while he was living, I expressed to others; that he was one of the bravest and best officers in our service.

As one of his military family, I had an opportunity for becoming thoroughly acquainted with him; and I loved and revered him.

He had a high sense of the responsibility of his position, and strove scrupulously and religiously to act up to those responsibilities.

His intercourse with his officers and men, exhibited those qualities which adorn the character of the true gentleman.

He was not only anxious that the men of his regiment should be well disciplined as soldiers, but was solicitous for their moral well-being.

Always did I receive his hearty co-operation in every plan for the moral and religious improvement of the regiment; and if all the colonels in the army had the same sense of responsibility to God, the love of morals would be far brighter, and I believe we should be far more successful in ending this cruel war.

You have lost a husband; I a friend, and the country a true, brave and noble soldier. We are sad; we mourn. God only can comfort. May he bless you and comfort you, is the prayer of

Your friend,

N. G. AXTELL.

V.

COL. WILLIAM A. JACKSON.

COLONEL WILLIAM AYRAULT JACKSON was born in the city of Schenectady, N. Y., on the 29th day of March, 1832. His father, ISAAC W. JACKSON, was then Professor of Mathematics in Union College, of which he was a graduate, a position he has held uninterruptedly to the present time.

WILLIAM was the eldest of the family. He fitted for college at home, under the instruction of his father, and entered, at the early age of fifteen, the Freshman class of Union, at the commencement of the academic year in 1847.

During his collegiate career, he displayed marked and brilliant talents in various departments, and by the exhibition of the frank and generous qualities, which were characteristic of him, made among the under-graduates of his time many and warm friends. He then, more particularly, won distinction as a forcible and extempore speaker and skillful debater. In these accomplishments he was acknowledged to be without a rival among his college cotemporaries, and they were, at a later period, exercised with effect on the wider field of political discussion.

He graduated with honor in the summer of 1851, and during the succeeding year remained at home, devoting his attention to the study of general literature, and giving some of his time to the study of the law, that being the profession which he had chosen. Previous, however, to his regular entry upon his legal studies, and during the year 1852, he spent some months with an uncle, Mr. I. C. CHESBROUGH, a civil engineer, and at that time engaged upon the survey of the Albany and Susquehanna railroad. In December, 1852, he removed to the city of Albany, with some of the most prominent and influential families in

which he was nearly connected, and entered the office of MARCUS T. REYNOLDS, Esq. He also, about the same time, attended a course of lectures at the Albany Law School. He was admitted to the bar on the 10th of April, 1853, and immediately commenced the practice of his profession in Albany, which was his residence until his death.

Soon after the commencement of his legal career, he formed a partnership with his cousin, FREDERICK TOWNSEND, Esq., an accomplished gentleman, since so favorably known as Adjutant General of the State during the whole of Gov. KING's and a part of Gov. MORGAN's administration, who, as colonel of the Third regiment of New York volunteers, distinguished himself by his brilliant gallantry at the battle of Big Bethel, and is now a major in the United States infantry. They were associated during the whole of Col. JACKSON's connection with the law. For a short period, during the year 1857, ALFRED CONKLING, formerly United States District Judge of the Northern District of New York, was professionally connected with them, under the firm name of CONKLING, TOWNSEND & JACKSON. On the 1st of May, 1858, their business association with Judge CONKLING having previously terminated, they took as a partner RICHARD M. STRONG, Esq., and the firm name was changed to TOWNSEND, JACKSON & STRONG. This partnership continued until the stirring national events of the spring of 1861 turned the thoughts of all from the peaceful pursuits to arms, when Col. JACKSON, who had been at the commencement of that year appointed and now held the office of Inspector General of the State, relinquished the profession to which he had been bred, and engaged in the defence of the government, in the great struggle inaugurated by the attack upon and fall of Fort Sumter.

Before proceeding to the mention of Col. JACKSON's brief but honorable military career, we pause to say a few words of the character and talents which he displayed during the time of his practice at the bar. Possessed of a singularly handsome person, with frank and genial manners, having a bold and energetic character, and a quick, penetrating intellect, being an agreeable speaker and a vigorous writer, he fast made friends and admirers,

and soon acquired a prominent and influential position at the Capital of the State. Well grounded in the principles of the law, and prompt in the despatch of business, he obtained a very considerable professional practice. Always taking a deep interest in politics, State and national, and mingling freely and on intimate terms, during almost the whole of this period, with the most distinguished political leaders, he soon became appreciated as a man of ability, and a brilliant and effective speaker. His political views being in accordance with those of the Republican party, he early took that side, and in the campaigns of 1856, 1858 and 1860 rendered valuable services, with his pen and on the stump, to that organization. In 1858, he made quite an extended tour, and addressed numerous large assemblies in the western part of the State.

When, therefore, in the spring of 1861 he embraced with characteristic ardor the career of arms, he had acquired a high position in his profession and in society, and was making himself felt and his influence appreciable to a degree, unusual in one so young.

No reasons, then, for so complete a change in the plan and pursuits of his life existed, other than a generous patriotism, and an honorable ambition to win the praise of honest men by his sacrifices for and services to his country.

Successful in raising a regiment whose superior in *material* was not to be found in the State, he originally intended to take the position of Lieutenant Colonel, devolving its command upon an army officer of experience. His plans failed in that respect, and after much hesitation and doubt from a consciousness of his inexperience, he was finally prevailed upon to accept the Colonelcy. On the 18th of June, 1861, he received his commission as Colonel of this, the Eighteenth Regiment of New York Volunteers, with the rank from May 13th, 1861. From the breaking out of the war, in April, to the time he received his commission, he had been arduously engaged as Inspector General of the State in aiding the Governor in the organization of its forces, and hence by close application had acquired military knowledge which was of value to him in his new position.

From the day, however, that he took command of the Eighteenth, he was constant and unwearied in his devotion to and care for his men. Not unwilling to learn, nor unwisely self-confident, as were some of the new officers of volunteers at that period, by the industrious application of his quick, vigorous mind to the acquisition of a knowledge of the details of his duty, he very soon mastered them.

His regiment left Albany in June, and proceeding directly to Washington, encamped near the city. Here began his first trial of camp life. The officers under his command were, with but very few exceptions, without experience or practical military knowledge; and the men, like almost all the volunteers at that time, owing to the busy brief period that had elapsed since their enlistment, were a mere unformed mass, without drill or discipline, rather than a regiment of soldiers.

To change all this was the determination of the Colonel. He resolved to make it a regiment in truth, and one which should be inferior to none in the field. With this object in view, he was devoted, constant and unwearied, sparing neither body nor mind, but straining every faculty from the time he arrived at Washington until the disastrous battle of Manassas, and indeed until his death, in his efforts to perfect himself as an officer, and to bring to a high state of discipline the men under his command. In how short a time he, with the earnest and praiseworthy co-operation of his officers, succeeded in doing this, and how well he did succeed, was soon to be shown.

On the 12th of July, in accordance with the general plan of a forward movement into Virginia, his regiment was ordered across the Potomac and encamped near Alexandria. About the same time it was brigaded with the Sixteenth, Thirty-first and Thirty-second New York Volunteers, forming, together, the Second Brigade, under the command of Col. DAVIES, of the Sixteenth Regiment.

On the 16th of July commenced the memorable advance of the army of the Potomac. Col. JACKSON's regiment moved from Alexandria in the afternoon of that day, and, together with the other regiments, forming the Second Brigade, took part in the

battle, or rather prolonged skirmish, of the 18th of July. In this, his conduct was gallant and meritorious, and his men behaved with the steadiness of veterans. In the battle of Manassas, on the 21st of July, which resulted so disastrously to our arms, the Second Brigade were upon the left and constituted the reserve, not taking part in the main battle, but fighting principally by the right and centre.

Without attempting any general description of the events of that terrible and humiliating day, it is sufficient to say that the Eighteenth Regiment, the whole Second Brigade, and indeed the whole Division, of which it formed a part, behaved with marked gallantry and steadiness. The Second Brigade, covering Capts. GREEN and HUNT's batteries during the early part of the day, and with them effectually defeating a formidable attempt of the enemy's right to flank the left of our line, when later our troops fled in such panic and confusion from the field, was ordered to Centreville to protect the retreat. As to what followed, and the conduct of Col. JACKSON at this crisis, appears in an extract from the report of Capt. GREEN, in command of a battery:

"I chose a position," he says, "on the crest of a hill, which, from its shape, gave command of the ground to our left, and also of the road along which our division was retreating. From this position I could perfectly sweep with my fire one hundred and eighty degrees front, right and left, down a gentle slope. Four regiments were placed as my support, and the force at this point could have stopped double its number.

"At this point an unauthorized person gave orders to retreat; I refused the order, *but all my supporting regiments but one (Col. Jackson's Eighteenth N. Y. V.), moved off to the rear. Col. Jackson most gallantly offered his regiment as a support, saying 'that it should remain by me as long as there should be any fighting to be done there.'* The above mentioned person again made his appearance at this time, and again ordered me to retreat, and ordered Col. JACKSON to form column of division on my right and retreat with me, as all was lost. The order was of course disregarded, and in about two minutes the head of a column of the

enemy's cavalry came up at a run, opening out of the woods in beautiful order. I was prepared for it, and the column had not gone more than a hundred yards out of the woods before shells were burst at their head, and directly in their midst. They broke in every direction, and no more cavalry came out of the woods."

The Eighteenth, in compliance with orders from the commanding General, retreated, covering GREEN's battery; and halted for a short time at Fairfax. Col. JACKSON, ascertaining that the General, despairing of bringing the defeated army to a halt, had himself gone to Washington, it again resumed the retreat, and at midday on the 22d took possession of its old camp at Alexandria. This retreat was effected in perfect good order throughout; and on the way back the Colonel was enabled to afford aid to his fellow townsman, Lieut. HILL, of the United States artillery, in bringing off two of the guns of his battery.

All the officers who were present, bear testimony to the gallantry of Col. JACKSON, and the admirable behavior of his regiment, throughout that memorable advance towards, and retreat from Manassas.

During the whole time he was almost constantly mounted, and he bore up with astonishing endurance under the most exhausting fatigue. He says himself, in a letter written to a friend on the 23d of July: "From half past two Sunday morning until Monday at midday, we neither slept nor rested. I was in my saddle nearly all the time."

After this battle the regiment, not sharing in the general demoralization of the troops, remained near Alexandria, shifting its camp occasionally, taking its turn at guard and picket duty, and for a time engaged in building Fort Ward, one of the numerous fortifications erected to protect Washington.

When Gen. McCLELLAN, taking command, commenced the reorganization of the Army of the Potomac, the Eighteenth Regiment was placed in Gen. NEWTON's Brigade, and Gen. FRANKLIN's Division.

The devotion and enthusiasm of Col. JACKSON, in raising to the highest standard the discipline and *morale* of his men, did not flag. Until attacked by his last illness, he was hardly ever

absent from the camp, and it was an extremely rare thing for him to sleep out of it; and he took eagerly upon his shoulders, the thousand constant cares and labors, consequent upon a scrupulously conscientious discharge of his duties. In a word, his whole time and energies were employed. In all this, and indeed during the whole of his connection with the regiment, it is but justice to record, that his efforts were much aided, and the character of the regiment for discipline and efficiency raised, by the steady support and uniformly gallant conduct of his Lieut. Col. (now Colonel) YOUNG, a townsman, and the officer who succeeded him in command.

These wearing anxieties of his responsible position, and the unaccustomed privations and exposures of life in the field, in an unhealthy climate, were unfortunately laying in the constitution of JACKSON the foundations of fatal disease. His health, which had been, through life, up to this period, almost perfect, now showed signs of giving way; and during a hurried visit home in August, his friends were alarmed at the inroads made by fatigue and anxiety upon it. Although, for some time after his return to the regiment, he seemed better, he was, towards the end of October, seized with an illness, which, assuming the form of bilious remittent fever, proved fatal. Prostrated for some days in his tent, his brother officers were unable to induce him to "give up" and seek relief from his official duties, and it was not until his illness assumed a most serious form, that he consented to apply to be removed to Washington. This was done on the 30th of October, and Dr. STONE, one of the most eminent physicians of the city, was then immediately called to his bedside, but it was too late. For a few days, no critical symptoms appeared, and his condition was not considered as imminently dangerous until the 7th of November. Hemorrhage of the bowels, and afterwards of the brain, then set in, destroying all hope. On Monday, the 11th of November, a little before six o'clock in the evening, his spirit passed away. His last words were these, uttered just before the power of articulation departed, in a strong, deliberate voice, but evidently with great effort: "I do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; I trust in him."

The remains of Col. JACKSON were taken home for interment. They were escorted to the cars at Washington by his regiment, every member of which expressed a desire to testify his respect for his beloved Colonel. At Albany, they were received by the military of the city, and lay in state.

He was buried at Schenectady on the 14th of November, 1861.

Borne to his last resting place by the friends of his youth whom he loved so well, amid the scenes of his boyhood he sleeps, requiemed by the sighing pines which wave over his grave.

Beautiful and joyous was his youth; bold and vigorous his manhood; his death honorable, nay, glorious; for, although he fell not by the sword nor amid the maddening whirl and din of battle, yet by his self-consuming labors for his country's weal, were sown the seeds of that fell disease which was his destroyer.

The high estimation in which Col. JACKSON was held, appears from the numerous letters of consolation received by his father from distinguished gentlemen in various parts of the country, and from the complimentary resolutions passed by the bar of the city of Albany, the Governor of the State and his staff, the Eighteenth Regiment, and the Albany Zouave Cadets. Also, at the meeting of the Albany bar, most eloquent eulogies were pronounced upon our departed hero by the Hon. CLARK B. COCHRANE, S. O. SHEPARD, Esq., his honor, Recorder AUSTIN, Hon. JOHN V. L. PRUYN, and J. M. KIMBALL, Esq. Our limits will only allow us to give the tribute of the Hon. Mr. COCHRANE, which, in common with the others, presents, in just and beautiful language, the worth and the achievements of our lamented patriot martyr.

He spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Bar:

The news of the event which has called together the bar of Albany on the present occasion, has fallen with mournful weight upon the hearts of millions of our countrymen. The removal by death of WILLIAM A. JACKSON, from the newly chosen field of his activities, in the midst of his growing usefulness and rising fame, and in view of what he was and what he promised to become, produced, as it was calculated to produce, a profound sensation in the public mind. The deep and universal solicitude, the ex-

pressions of private hopes and public anxiety with reference to the chances of his recovery, from the time his dangerous illness became known, until the announcement of its fatal termination, the imposing demonstrations of respect tendered to his memory and services, and the multiplied evidences of sincere and general sorrow which have followed that announcement, admonish us that our professional brother, whose loss we mourn and whose recollection we cherish, was no ordinary personage. It rarely happens, even in our own glorious country, where all legal and adventitious hindrances are removed from before the march of merit, where the race is usually to the swift, and the battle to the strong, that one comes to occupy, at so early an age, so large a measure in the public eye, or possess so firm a hold of the popular heart. Though yet in the early dawn and dew of manhood, Col. JACKSON has inscribed his name upon the imperishable records of his country, and left his footprints deeply traced on the sands of time. A nation, for whose life and whose honor he drew his sword, witnessed, with emotions of sorrow, his passage from the theatre of life; and the great, the gifted and the brave, followed his bier and mingled as mourners in his funeral train. Thus, let a grateful people ever hallow the memory of the brave defenders of the land and flag of our fathers. Our departed friend has left a blameless life, a bright and brave example for the imitation of all, especially for our youth. At a period when success, with young men of brightest promise, is yet the subject of conjecture, he had accomplished ends and achieved a position which exempt life from the possibilities of failure, and enabled him to say, as he turned his youthful eyes for the last time to the light of Heaven, I have not "lived in vain nor spent my strength for naught."

A gentleman by instinct and education, possessed of a fine person and fascinating manners, a large heart and a true and genial nature, endowed with a rare intellect, enriched by varied and manly cultivation, he became the idol of every circle in which he mingled, a cherished companion among his associates, the trusted depository of the most sacred treasures of a well chosen friendship, the pride of his family and kindred, and a

favorite with the public. As a public speaker, Col. JACKSON was eloquent and forcible, and to rare conversational powers he added the pen of a ready and elegant writer. As a member of this bar, at which he had secured no indifferent reputation, we remember him as a brother without reproach. His warm hand, his beaming and manly face, will greet us no more. We shall miss him at the bar, in the halls of justice, from our social gatherings, in the public and private walks of life; but in the innermost shrines of our hearts, and so long as life lasts, we will cherish his memory, fragrant with every manly virtue, and free from every suspicion of dishonor. We will think of him for his noble qualities of head and heart, for the example he has left behind him, for the expectations he had realized, and the hopes he had inspired.

In all the relations of private life, and in all the varied and responsible positions with which he was trusted, he preserved to the last "the whiteness of his soul, and men weep for him."

It is, after all, as a patriot and soldier, and not as a lawyer, we meet to do him honor. True, the ranks of our profession have been invaded, and another link has been stricken from the bright fraternal chain which binds us together; a choice spirit has dropt from our circle, and passed forever away, and we confess our loss; but it is our country, and not our class, that is smitten by this bereavement. Brave of heart and strong of hand, loving his country and revering her insulted flag, he was among the first to respond to the call of the Nation, in the hour of her sudden and greatest peril. Though uneducated to the profession of arms, he brought to the duties of his high command, unwearied industry and all the acknowledged vigor of his mind, and at the time of his death had already become an accomplished and efficient officer; enjoyed the confidence of the Government and of his superiors in command; was rapidly rising in the opinions of the army, and had secured to the fullest extent the respect and love of his gallant regiment, which, under his discipline, had become, by common consent, one of the best and most efficient in the service.

Tried upon the field of battle, and found wanting in none of the stern requisites of a soldier, he had before him the promise

of a brilliant and glorious future. In the inscrutable providence of God, the hand of death has overtaken him, and he is removed from the tumult of arms and the scenes of earth. But he has fallen in the career of duty and the path of fame, with his bow bent, his feet to the field, and his armor on. To the patriot, the memory of such is sweet.

We give, also, the Proceedings at the Executive Chamber:

By direction of his Excellency, Gov. MORGAN, the members of his staff, present in Albany, met in the Executive Chamber, on the evening of November 12th, to take such action as might be deemed appropriate in regard to the death of Col. WILLIAM A. JACKSON, commanding the Eighteenth Regiment of New York State Volunteers, and formerly Inspector General of this State, who expired at Washington on the evening of the 11th instant.

The following members of his staff were present: Adjutant General HILLHOUSE, Inspector General PATRICK, Commissary General WELCH, Surgeon General VANDERPOEL, Quartermaster General VAN VECHTEN, Aide-de-Camp ARDEN, and Military Secretary LINSLEY.

On assuming the chair, his Excellency expressed, with great feeling, his deep sense of the sad occasion which had induced him to convene the members of his military family, and suggested that such action should be had as the melancholy event called for. He added, that the death of Col. JACKSON came upon us with peculiar force. That he had been an esteemed member of his staff, and was a much-loved citizen of Albany at the time he assumed the command of the regiment, and that it was eminently proper that this especial notice should be taken of his death, by himself and the members of his staff who were now present.

Whereupon, Com. Gen. WELCH, with the permission of his Excellency, submitted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we have heard, with emotions of profound sorrow, of the death of a former associate, Col. WILLIAM A. JACKSON, commanding the Eighteenth Regiment of New York Volunteers, who was among the first to sacrifice honorable public position, professional honors and emoluments, and cherished personal

associations, in defence of the flag of the country and the integrity of the Union.

Resolved, That in the death of this young soldier, who was endeared to us by those sterling characteristics of manhood, which he possessed in so eminent a degree, we are overwhelmed with grief, not only because an estimable friend and associate has been taken from us, but because the country, now passing the severest ordeal of its existence, has lost one of its able and zealous champions.

Resolved, That the loss of Col. JACKSON, so deeply felt here, in the city of his former residence, and so much to be deplored everywhere, calls for some public manifestation of the widespread sorrow which his early death has evoked.

Resolved, That his Excellency, the Governor, be respectfully requested to forward to the immediate relatives of the deceased, a copy of these resolutions, with an expression of our deep and unaffected sympathy with them in this, their great bereavement.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted.

GENERAL ORDER.

HEAD QUARTERS, FIFTH BRIGADE, }
November 15, 1861. }

* GENERAL ORDER, No. 13. The General commanding the Brigade, on his return, has heard with lively sorrow of the decease of Col. WILLIAM A. JACKSON, commanding the Eighteenth Regiment New York Volunteers.

Deprived, by circumstances over which he had no control, of the melancholy privilege of witnessing his last moments, or of being present at the funeral obsequies, the General commanding wishes at least to testify his profound sense of the loss to the service, experienced by the decease of this accomplished soldier and gentleman.

The high state of discipline and efficiency attained by the Eighteenth Regiment, is a testimony to the zeal and intelligence of the deceased, more honorable and complete than the most elaborate eulogium. By order of Brig. Gen. NEWTON.

JAS. E. MONTGOMERY. *Asst. Adj. Gen.*



John Nelson

VI.

COL. JOHN WILSON.

COLONEL JOHN WILSON, of the Forty-third Regiment Infantry, N. Y. V., son of JAMES and ANN WILSON, was born in Albany, N. Y., December 29th, 1838. His father was a native of Scotland, a man of sterling integrity and great benevolence, a useful citizen and sincere Christian. His mother was an American of Scottish descent. His maternal great grand-father served in the army of the Revolution, upholding bravely the cause of his adopted country. He was a man of great physical strength, and power of endurance. He suffered much on board a prison ship near Brooklyn. His son, a boy of seventeen years, also served and was wounded in the Revolutionary war.

JOHN WILSON received his education at the Albany Academy, which institution he entered at a very early age. He immediately commenced the study of the Latin language, in which his father was very desirous of having him proficient, as it was necessary to a scientific knowledge of the business, for which he designed to educate him. He studied the French language a number of years, and went farther than the course prescribed by the Academy. His father dying when he was sixteen, he suspended his studies and succeeded to his business of florist and nurseryman. In this he continued till he entered the army, giving up then a lucrative and prosperous business to devote himself to his country.

From his infancy he attended the Sabbath school established by his father, then the only Sabbath school in the section of the city where he resided. He was actively engaged in it till he entered the army, and was always interested in its success. He united with the Baptist Church in 1858, under the ministration

of Rev. Dr. HAGUE. He maintained always a firm religious character, was charitable in judgment, and liberal in giving, especially in private. Generosity was, from childhood, his distinguishing characteristic. While he was in the army, he devoted one-tenth part of his income to charitable and religious purposes.

He entered the army as a Captain, having raised a company for the second requisition of troops in the summer of 1861. In about one week from the time he had resolved to give himself to his country, his company was raised. They marched to the barracks, on Saturday, August 3d, the first soldiers to occupy the barracks after the troops of the first requisition had gone to the field.

The following extracts from Col. WILSON's letters will give a view of his movements after he left Albany:

NEW YORK, *September 18, 1861.*

Dear Mother and Sisters—I arrived safely in New York on Tuesday, at two o'clock. It rained very hard when we came in, but ceased about an hour afterward, when the regiment arrived.

As soon as I stepped from the cars I proceeded to the Astor House, and soon after met the Colonel, who entrusted the disembarkation of our men to me. We landed safely, and fortunately it ceased raining, but it commenced soon after we had obtained our quarters in the Park barracks.

The officers are mostly quartered at the Astor and Lovejoy's Hotel. I am very well at present, and trust this finds you all well. I cannot find out when the regiment will leave, as nobody seems to know anything about it.

I will write as soon as I learn anything definite. Our men are all well, but do not like the confinement in such barracks as those in the Park.

Your son and brother,

JOHN.

CAMP CASEY, MERIDIAN HILL, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C., }
 HEAD QUARTERS OF N. Y. FORTY-THIRD REGT., }
September 22, 1861. }

Dear Mother and Sisters—I have just obtained an opportunity to write to you this afternoon. I am officer of the day, and as I

am all alone in my tent just now, I feel like writing to you, to tell you how I like camp life.

The last letter I wrote you was from the Park barracks, New York. I said in my letter of Friday last, that we would move soon, and so it turned out, for with but three hours notice we were ordered, by telegraph, to Washington direct.

You may imagine what a commotion there was among the men, when at six o'clock Friday evening they were ordered to Washington, and to be ready to start by nine o'clock p. m. Well, we got under way at precisely half past one Saturday morning, having waited from nine p. m., the evening before, for our baggage and equipments to be sent to the railroad depot, and our rations to be prepared for us, which latter, by the way, we never got, as they were by mistake left in New York.

You may think we were all pretty well tired waiting, but to add still to our troubles, we had to wait in New Jersey, at the depot in Jersey city, till four o'clock a. m. before the train could be got under way.

We arrived safely in Philadelphia at twelve o'clock m., and were received by the women of the city in grand style. They prepared a dinner for us free, and a good appetite we had for it, too, as we had had nothing to eat since the night before, except what food the men, at the supper table, had placed in their haversacks. As it was, they did very well, and complained but very little.

We took rail at one o'clock for Baltimore, and all through the streets of Philadelphia, as we passed in the cars, we were greeted by thousands of cheers and hurrahs. We reached Baltimore at eleven o'clock Saturday night, and immediately marched two miles to the depot of the railroad for Washington, and arrived in Washington four o'clock Sunday morning. We were all very tired, and immediately proceeded to have our supper of one slice of bread and one slice of pork per man, and a cup of coffee, after which we took a sleep of three hours duration, being called up for breakfast at seven o'clock.

At eleven o'clock a. m. we received marching orders, and proceeded to encamp on the grounds we now occupy on Meridian

Hill. There are, in all, about twenty thousand men encamped near us, and we have nothing but din, and the music of bugle and fife and drum all day. I am very well, having a fine tent, ground nice and dry, a good floor to the tent, and plenty of coats to cover me with. Write soon.

Yours affectionately,
JOHN.

HEAD QUARTERS OF FORTY-THIRD REGT., N. Y. S. V., }
MERIDIAN HILL, WASHINGTON, D. C., *Sept. 27, 1861.* }

My Dear ANNA—I received your letter yesterday morning. I was very glad to hear from you and all at home, as I was afraid that any letter written to me at New York might not reach me here.

We are having a fine time here in camp—plenty of tent room, as I have taken two tents and joined them in one, end to end, and now we have a sitting room, and a sleeping apartment, with a curtain between. You should see our arrangements, and I am sure you would be surprised to find how comfortable we are. Even now it is raining quite hard, but our tents are covered with large canvass flies, and no rain can get near us.

We are all well, and are not troubled with any inconveniences complained of by many in camp, except the nights are very cold, especially towards morning, and the middle of the days rather warm. But we manage to overcome the former by overcoats and extra blankets, and the latter we avoid by keeping inside of our tents.

We hardly ever take off our clothes, except to bathe, as we must be always ready to spring into our places, even at the dead of night, fully armed and equipped. I shall soon get used to such a life, and I like it more and more every day.

I think there will be a grand battle some time next month, but I am afraid we cannot get ready to be there, but we may have a chance to be lookers on. * * * * *

I resigned all claim to the majorship of the regiment, as I find the field officers will have to pass an examination here, which I could not do, as I understand nothing of battalion movements.

I shall have a chance of promotion before long, I think, and then I shall be Major. I am very well satisfied with my present position. Write soon, and remember me to all friends.

Yours affectionately,

JOHN WILSON.

CAMP ADVANCE, Va., *Sept. 29th, Sunday.*

Dear Mother—I will write you a few lines, to-night, to let you know that we are on the sacred soil of Virginia. The enemy are some six miles from us. We are in the advance camp, and may have a chance to see action before long; but I am not afraid at all, myself. I keep in mind that verse you wrote in my Testament—"He will give his angels charge over thee." I keep my Testament always in my breast pocket, and read it as often as I can. I think a battle is near, and I also think it will be a decisive one for our cause and freedom. I will write you again very soon. Give my love to all; KATE, ANNA, ELIZA and MARY, and to yourself. In haste.

Your affectionate son,

JOHN WILSON.

FORT MARCY, Va., *Oct. 30th, 1861.*

My Dear Sister—I received your letter of the 25th, this morning. I am now writing an answer to your inquiries (time, ten P. M.) I am at present with my company encamped within the above named fort, about three-fourths of a mile from Chain bridge, and three and a half miles from our regiment, being detached therefrom for the present, and sent here in command of the fort. I came here last Saturday morning at six A. M., to relieve Company A, of the Vermont Fifth, who have been here some three weeks. I am having a fine time of it now, as the company have all their tents nicely pitched within the breast-works of the fort—and mine stands at the head of the street, and, standing in my tent door, I can at one glance see the whole interior of the place. When I came, I brought nothing but a blanket and an overcoat, and the men brought only their overcoats, thinking we would have to stay but twenty-four hours. But we have had to sleep on the ground three nights, and that, too, through two frosty ones. But I am very well, and the men com-

plain but little of any sickness. Our tents came yesterday afternoon, and before night they were all up and occupied. I have a detachment of my company stationed as guard at Chain bridge, under Lieut. WILKINSON, of Company F, and with the fort and the bridge to care for, I have my hands full.

We have had two or three grand reviews lately, and this has kept us all busy getting ready for inspection, so that I have had no time to do anything outside of military affairs. Gen. HANCOCK, the other day, congratulated Col. VINTON on the drill and discipline of the Forty-third, and, although we have been but one month "out," he confesses us superior to regiments out over four months. This is saying a good deal for us.

We had a set of colors presented to us, the other day, by SIMON DRAPER, of New York. They are very handsome, and elegantly mounted. Last Thursday, four companies of our regiment, or rather parts of four companies, under command of Col. VINTON, made a reconnoissance as far as Flint Hill, or about two miles from Fairfax. Our guide said, we were the first Union troops that had been on Flint Hill, since the battle of Bull Run. He said, also, that our Colonel was the most ambitious one he had met with, as we proceeded over half a mile further than he advised, and would have gone to Fairfax, had not our orders commanded us to go but to Flint Hill. Had we gone further, our Colonel would have had to bear the consequences, had any been killed. As it was, Company A went half a mile beyond, being thrown out as skirmishers. We drove the enemy's pickets before us about a mile, they running off at double-quick, after exchanging a few shots with us. We took eight prisoners, and then returned to camp, having walked in all about twenty miles. This reconnoissance has given us quite a name for courage, and we are already known as the "plucky little Forty-third."

But I must close my letter, with the wish that you will write soon, and all the others too; and don't mind if I do not write as often as I would like to, as I am very much engaged with company affairs. Give my love to Mother, KATE, ANNA, MARY and yourself, of course, and remember me to all my numerous friends. Tell H. S. that I am sorry the articles were not sent, as any-

thing from Albany seems one hundred per cent better, than anything bought here. Give her my regards and thanks for her kind endeavors. I have not received my box yet, and do not know what has become of it. Suppose it will turn up one of these days. I wish I had it now. Good night. JOHN.

Mr. WILSON wrote to his mother and sisters very frequently, giving a minute account of his daily life, and of matters of interest that came under his observation. All his letters breathe the spirit of an earnest patriotism, and personal devotion to duty. Most of them possess a private and family interest, while a few contain matter suitable for publication.

The following letters give an account of the movements of his regiment near Williamsburg and City Point, Va.

CAMP NO. 11, IN THE FIELD, }
NEAR WILLIAMSBURG, VA., *May* 8, 1862. }

My Dear Mother—I wrote a short letter to you yesterday to let you know that our regiment was safe, as it was held as a reserve, together with a few other regiments belonging to KEYES' Corps, and four or five batteries of regular artillery and two regiments of regular cavalry. We were very near the scene of action all day Monday, being separated from it by a strip of woods so dense as to prevent our seeing anything of the conflict. The firing all day was very severe, and once in awhile we had a few shells thrown toward us, but they did no damage. We have had a complete victory, as the forts of the enemy, eleven in number, are all ours, and many prisoners, the exact number I do not know.

I will give you a little account of our movements since Saturday morning last: On that day we moved our camp nearer to the rebel works, and all Saturday night the firing on our immediate right was very heavy, and we expected every moment to be called to arms to repel the expected attack or sortie of the enemy. At daybreak, we were called out, and stood under arms for half an hour, were then dismissed, and breakfasted. At seven A. M. came an order to be ready to move immediately, to cross the

dam and take possession of the enemy's fort, directly in front of our division, as the enemy were reported to have evacuated Yorktown and the entire line of fortifications, from the York to the James river. We at once were ready, and drew no extra rations from our commissary, thinking we would but cross the dam and occupy the enemy's forts, or move but a short distance in advance of them, and he assuring us we could draw our rations there as well as in camp. We found the whole of the enemy's works deserted, and our only wonder was, as we filed through their works, that they evacuated them as they did, as they appeared almost invulnerable. We marched on, after we had passed this line of forts, very quickly, and found, as we went along, camp after camp deserted and the tents left, in the haste of the rebels to escape. At about four P. M., Sunday, we joined HOOKER'S Division, which had marched off from Yorktown, and were the advance of HEINTZELMAN'S Corps, and found that the First U. S. Cavalry, and their batteries of artillery, had had an engagement with the enemy some distance in front, overtaking the rear guard of the rebels in their retreat. They appeared to have had a severe time of it, and judging from the wounded carried past in ambulances, had been pretty well cut up. We expected an engagement every moment, and at five P. M. were drawn up in line of battle, on a place called "Whittaker's farm," a field skirted by woods, containing some two hundred or three hundred acres, and covered with a beautiful crop of wheat, a foot high. We remained here till six P. M., when a charge through the woods in front and towards the enemy's forts was ordered, and with a tremendous shout we started forward. We were halted, however, by Gen. HANCOCK, before we cleared the woods, he not knowing the exact position of the enemy, and being too good a General to risk our charging on any uncertainty. We remained all night in the woods, lying on our arms, my company being deployed in front of our regiment. It was anything but agreeable, as I had no overcoat, no blanket to lie down on, nothing but my pants, vest and jacket. The night being chilly, I was compelled to keep warm by pacing from tree to tree all night, no fires being allowed, as we did not know how many yards we

were from the enemy. At three A. M., Monday, it commenced to rain, and before long we were all waked. At five A. M. we fell back to the commencement of the woods, to build small fires and warm ourselves. We remained in this position most of the day, expecting every moment to be ordered forward, although we had had nothing to eat, and it was raining hard all day; but the order did not come, as we (the Federals) held our own admirably, and defeated our adversary at every point. Our brigade lost but four killed and fifteen wounded, as far as I can learn. SICKLES' Brigade, on our left, was badly cut up, and lost many, killed and wounded. I took a walk yesterday morning all through the woods and over the field, where the fighting was the heaviest. I saw a great many of the rebels lying in the woods, dead, (our own men who had fallen having been buried,) and a sad sight it was, almost all the dead having been shot through the breast or head. They have all been buried, and the wounded all well cared for. I took a stroll through Williamsburg, and found quite a number of white families still living in the town, and any quantity of negroes, some of them very intelligent. It seems that when their masters retreated, they (the negroes) took to the woods, and returned as our army advanced. The town is a pretty country one, and is some three miles or more from the James river. It contains some very fine churches and dwellings, and is by far the prettiest place I have seen in the south. I found from the negroes that it must have had a population of eight or ten thousand at one time, being a very old town, and quite unique in appearance. The streets through the town are in an awful condition. Wagons sink in to the hubs, and drawing the heavy wagons, is very heavy work for the mules and horses. Gen. McCLELLAN had his head-quarters at a large mansion in the town. I do not know how soon we shall move from this camp, and am in no anxiety about it, as we are pleasantly encamped in a wood, on high ground, and near a splendid cold spring of water. Indeed, it seems like another country here, from the old camp before Yorktown, as the country above that city is rolling and elevated, and the air pure and healthy. One report is, that we shall follow up the enemy, who

are said to have made a stand on the Chickahominy river; another, that we shall go to Richmond, to be garrisoned there, after it is taken; and still another, that Norfolk will be our destination. I think the former the most probably true one; but am no way concerned about our movements, as long as I keep well and our men are in as good spirits as at present. It must be very demoralizing to the rebels to be forced to fall back with defeat from such strong works as those of Yorktown and Williamsburg, especially after having employed six thousand negroes for over six months on each of these lines of forts.

I should not be surprised if the report of MAGRUDER'S surrender would prove true in a few days, and if this happens, the Old Dominion may be counted *one of the Union*. I forgot to tell you that on our advance from the forts at Yorktown, we dug up many shells and torpedoes, buried in the roads, and fixed so that the least pressure upon the fuse would explode them, but they were discovered too soon to do any damage; and all along our march we had a squad of picked men precede us to examine the roads we had to march over. Such an operation on the part of the enemy is the best proof of their cowardice we could have, and holds them up in their true light. I saw quite a number of prisoners yesterday, whom we had taken at the last battle. They were, with few exceptions, poor specimens of the creature, man, and had all of them a downcast, sorrowful expression, which, added to their variety of coarse clothes, gave them the appearance of a lot of thieves or jail inhabitants. They are well treated by our men, however, and will, no doubt, be thankful that they have escaped to such merciful captors.

Your affectionate son,

JOHN.

CAMP NO. 12, IN THE FIELD, NEAR WEST POINT, VA., }
 (SAID TO BE) 35 MILES FROM RICHMOND, }
 May 11, 1862. Sunday afternoon.

My Dear Sister—Your welcome letter of May 2d was received by me this morning. I do not know when I may have a chance to send a letter again, so as the mail closes this evening I send this, written this afternoon. We have been making severe

marches the last few days, in hopes of overhauling the enemy; but to-day, after having been "*revellid*" at three and a half A. M., the hour when we intended to march, and being all ready, by five A. M., down came an order from Gen. MAC., who has his head-quarters directly in our rear, countermanding the orders to move forward to-day, and advising an observance of the Sabbath as strict as possible. The men of all the regiments of our brigade and division are overjoyed at resting to-day, and McCLELLAN thus wins the hearts of all the men by his kindness, and also the favor of Heaven by his observance of its laws. With such a General, victory must be ours. SMITH's Division, and especially HANCOCK's Brigade, is a favorite with Gen. MAC., and has been ever since the battle of Williamsburg, and he sticks close to us on the march. You should *see* the army of the Potomac on this peninsula, under his immediate command, if you *would see soldiers*; and if you could only stand a few hours by some roadside, as the troops file down it on the march, you could have some idea of "*the soldier*."

We have frequent skirmishes with the enemy nearly every day, as we are in hot pursuit of him to prevent him from fortifying further this side of Richmond. Gen. McCLELLAN anticipates being there on Thursday, I believe, if all goes well. It may be longer before we reach that devoted city, as the weather is very warm and marching very fatiguing. Our troops stand it well, having been pretty well inured to it, but the effect on new recruits would be very "sensible." Gen. McCLELLAN seems to be "wrapt up" in his troops, and well may he be proud of them, and of their victorious march. I have at last got a little contraband, about twelve or thirteen years old. He is jet black, a good looking little "dark," and answers to the name of "CARTER." I will bring him home, if I can, and he will stay with me. I wish I had my box, as our fare is *hard, very hard*, and it is almost impossible to get anything but hard crackers, coffee and sugar; and salt meat, seldom *fresh*, is served to us; but I do not complain at all of our fare, as long as I keep well, and our arms are victorious and old rebeldom overcome. I do not know how soon we shall engage them in conflict again, but I trust Heaven may grant us the victory in all our contests, and soon peace be restored to

our beloved country. You should see the negroes here. We meet any quantity of them, and each house on our journey is decorated with a large white flag, whether the occupants are white or black. We do not touch anything belonging to the inhabitants on our march, but, of course, we return no slaves coming to and with us, as we do not believe in slavery, and do not intend to pollute the *old flag* with any more "negro slavery protection." I have held many conversations with negroes about their opinion of us and their former masters. I went over to Williamsburg the other day, and through some of the log cabins of the *once* slaves. I asked one very nice looking colored woman what she thought of our soldiers in comparison with the rebel troops. She said: "Your men look so very bold—don't hang down their heads as *our* soldiers do. Your troops frightened the life out of our men; and then *the good clothes*—oh, my! they look like soldiers." An old man, in another cabin, said of our troops firing, on the day of the battle of Williamsburg: "I notice that when our men fire, your men don't fall; but when your men fire, our men come down very fast." They all tell of the ridiculous stories of their masters and "*missus*;" that the Yankees would cut off their ears, sell them off north, burn them up, and what not; but they find it is all lies, and they are in the best of spirits, and rejoice beyond measure at our successful progress. We are in the finest country I ever saw, but most too warm for comfortable marching in the day time. Water is plentiful, and woods are abundant, so we march a great deal of the time in the shade. But I must close. My love to all, and many respects to all my friends. I send your letter and mother's in the same envelope, as this is the first chance I have had to write for a long time. Write soon, and tell all to do so too.

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN.

CAMP NEAR CITY POINT, VA., }
ON JAMES RIVER, *July 4th*, 1862. }

My Dear Sister MARY—Your letter reached me to-day, at four P. M., and to-night, the night of the glorious Fourth, I sit down on the top of my little mess chest, made out of a cracker box,

to write an answer to you. It is now a week or more, since I had an opportunity of handling a pen, and I have almost forgotten how to write a letter. I have so much to write, concerning our movements since last Saturday morning, that I do not know where to commence. I will therefore begin with June 27th, last Friday, a week ago to-day; the day before PORTER'S Division of the army, in front of Richmond, had pressed the rebels severely in the centre of our lines, and had gained on them a mile or more, after severe fighting and considerable loss. All the bands in our army, in front of Richmond, were playing our national airs, all the evening. I did not go to bed till one A. M. the next evening; and the next morning early, 5 A. M., our entire regiment went on picket. I had command of the right half (or wing) of our picket line, of the Forty-third New York. Our picket line was in close proximity to that of the rebels; so close, that each could converse with the other, in one or two different places. The part of which I had charge, ran through a wood; the other half, of the Forty-third picket, was posted in a wheat field, and were in full view of the rebel picket. The day was a lovely, warm one, and I enjoyed the picket duty very much, although I had heard that "shoulder straps" were the aim or mark of the rebel riflemen, they having made an agreement with our pickets, not to shoot each other, except officers. Our forces had thrown up, during the night before, quite a fort (six hundred men working all night upon it) near the picket line of the Second Brigade, immediately on our left, and at an early hour in the morning, this fort was the object of an attack by a rebel battery. One could plainly hear, from where we were lying on picket, the artillery of the rebels, coming down towards their picket line. They commenced with a full battery volley, six pieces discharged at once, throwing shells; I should judge ten or twelve pounders; and their first volley was answered by one from our battery in said fort, and by a battery of thirty-two pounders a short distance in the rear. This exercise was kept up for about half an hour, when the artillery of the enemy withdrew. All was quiet till three P. M., when the rebel sharpshooters endeavored to turn our right wing, of which I had command.

Our support on that wing was immediately thrown forward on the line, doubling it, and old secesh fell back repulsed. We lost none, killed or wounded. Quite a large reserve was then thrown to the rear of the line, and were greatly needed before night fell. The part of our picket line, running through the wheat field, was strengthened to six times its former strength. So matters stood till seven p. m., when all of a sudden, just before we should have been relieved, a volley along the entire picket line of the rebels greeted us. Of course, the suddenness of the thing surprised us somewhat, but our men stood to their posts, to a man, and fired quick and surely, as you may well suppose. It was a strange sight in the woods, where I was stationed. I was on the picket line at the time, talking to one of my men about being relieved, when, all along the line in front of us (it seemed not more than ten yards off), a bright flashing greeted my gaze, and bullets whistled close around us. My first exclamation was: "Every man stand on his post, and give them all you can!" I rushed down the line to the reserve, and hurried it out on the line, and then the work commenced in good earnest. In a few minutes we could not see three feet from us, on account of the smoke. We kept up the firing until the enemy in front of us were completely silenced, which did not happen till our men had fired over fifty rounds each, of ammunition, and the guns were so hot I could not lay my hand on them. I then gave the order to my part of the line, to cease firing. It was kept up for some time on our left, as there the rebels had advanced a brigade or two, while we, on the right, were apparently opposed by a picket line. Our side had an entire brigade opposed to theirs, as soon as the firing commenced, in front of the fort, and the enemy were repulsed with a loss of two hundred and eighty killed and wounded (from an account furnished by a prisoner taken two days afterwards); while we lost but twenty-eight, killed and wounded, out of the Forty-third, and four or five more in the brigade. There were two in my company—JAMES F. HOGAN and HENRY S. LONG, both privates; the former wounded in the stomach, the latter in the hand. Young HOGAN died on Sunday morning, June 29th, in the hospital at Fair Oaks, or

Savage's Station; I was unable to find out which. On account of our quick movements, I had only time to see him once on Saturday morning, at our regimental hospital, where I gave him a few lemons, which he seemed to like very much. He told me he could not live; he knew, he said, he would die. I endeavored to cheer him up, but in vain. A few minutes after, he and the rest of the wounded were placed in ambulances, and taken away to the hospital I have mentioned before. He was a fine young man, and a good soldier, and I regret, exceedingly, his loss to the company. But his time had come—and I trust he was ready. You mention that your heart bled for the wounded, carried up to the Albany barracks. Could you see some of the wounded soldiers here, brought from a battle field, you would sicken at the sight. After the battle of Fair Oaks, some of the rebel wounded lay two days in the sun, on the field, and in the woods, before being brought in. Many of their wounds had commenced to mortify and decay. * * * I have given you an idea of our picket skirmish on Friday night. We were relieved at nine p. m., by the Vermont Brigade, and right glad were we, to go home. I will, in my letter to ELIZA, tell about the retreat (or driving back, or retiring) of PORTER, the same day; and will close, with much love to all.

From your brother,

JOHN.

CAMP IN THE FIELD, NEAR CITY POINT, VA., }
ON JAMES RIVER, *July 5th*, 1862. }

My Dear Sister ELIZA—Your letter of June 23d came to hand yesterday, while our regiment was lying out in the woods, watching for an attack from the enemy. It afforded me great pleasure to read the two letters, from yourself and MARY. I am very glad to hear of your efforts in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers at the Albany barracks. How much gratification it must afford to them, to know that some one cares for them; and how delightful to them must seem the fresh fragrance of flowers, and the flavor of ripe strawberries. It must be a delightful task for you to carry them such little delicacies; and rest assured, that I am proud to know that I have sisters who can do such deeds of

kindness to soldiers, voluntarily and without compensation. You may rest assured, that any such deed of charity you at home do, is fully appreciated by me; as much, almost, as though I was the happy recipient myself. Be sure a Heavenly Father will reward all such good deeds. My advice to all at home is, to do so, as much as you possibly can, knowing that you have a brother who is a soldier, and can appreciate such deeds when shown to the sick and wounded.

I gave MARY quite an account of a picket skirmish, on the evening of the 27th. Next morning (Saturday, June 28th), we were called to form line of battle at three A. M., and after awaiting an attack of the enemy, half an hour, retired to our tents. At half past five, heavy firing on our left and front called us out again. We stacked our arms on the color line, and broke ranks, ready to fall in, to move camp. At 8 A. M. our hospital and baggage train moved off, and proceeded in the direction of James River. At ten A. M. the order came to fall in, and we moved to our left, about one-fourth of a mile, and formed line of battle, composed of our whole division, and laid down on our arms, and awaited an attack from the enemy. PORTER's Division, who were on our right, had retired the day before, and had recrossed the Chickahominy, followed by 75,000 or 100,000 rebels. All the day before, we could hear the heavy cannonading across the river, and two of our batteries, near our fort, were playing on the rebels as they crossed, and created great havoc among them. After we had left camp about an hour, the picket line of our division was driven into the rifle pits, and we were held there all day (the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania doing picket duty that day), and the shells began to fall in our old camps thick and fast around us. We lay there all day and all night, waiting for the rebels to come out and charge on our old camps and follow us up, as they would reasonably expect us to cross the Chickahominy, as PORTER had done, and follow straight to the rear. We would then have given them an awful enfilade fire, as we had battery after battery planted, ready to receive them should they follow us. But they refused to do it, and at three A. M., Sunday, we moved to the left, towards James river,

and marched some six or seven miles to a place near Savage's Station, on the railroad to Richmond. About three p. m. we moved to the station (Savage's), and commenced to destroy the property there. Vast quantities of hard bread, ammunition, coffee, sugar, salt, rifles and muskets were smashed, and burned in great heaps. I felt almost like crying when I saw the rifles broken across large pieces of railroad iron; and the more so when I remembered how long *we* had carried the old muskets, and would have given almost anything to have had such arms. At seven p. m., Sunday, the rebels came down, some 10,000 strong, by the railroad, and commenced an attack, which was repulsed with an enormous loss on their side. They had but one gun, mounted on a platform car, but it was charged on by the Irish Brigade, and taken. Their troops were soaked with "gunpowdered whiskey," and came up right to the mouths of our cannon, and were mowed down by grape and cannister by the score. At about nine a. m. they retired, completely repulsed, and our forces began to march again towards the James.

We marched, I should judge, some seven miles, and halted at one a. m., Monday, and laid on the side of the road, and fell asleep as soon as we rested. It rained slightly during the night, and at seven or eight a. m. we moved back to a wood, and formed line of battle, and waited for the rebels to come up in pursuit, which they did about twelve m., and opened with full battery on one of our batteries. They did not dare to attack us with infantry, but kept off at artillery range. This was kept up all the afternoon as long as the daylight lasted, and near evening some of the brigades of SUMNER's Division made a charge on them, and took some two hundred prisoners. The enemy lost, last Sunday night, at Savage's Station, some four thousand killed and wounded—our loss a mere trifle; on Monday they lost about two thousand—we as many hundred. As soon as it was dark, Monday night, we moved to concentrate our forces at the division head-quarters, and at ten p. m. moved off towards the James again, and marched some fifteen or twenty miles all night till broad daylight, about four a. m., and lay down to rest on our arms; slept till eight a. m., when we of the Forty-third went on picket,

and remained all day by a beautiful mill pond, and at ten P. M. were called in to join our brigade. We were on the side of the road, watching the troops pass by. Regiment after regiment, battery after battery, wagon after wagon, hurried on. I watched them some two hours, and got so weary looking at them that I fell asleep, and when I awoke, at four A. M., Wednesday, they were still passing. So many troops, so many batteries, so many wagons, I never saw at one time before in my life. We moved off at six A. M., being the rear guard, and then the rain commenced to pour down. Before we had marched six miles (the extent of our journey), City Point being that distance from us, and on the James river, the mud was awful—full eighteen inches deep. We trudged on, and at ten A. M. we encamped in a corn-field near City Point landing, in mud full two feet deep. The whole plain, for miles near the landing, was covered with troops, but such looking ones—mud from their shoes to their knees, and drenched with rain. We encamped here all night, and, at eight A. M. next morning, moved back two miles from the river, and encamped in an oat field, where we remained till this morning, when we moved forward to a wood, in which place we are now encamped. The marching from City Point, on Thursday morning, those two miles, was the most severe I ever experienced. Mud almost knee deep, small men having to be pulled out many times; shoes drawn off, and buried out of sight. We got through it safely, however, and spent our Fourth of July lying in a place near the woods full of blackberries, in line of battle, and at seven P. M. returned to camp. But I must close. I will give mother an account of some of the incidents by the way, in answer to her letter I received to-day. Much love to all.

From your brother,

JOHN.

All the flowers I send to you and Mary to-day, are from the picket line, in front of Richmond, five miles from the city.

CAMP NEAR BERKLEY LANDING, }
JAMES RIVER, VA., *July 7, 1862.* }

Dear KATE—Your welcome letter reached me, together with ANNA'S, yesterday morning. As I have informed ELIZA and

MARY, in my last letters to them, we have just undergone the most severe duty and fatiguing marches the army of the Potomac has yet experienced. We had a week of it, and during the most of it we were either on the march or on the "*qui vive*" for the enemy. Of course, we obtained but little sleep, and that but an hour or two at a time. I stood it well, never falling out from my company, but doing all in my power to encourage the men to do their duty and keep up with the marching columns. I think the *excitement* did more than anything else to keep me up to my duty, for *now*, when we have arrived at a "*stand still*," I do not feel so well as I did on the march, but am by no means sick. I am doing my regular camp and picket duty. I am sorry to hear of mother's sickness, and hope that by this time she may have entirely recovered from her indisposition. We are having very fine weather for the month of July, the days being very warm and the sun powerful, but the nights cool and accompanied by a heavy dew. Moonlight nights are prevalent now, and it is a magnificent sight to stand on an eminence, near a new fort just built by our troops, and look on the camps, as still as death (at twelve o'clock at night), except when the tread of a neighboring sentinel on his beat, or the whippowill on some oak or pine tree, breaks the silence. Only think of over fifty thousand men lying encamped in a vast plain, to be seen, at a few glances, in different directions. I do not know how far the rebels are from us; we see or hear nothing of them at present.

We have been moving our camp every day since we reached the James river, and are now about two miles from it. We may have to stay here some time, and we may move on to Richmond, up the James, under cover of our gunboats, and clear the place out. I am ready for anything, move or rest, it makes no difference. Our troops of the army of the Potomac have implicit confidence in McCLELLAN, and all seem satisfied that his movement to the left, has been the salvation of his army. Many rumors concerning him are current here, but I presume they are all unfounded, some to the effect that McCLELLAN and STANTON will both be superseded—HALLECK to be placed in command of the army, SCOTT to be made Secretary of War, &c., &c. They had

better reinforce McCLELLAN sufficiently, and then let him try it again. He is by no means beaten, but has made a movement to the left and towards the James, in order to save his army, the only course he could pursue; besides, we have whipped the enemy at every battle, and killed and wounded two of them for one of us. I am glad to hear of the comfortable quarters provided for the sick and wounded at Albany. It must be pleasant at the Albany Barracks Hospital for the soldiers taken there. *

* * * I am right glad mother "does as she does," sending the soldiers delicacies, and I can somewhat appreciate the feeling such gifts must inspire in the bosoms of the recipients of them. It is gratifying to us here in active service to know that our comrades are so well cared for in their time of trouble, and I can assure you that it is a great incentive to us to renewed exertions in the field. Those who remember the sick and wounded soldier, and administer consolation and comfort to him in his distress, must feel that they are doing their duty and serving their country full as much as those who face the foe in the grim battle, amid screeching shells and whistling bullets; and so surely as the God of Nations exists, so surely must a blessing from Him be the reward of their labors of love. I was much shocked to hear of MELVILLE MARBLE's death, but all must die, and an early death saves one from much toil and anguish. Was he prepared? If so, all is well. I sympathize deeply with his family, but many family circles mourn the loss of some who have fallen within one short week; and *some*, the *only one* that that circle contained. Who can tell the mourning that the contest which has continued since the 27th of June has occasioned. Forty-five thousand reported to have been killed and wounded; fifteen thousand of that number accredited to the Federals.

I might tell you of awful sights I have witnessed; of human forms mangled in every conceivable manner; of straggling soldiers shot dead by the dragoons in our forced march, because they would not join their regiments; of the marches by day, and the marches by night; of the destruction of arms and equipments for which we could not provide transportation, although our train of army wagons was over twenty miles long; but you would sicken at the

recital of them, and they being now over and gone, the memory and recital of them would do no good. Our regiment, although under hot fire, has been very fortunate, having lost but forty-one in killed, wounded and missing. I myself have escaped any injury whatever, and trust I may come safely through all the contests yet to be endured. My trust is on high, and faithfulness to my duty is my firm intention, leaving consequences with Him who "notes even a sparrow's fall." I send my love to all. Good bye. From your brother, JOHN.

From the following letters we gather the events of interest that occurred during August and September, 1862.

CAMP NEAR HAMPTON, VA., *August 21, 1862.*

Dear MARY—I received your letter of the 13th, an hour or two ago, for which I am much obliged. I write to you this evening more to let you all at home know that I am well and alive, and that our Army of the Potomac has arrived safely here, without any attack by the enemy. I will give you a little account of the movements of our division from the commencement of our movement.

We started the 16th of this month, Saturday afternoon, at four o'clock. We brought up the rear of the whole army, the Sixth Maine and AYRES' Battery being the last infantry and artillery to leave the encampment. We marched that night as far as Charles City Court-House. I can not tell how many miles it is from Harrison's Landing or Berkely to the Court-House. You might take a map and examine our course from Harrison's Landing to the camp here. We encamped at ten that evening, and the next morning at six we moved off, and encamped at three P. M., Sunday, after crossing the Chickahominy river, near its intersection with the James, on a very fine pontoon bridge, which had been put together in nine hours, and was as firm and solid as a floor. We encamped on the banks of the Chickahominy, and started at six and a half A. M., Monday. We marched to Williamsburg, and through it, encamping at two P. M. three miles from it. At six and a half A. M., Tuesday, we started again, and

marched past Yorktown, and encamped two miles below it, on the York river, at one P. M. Started at five and a half A. M., Wednesday, and marched to Great Bethel, and encamped at eleven and a half A. M. near the battle ground of Bethel. Started at four and a half A. M., Thursday (to-day), and reached this camp at nine and a half A. M. We expect to be encamped here a day or two, and then proceed by transport to—I don't know where. During our entire journey from Harrison's Landing to this place we have had splendid weather, the sun being rather too powerful sometimes, and the dust on some roads being almost stifling. We got along very well, however, and have arrived here safe and sound. * * * * I received Kate's letter, and will answer it as soon as I get a chance. I do not know when this letter will go off, but I hope either to-night or to-morrow morning. My love to all.

From your brother,

JOHN.

ON BOARD STEAMSHIP "ARAGO," }
August 23, 1862. }

Dear Mother—I write to you a few lines to-day, though I do not know when the mail goes out, to let you know something of our whereabouts and destination. We embarked yesterday, at one and a half P. M., on board this steamer, (belonging to the Havre line,) at Fortress Monroe, having started from camp at Hampton at ten and a half A. M. Immediately on our reaching the Fortress, after a fine march, there being no dust, as a gentle rain, of two hours' duration, had completely laid it, we were taken on board of a small steamer and conveyed to the "Arago," lying at anchor in the Roads. The Fifth Wisconsin and the Forty-third New York were both taken on board the same vessel, and by dark we had all our stores and baggage with us, they having been all brought out to this vessel by small steamers. We lay at anchor till this morning, and at daylight proceeded on our voyage. We are now, three P. M., going up the Potomac, our destination being, as the Captain of the vessel informed me, "Aquia Creek." I do not know yet whether we shall go into camp there, or be sent on to reinforce Pope's

army at once on our disembarkation. I am very well indeed, and enjoy this trip very much, as the accommodations are very fine. * * * * I am still in command of the regiment (Lieut. Col. BAKER not having joined the regiment yet, and Col. VINTON being absent on a sick leave), and have a good deal of anxiety and care on my mind at this time of marching and transporting troops. I will write again as soon as we get encamped, and let you know where we are. My love to all at home.

Your loving son,

JOHN.

CAMP CALIFORNIA, NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VA. }
 August 29, 1862. }

Dear ELIZA—Your letter reached me yesterday, and was perused with much pleasure. We are encamped, *pro tem.*, near Alexandria, on the road, or rather in a fine field situated on the road, leading to Fairfax. We encamped here on Sunday night last, or rather Monday morning. All our Army of the Potomac except KEYES' Corps, which was left to garrison and guard Yorktown, have arrived here, and lie encamped between here and Fairfax. Rumor says Gen. POPE has fallen back and is in full retreat before the rebels, but I can not vouch for the truth of it. The rebels made a raid on Tuesday or Wednesday of this week, on our forces guarding the railroad near Manassas, and stragglers and runaways from the army there, say that our forces were terribly cut up, and beaten badly. The Eleventh New York Battery, (the Havelock's, Capt. VON PUTKAMMER,) are reported to have been badly handled by the enemy, and to have lost almost all, if not every one of their guns, and many belonging to the battery are reported missing, either killed or prisoners. Very unfortunate affair for so promising a company of soldiers. * * * * It may be untrue, or a greatly exaggerated report of the affair, but I fear it may be too true. One regiment of cavalry, the Twelfth Pennsylvania, broke, and then run, many of them never halting till they were arrested by our pickets on the road near our camp. I saw and conversed with many of these latter, and a more frightened and distracted set of men I never saw. No two of them told the same story, but all

of them agreed our forces were badly cut up. We asked one of them: "Where are your wounded, if your regiment was so badly cut up?" He replied: "Our officers commanded us to retreat," and it seems they *were* retreating, and would have retreated to Alexandria, if they had not been stopped by our guards. Somebody is to blame for the disgraceful affair, and Gen. McCLELLAN will cause the matter to be sifted to the bottom, as the Twelfth Pennsylvania Cavalry were all taken by our guards to his head-quarters. We received orders last evening to hold ourselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice. We may move to-day. I do not know where we go to. I will write home as soon as we become settled in our camp again, in case we move to-day or to-morrow. * * * *

From your brother,

JOHN.

CAMP NEAR FORT WORTH, VA., *Sept. 3d, 1862.*

DEAR MARY—Our regiment and division are encamped once more. This time we are encamped on a fine, level plateau, on top of a hill, adjoining Fort Worth, about two and a half miles from Alexandria. I have not written home for some time, and for good reasons: First, I had no paper with me, no ink, no pen; second, no mail has been sent off from our division since Thursday last. I send a letter to ELIZA, to-day, written last Thursday evening. I have carried it in my pocket since that time, and it has been almost to "Bull Run" since then. Our division moved last Friday morning, at six o'clock, and marched some five or six miles that day, formed line of battle, and encamped behind our stacks of arms. Started on Saturday morning, at a quarter past eight o'clock. We marched very rapidly that day, having no baggage along to impede us; our only baggage being one blanket to a man, and an overcoat, if any had one. Passed through Fairfax at twelve M.; through Centreville, and to within half a mile of Bull Run. The battle had been raging fiercely to our left, on the other side of Bull Run, but by the time we got to within that distance of it, night came on, and we were ordered back, to occupy the fortifications at Centreville. We arrived at half past ten P. M., having been on the march from a quarter to

eight till that time. We were ordered into a large rifle pit, and were ready for an attack from the enemy, at any moment. Our troops were very tired indeed, and the disappointment of the men, in marching back to Centreville, some six miles, caused more fatigue than marching twelve miles forward would have done. I laid down at one end of the fortification, in my overcoat, and, sharing my blanket with another officer, went to sleep at once—and was wakened up at four A. M., by the rain running down my neck. It rained very hard all Sunday morning, and we lay in the rifle pit, in mud and rain, waiting to see if old "Reb." would attack us. But no attack. We were moved out at twelve, to another position, and lay encamped there all night. We remained here all Monday, till half past nine P. M., when we moved toward Fairfax, and encamped at half past one A. M., Tuesday, having marched four hours through the darkness and mud; the latter rendered very deep by a tremendously heavy thunder shower in the afternoon. We encamped near Fairfax, the men lying down by their arms, and their clothes being covered with mud up to their knees, and their feet muddy and wet, they slept till 8 A. M. It was a very cold morning, and I shivered when I got off from the wet ground, in spite of the sun's bright rays. We moved from Fairfax at half past two P. M., Tuesday, having been in the line of battle in the woods, all day, expecting an attack from the enemy's cavalry. We then marched towards Alexandria, and reached our old camp, California, at ten P. M., having marched some fifteen miles from two and a half to ten P. M. This we call pretty smart marching. Our men were pretty well tired out, and had had nothing to eat all day, except some green corn which they got in the corn fields as they came along. Our rations awaited us in camp, and I got my supper at half past eleven, and then went to bed, or to my blanket, rather, but not to sleep a great deal; for just as I was in a good sleep, some orderly from "head-quarters" came to my tent, and woke me up, with some order. We moved to this present camp at seven A. M., and are now once more at rest; for how long a time I know not. It may be till STONEWALL JACKSON endeavors to take Washington.

I send you a little blue flower I got from one of the forts at Centreville. Flowers are rather scarce "in these parts," but I will try and send you some more. I could send you some splendid bunches of the trumpet flower, but they are too large. That was a beautiful little flower you sent me; it is preserved finely. Much obliged for it. Don't forget the plums when the box is sent. How I would like some of those Imperials or McLaughlins or Green Gages to eat fresh. I have seen no plums here, but the Damson and the Horse plums. But I must close my letter. * * * My love to all, and regards to all my friends. I am still in command of the Forty-third.

Your brother,

JOHN.

CAMP NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD., *Sept. 20, 1862.*

Dear ANNA—I take the first opportunity I have had of answering your letter of September 4th, which I received on the 7th instant, during our bivouack at Rockville, Md. We have been on the march continually since the evening of the 6th, and I have had no chance either to write home, or to get any material to do so. All my baggage (a small valise) is in the wagons, and I could not get pen, ink or paper for love or money, and there was no opportunity of sending a letter when written. We have been on the march now two weeks this evening, and all the bed or covering I have had during this time has been my overcoat and rubber coat, which I carry strapped on the back of my saddle. The weather has been very favorable to our movements (a rain once in a while incommoding us but very little), and I have suffered but little inconvenience from sleeping on the ground. I do not know when this letter will go to the post-office, as we send out no regular mail yet. I write to you now, having borrowed this one-half sheet of foolscap, to dispel any fears you might have for my safety. We have had a very severe, if not the most severe battle of the war. It has continued five or six days, and the dead and wounded, on either side, are counted by thousands. The loss of the rebels on the last day of the battle Wednesday, was fearful in the extreme; and the battle field on Friday morning, after the rebels had left and no damage could

be done by their sharpshooters, to persons going out on it, presented an awful appearance, the dead being in some places near fences, and clumps of trees and rocks, piled up in heaps. The smell arising from the field, or rather fields, was almost stifling, many of the dead lying unburied three or four days under a hot sun. This has been the first time I have had a good opportunity of visiting a battle field in every part, and of examining all the different positions held and taken during the engagement.

The battle field of this last action comprised a large extent of ground, our line of battle running a distance of four or five miles, and along its entire length the dead and wounded were gathered. If I had time now, and the paper, I would give you a detailed account of the movements of our division and corps, since Saturday evening the 6th instant, (on which evening we marched from Alexandria to our camp near Tenallytown,) and of our march to this time, where we are encamped within one-quarter of a mile of the Potomac, on the Maryland side of the river. We have driven the rebels out of Maryland completely, compelling them to leave their dead and wounded on the soil of this State uncared for by them. Their rear guard crossed the river yesterday, and last evening, at five o'clock, we reached our present camp.

I am very well, having never enjoyed better health than at present, although I do not feel as clean and comfortable as I would with a good change of clothing. We may follow up the rebel army in Virginia, or lie still for a while. We are prepared for either, although a little rest for a few days would be very acceptable. My love to all at home. Your brother, JOHN.

CAMP NO. 47, IN THE FIELD, NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD., }
September 20, 1862. }

Dear ELIZA—I received your letter of the 9th instant last Thursday, while the regiment, of which I have the temporary command, was lying on the field of our last battle, in support of the First N. Y. Artillery. It seemed strange to receive and peruse a letter from home amid such scenes of carnage and death. Just think of reading a letter, written in peaceful Albany, where all is quiet and undisturbed, here on the battle field the

day after an action of the most severe nature, and with here and there a dead man lying before you, and your whole regiment lying on the ground in line of battle, bayonets fixed and pieces loaded, and fingers on the trigger, ready to draw at a moment's notice; eyes steadily fixed to the front, and eager to discern any advance of the enemy; and on either flank of the regiment a battery of six pieces, and their accompaniments—caissons, limbers and ammunition wagons; men standing ready at the loaded cannon, ready to throw a shower of iron balls or screeching shells at the enemy on his first appearance in force, and you may have some idea of the scene of last Thursday morning. I would give you a lengthy account of all our movements since we left, two weeks ago to-night, and marched through Washington to Maryland, and from there to the battle field, but I must reserve that for some future letter, and content myself with a few lines. I wrote a letter to ANNA this afternoon, and sent it off this evening. While I am writing these words, our mail has come in, and a letter from MARY for me. I am glad mother is getting better, and trust and pray her health may be completely restored.

* * * * I still ride Lieutenant Colonel's gray horse. He has not yet returned to his regiment, but will shortly return, as he has over four hundred men for the regiment, and has orders from the War Department to return when he has five hundred recruits. I have been in command of the Forty-third since the 3d of August, and have quite an experience as a *commanding* officer. Gen. HANCOCK has been temporarily detailed to command Gen. RICHARDSON's Division, he having been wounded, and unable to command. Col. COBB, Fifth Wisconsin Volunteers, assumes command of the brigade *pro tem*. We have completely driven the rebels from "my Maryland," and we are under orders to move at two A. M. to-morrow, so I must close and retire to my blanket. My love to all at home, and my regards to all my friends. I send you a letter from the battle field in lieu of a flower, which I have not been able to find, for you. JOHN.

The following letters will be read with interest, as illustrating Col. WILSON's confidence in the final triumph of our arms; his

personal bravery on the field; his benevolence and his lofty patriotism in resisting the temptations to resign and return to the peace and comforts of his happy home:

CAMP NEAR BELLE PLAIN, *December 9, 1862.*

Dear KATE—I have just received your letter of the 1st and ELIZA's of the 2d instant. As we are under orders to move at a moment's notice to-morrow, I will write you a few lines to-day, as I may not have an opportunity to do so again for some days; for in case of a move we cannot depend upon the mails being regular. We spent Thanksgiving in camp, without a turkey, as we were unable to procure any; but we had a Thanksgiving present in the shape of a chaplain for the Forty-third, the Rev. Mr. OSBORN, lately of West Troy, who gives promise of being a useful and energetic chaplain. I sincerely trust he may do much good to the regiment. We moved from our camp, near Aquia, on Thursday last, and encamped near Brooks' Station, on the railroad from Aquia creek to Fredericksburg. It snowed hard all day Friday while we lay there, the snow melting fast, and at night when it ceased, there were but two or three inches of it on the ground. It froze a little that night, and on Saturday we moved to our present camp, the road being very muddy, the day cheerless and cold. Our wagons could not reach us that night, so we bivouacked, without blankets, by a good fire. The night was very cold, the ground freezing very hard, and on Sunday, at twelve M., our wagon train reached us with tents and food. The weather since has been very cold, the ground remaining frozen solid, and the roads firm, and though rough, in good condition for teaming. Winter campaigning, if this be a sample, is not very pleasant or comfortable work; but if we can overcome the rebellion by a vigorous campaign this winter, I for one am willing to undergo any hardship consequent thereto; but I have not much faith in a campaign in the winter, as it has seldom or ever proved successful. If we once get into winter quarters, I will try to get a furlough, but I begin to fear my being able to procure one by Christmas.

The President's Message meets my hearty approbation; the

proposed "compensated emancipation" especially. I trust it will meet with the earnest support of every lover of our Union and of humanity. Should it be adopted, the war, I think, would be materially shortened, and final peace be hastened. I think the doom of slavery approaches, and the end of the war will be the end of its reign.

I cannot but believe that this Republic will pass through its present trials unscathed; and although darkness spreads over it, and every thing looks dreary, yet the sun of freedom and peace will soon arise, and the day of prosperity appear brighter in contrast with the late obscurity. God only knows the suffering and hardships of the soldier, and how welcome would be the tidings that peace was once more restored. Till that good news goes forth, let each stand firm, and the right must be the might. My love to all at home. Write soon to

Your loving brother,

JOHN.

CAMP NEAR RAPPAHANNOCK, *Dec. 19th, 1862.*

DEAR ELIZA—I have at last an opportunity of answering your letter of Dec. 2d. Our tents came last evening, and I am once more permitted to handle a pen, and to write home. I embraced the first opportunity to write a note in pencil, to Mother, to remove any fears or rumors which might have existed as regards my own personal safety. I have myself, as well as all the officers of the Forty-third, escaped unscathed. The regiment had eleven men wounded, of which but two will prove very serious; one causing the amputation of the leg, above the knee; the other I cannot tell about, as the man was removed to the Corps hospital, and I have heard nothing since from him. He was shot by a bullet, which entered the back of the neck just below the skull; he was carried off from the field insensible. You will, no doubt, learn all the particulars of the engagement from the newspapers much more fully than I could give them to you.

We crossed the river, Friday morning, and lay in line of battle till Saturday morning, when the engagement commenced in right earnest. We laid in different parts of the field till Monday evening, when the whole army was safely moved back across the

river, without the loss of a man. Night before last was a very cold one, and as we had no tents, we suffered some from the cold. We have been without our tents just one week, having only our blankets and overcoats to cover us. But the weather proved uncommonly favorable, and we have all become rather tough; so we do not complain at all of anything we have to suffer; our only murmurings and complaints being against the misfortune which seems to attend our arms.

The carnage attending this last battle was perfectly awful. HANCOCK's Division went into the fight with five thousand men; came out eighteen hundred strong, losing, in killed and wounded, *three thousand two hundred* men, *thirty-two* officers killed, and *one hundred and fifty* officers wounded. I have this account from an aid of the General, who had his horse shot from under him. Our division not being actually engaged with the infantry of the enemy, suffered very slightly. We had to endure a very hot fire from the batteries of the enemy, however, and not a man flinched from his post. The discipline of the army, at least as far as I know of it, is all that could be expected; our recrossing the river in the time and manner we did, could only be done by well disciplined troops.

I do not know what will be done by the army next, but think it must go into winter quarters—for a short time at least. Col. BAKER is still absent from the regiment, and I have been in command of it for five weeks to-day. I sometimes think he intends to give me command altogether of the Forty-third, as he has not written a single letter to any officer since he returned the last time. If he does not come back to the regiment soon, I shall give up all hopes of getting a furlough, as the time for it will be *in a few days*, or not at all this winter. I could not think of asking for one, if I was in command of the regiment—as it would demand my whole attention.

You ask about my horse. He is a large fellow, six years old, iron gray, and can travel very fast. He was the best looking horse I could get from the corral; and although very lean when I got him, he promised to make a fine horse. He is improving some at present, although he has had a pretty hard time of it

standing out these cold nights. The army, in a winter campaign, is a very hard place for horses, and many die of exposure and lack of feed and attention. * * *

Our new Chaplain, Rev. Mr. OSBORN, has proved himself quite a hero—accompanying the regiment on the field, and going through the shelling quite courageously. He proved of great assistance in the Corps hospital, acting as recorder of all the wounded brought into one of the departments of it, and he has been detailed to go to Washington in charge of a number (ninety) of wounded, thus saving the services of one or more surgeons. He left on Thursday afternoon with his charge, and has not yet returned. He is a worker, and one of the few men I think peculiarly adapted to the service. I have great expectations of the good he will do in his labors in the army, and think him just the man we have been looking and waiting for, for so long a time.

* * * Give my regards to all my friends, and wish them all for me, as I wish all at home, “A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.”

Your loving brother,

JOHN.

CAMP NEAR BELLE PLAIN, VA., *Dec. 20, 1862.*

Dear ANNA—To-day is Saturday, and a terribly cold blowing one; it froze very hard last evening, and was a severe night on horses and men. I have not been able to get a stove for my tent yet, and it is as cold as charity in it, in spite of a huge fire in front of it. I am now sitting in the Adjutant's tent writing to you. He managed to get a little stove, and his tent is the only comfortable one in camp. We moved to this camp yesterday; it was a fine short march of some four miles length. We are encamped very near our former camp near Belle Plain. We have a fine camp ground, a very good supply of oak wood standing near camp, and awaiting the soldier's axe. I am still in command of the regiment—Col. BAKER being absent either at Albany or New York. I do not know when he will return, but expect him every day.

The whole Army of the Potomac, under General BURNSIDE, has fallen back from the Rapahannock, and lies encamped in

the vicinity of Belle Plain. Our future course of action is as yet uncertain. We shall probably lie here for three or four weeks, and then I should not be surprised if it would be "on to Richmond" again *via* James river. I think everything will depend on the movements of the enemy, and the course pursued by Congress this and the next month. Yet I hardly think we shall lie idle longer than one month. If Col. BAKER were present with the regiment, I should at once forward an application for leave of absence; but until his return I do not feel at liberty to do it, even were I certain that it would be granted. I begin to fear the possibility of my getting a leave this winter, as I do not hear of any being granted at present.

I am glad that the citizens of Albany are alive to their duty in assisting sick and wounded soldiers. The last battle will fearfully swell the list, and too great efforts cannot be put forth for their assistance. If I could only get my pay, I would send mother my mite to use for charitable purposes; but, you know, we have received no pay from the United States since July, and very soon there will be six months' pay due us. I suppose sixty or seventy dollars could be expended very easily in charity if I should send it home, which I will do as soon as I am paid.

We had twelve men wounded in the Forty-third on the 13th and 14th inst. We were under a very hot fire of shot and shell on both of those days, and it is a miracle that one-half of the regiment were not wounded. This brigade is the most fortunate one, I think, in the whole army, as we have never met with severe loss, although our positions have always been among the most exposed. I can only account for it in the superior generalship displayed by its commander. Our division (SMITH's old one), at present under command of General HOWE, has the name of being one of the best fighting divisions in the Army of the Potomac. At the last battle our picket line, composed of two Vermont regiments, the Second and Fourth, held in check and fought for over half an hour the combined picket and line of battle of the enemy opposed to us. They fought like lions, and many of them fell dead and wounded. They are no more than a sample of the regiments composing the division.

But I must finish my letter by wishing you all at home, and all my friends, a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," as I hope this will reach you in time for the first of these holidays. My love to all at home. How much I desire to be with you on Christmas or New Year; but here is my place.

Your ever loving brother.

JOHN.

CAMP NEAR BELLE PLAIN, VA., Dec. 23, 1862.

Dear KATE—I write you a few lines to-day, more especially to let you know that I am well, than to give you any news. Nothing of importance has transpired for the past few days; the army, as far as I can ascertain, remaining "*in statu quo*." The weather has again moderated, and to-day is as balmy as May. I think a storm is not far off, as it rained for a few minutes last night. The roads are again quite soft, as the frost is coming out, which had entered the ground some two or three inches. The transportation of army supplies by wagons is not, however, much hindered as yet by the mud, but in case of a heavy rain it would be very heavy work.

Rumors are current that the Army of the Potomac will not be allowed to go into any permanent winter quarters, but that in the course of a few days this part of it, in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, will be moved by transports to the James river, and thence to the vicinity of Harrison's Landing or Petersburg, *via* the Appomattox. I should not be surprised in the least if these rumors should prove true, and that New Year's day would find me on the James, or in the vicinity of the devoted city of Richmond.

Rumors are also current that the entire Cabinet, except STANTON and HALLECK, have resigned. This I hardly credit, as I think Secretary SEWARD would hardly desert the President now, in the time of his need. I think the upshot of the whole affair will be that "Little MAC" will be called to take command of the entire army of the United States, which I do not doubt he would do if it were offered to him, as I think he would do anything in his power to conquer the rebellion, and win for our arms the long looked for success and victory.

Although things look gloomy and dispiriting enough just now, yet I think that He who presides over the destinies of nations, has not yet forgotten us as a Nation, and although through much tribulation, we shall yet enter into a state of perfect peace (as far as peace on earth can be); and that in due time some one will be raised up who will lead us on to victory, and right and justice assert its authority over oppression and wickedness. Although the night still grows blacker and blacker, and not a star, even, seems to illuminate our political horizon, yet I am led to hope that the watchman may soon have to say, "the morning dawneth."

In all our depressions, in all our reverses, when our enemies seem to triumph over us, and destiny seems to frown upon us, then we have one refuge to which we can always flee; to Him who is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

I myself, although it seems like hoping against hope, can still say with the old Roman: "Never despair of the Republic." I cannot believe that such a great country as this, such a government, such a Nation, will be permitted to be torn asunder and totally disabled; to be wrecked, and thrown to the winds; to be made the object of mockery of the whole world. I still think that our continued troubles and afflictions are all ordered by the hand of God, and if we will but acknowledge His hand, and bow before His sovereign will, all will be well; and out of the great darkness He will command the light to shine ten-fold brighter than in the days gone by.

For my part, I can only pray that I may do my duty, and that each of those in authority may do theirs; and that the hand of the Almighty may guide and direct our government, that all things may be done to the honor and glory of God, and that we, as a people, may be brought to say: "Not unto us, not unto us, but to Thy name be the praise and glory."

Then, I think, we shall be victorious, and then we shall see peace and prosperity once more smiling upon us as of old, and we be that happy people whose God is the Lord. That this time may soon come, should be the prayer of all those whose country's cause is dear to their hearts; and for this hope alone, I remain

still in the army of the Union, endeavoring to do all in my power to attain the grand object, viz: to crush the rebellion. I confess I did feel somewhat inclined to offer my resignation when I fully understood the condition of affairs after the late battle at Fredericksburg, but upon thinking the matter over, I concluded that at this time, above all others, did it become me to remain at my post, especially as the Colonel of the regiment is, and has been, absent from the regiment upwards of a month, and the command has devolved upon me, which duty I have endeavored to perform to the best of my ability. I trust I have done right in remaining, and that when the war is over, I may look back and say with satisfaction, that "I have done my duty." Happy New Year to all at home, and much love to mother and all my sisters.

From your loving brother,

JOHN.

CAMP NEAR BELLE PLAIN, VA., }
Dec. 24th, 1862. }

Dear Mother—I was exceedingly happy to receive a letter from you day before yesterday. * * *

I do not know but what you are about right, in relation to my resigning my position in the army, and coming home. I have thought the matter over and over again, and am still considering in my mind, whether I could, or not, honorably resign, and come home; but the more I ponder over it, the more I am convinced that my duty demands my remaining where I am. "Where is your patriotism, of which you felt so proud?" seems a voice within me to ask. "Where is your firmness, your devotedness to the Republic, and its welfare; your love of justice and of freedom?" "Where your veneration for that old Flag, which, in days gone by, floated from every mast-head and from every house-top, from Maine to California?" "What excuse can you give for deserting the standard under which you have willingly enrolled yourself, now in the time of its greatest need?" "Of what benefit to your country have you been, if, after having but just learned to be of use to her, in a military point of view, you throw all your knowledge to the winds by a hasty resignation?"

“Have you become so demoralized, that you fear to longer endure the privations and hardships incident to an active campaign, and rather desire to return to your home, to the more agreeable duties of civil life, while those, as little able to endure the burdens of the war as you, remain, and earn for themselves a name which shall endure as long as the Nation exists?” “Do you suppose you have done your duty, your whole duty, and that you could satisfy your conscience, that not a regret or shadow of remorse would cross it, should you be compelled in future days to carefully review your course of action?” “What answer would you make to inquiries—‘Why did you resign? what made you leave the army?’” etc.

These, and other questions of similar import, continually arise, to none of which I can make a satisfactory reply; and till I can do so, I shall consider it my duty to remain in the army, not simply to idly remain, but to do my duty to my utmost ability; to rise as high as I can, honorably and fairly; to return home from the war, if God wills, with a conscience assuring me of having done my duty, and having given all my power and strength to the support of my country in her hour of need, and having remained true and steadfast to the end. Rest assured, then, I have no intention of resigning, although you well know how much I desire to see you and my sisters again, to spend a few days at home—a place I cannot but hold most dear—and much more so, as I am daily convinced of the uncertainty of life, and the uncertainty of my beholding you all together again on earth: But I hope a way may be opened for me to get home for a few days, and that before long. I will embrace the first opportunity to do so; and till then, ever believe me,

Your loving and affectionate son,

JOHN.

Did our limits allow, we would gladly publish more of the letters of this gallant Christian soldier. But these must suffice to give a view of his military career, and of his qualities as an officer and a man.

Possessing such rare talents, and distinguishing himself equally in the camp and on the battle field, he rapidly rose in rank, and

we doubt not but that he would have filled with honor the highest position in the United States Army.

On the 17th of July, 1862, he was commissioned as Major, and as Lieutenant Colonel, September 24th, 1862; which rank he held till February 1st, 1864, when he received his commission as Colonel. He was in command of the regiment in 1862, from August 3d, till October 22d, commanding at the battle Antietam, September 17th. He was the only field officer present with the regiment. From November 4th till December 25th, he was in command, and was at the first battle of Fredericksburg. In 1863 he was in command of the regiment from June 17th till August 10th, leading it at the battle of Gettysburg, which was fought July 2d and 3d, 1863.

He possessed a constitution naturally very strong and healthful, yet he suffered from sickness during the encampment in the swamps before Richmond. Without proper nourishment, and unable to eat the only procurable food, he became so weak that he was not able to march with the regiment when the army withdrew from that position. For several days he found conveyance with the wagon train. He suffered also from an attack of camp fever in July, 1862, but remained all the time with the regiment.

Col. WILSON yielded to none of the temptations of camp life, but whatever he saw of evil seemed to be only a warning to him to shun it. He refrained ever from innocent indulgences, that his example to others might be the purer. An officer who was associated with him from the beginning of his early career, said of him, that "he was the most perfect man he ever saw." His commanding personal appearance; his firmness; his love of the profession of arms; his accurate knowledge and strict observance personally of all duties connected with a soldier's life; his pure, unselfish patriotism, and above all, his faith in God, eminently fitted him for the position of commander.

He was always hopeful and confident of the success of the army, and believed in the vigorous prosecution of the war. He had no personal fear in conflict, firmly believing that his life was in God's hands, and that under his protection he was as safe on the battle field as he would be at home.

He was entirely devoted to the interests of the men under his charge, both as captain of a company and after his promotion to the field. He was always interested for the religious character of his associates in the army, an instance of which is seen in a letter to his mother, written January 16th, 1864, desiring her to present to a brother officer, whom he feared was careless about religion, a Bible similar to one she had sent him. Of course, the gentleman was entirely unaware of his Colonel's agency in the matter, and received the book when he was in Albany, with evident pleasure and promises to read it. This officer fell in the battle of the Wilderness.

He won, in large measure, the friendship and esteem of those with whom he was associated. A letter written soon after his death, by a brother Colonel, speaks of him as many felt: "I cannot close this without adding something in memory of the brave dead, my associate in the camp and on the field of battle, and personal friend, COL. JOHN WILSON. In his death, our beloved country lost one of its firmest supporters and purest patriots; the service an accomplished soldier, and a refined and Christian gentleman. What the loss is to his family, the anguish of a mother's heart, and the deep grief of affectionate sisters, can alone tell. He was beloved by all who knew him personally, and honored and respected by all with whom he met. In his death, I lost a pure-minded and high-souled friend. No fitting eulogium can be paid to the dead who die in the defence of their country. Their deeds are more lasting than words, and no nobler epitaph can be written than 'killed in battle, May 6, 1864.'"

Single-hearted himself, he never attributed unworthy motives to others, and strove always to do his duty without sparing himself.

The chaplain of the regiment says of him in a recent letter: "I think I never knew a man who so completely and truly made *duty* his watchword, and never one who had so thorough a conviction, in all circumstances, that the place of duty was the place of safety; and out of this conviction, I think, in great part grew his remarkable coolness in danger. He believed that God directed and ordered the events of life and death, and that we

could not, by any action of our own, change them. The result of this was a character which, in inhesitancy and directness, was perfectly Cromwellian."

Maj. Gen. W. S. HANCOCK testifies to his character as a soldier in the following words:

"Col. JOHN WILSON, of the Forty-third New York Volunteers, was well known to me, and served under my command, in the Army of the Potomac, for a period of more than a year.

"As his commander, I was early attracted by his many good qualities, as a faithful and able officer, and had frequent opportunities to notice his character and conduct. In paying this slight tribute to one who attested his devotion to his country by the sacrifice of his life, I desire to express in the strongest terms my appreciation of the many admirable and brilliant qualities he displayed while under my command. His amiable and chivalrous character, added to his gentle bearing, made him friends wherever he was known; and when he fell at the 'Wilderness,' while leading his command against the enemy, he was only exhibiting his accustomed example of daring courage and rare devotion to duty. He was mourned by myself, and by every officer and soldier with whom he had been associated."

The following are the circumstances attending the death of Col. JOHN WILSON, as given by his personal servant:

"On the morning of May 6, 1864 (Friday), Col. WILSON was slightly wounded in the calf of the leg during a hasty skirmish. He paid no attention to the wound, which had no serious effect, as he was in excellent health and spirits, up to the hour of his receiving the wound which resulted in his death.

"This occurred on the same day between the hours of five and six p. m., when the enemy made a most determined and fierce attack on the right of the Sixth Corps. The division on the right of NEIL'S Brigade gave way, and the Second Division bore for a long time the brunt of the battle.

"At the first attack, and while rushing to the front to place his regiment in the most favorable position, Col. WILSON was wounded, and the rebels charged completely over him—for awhile gaining ground. The Second Division rallying, drove

the enemy from the position, recovering the person of their beloved commander.

“It was found that the right knee was shattered by a rifle ball, and he was immediately carried some three miles to the rear to the Fifth Corps hospital—the enemy having in his temporary march cut off communication with the Sixth Corps field hospital. At ten A. M. the following day the surgeons decided that amputation might perhaps save the Colonel's life, and the limb was amputated. As he was carried from the operating table and laid beside Lieut. Col. FRYER, the latter said: ‘I am sorry, Colonel.’ The heroic answer was: ‘Major, it is all for the old flag.’

“About an hour after the operation, the Colonel was seized with a violent pain in the left side, which continued to increase in violence until about twenty minutes after three. This violent pain seemed to be the direct cause of his death, which took place at about half past three. His last words were addressed to his faithful attendant, MOON, and were these: ‘I can't stand it.’

“That evening the whole army train, with the wounded, was to go to Rappahannock Station, but the enemy being reported at the fords of the Rapidan the destination was changed, and for some time it was uncertain where they were to go.

“Sergeant SWEENEY of Company A, attached to the ammunition and supply trains of the Artillery Brigade, Sixth Corps, did his best to bring off the body of Colonel WILSON. For some time he was enabled to carry the body, which had been carefully wrapped in blankets, but at about ten o'clock the medical director ordered the body to be buried, which was done.

“The grave was marked with a simple head-board, and in order to identify the spot a rifle was buried in the same grave.”

Extract of a letter written to Mrs. WILSON by WILLIAM MOON:

“As soon as I found out that the Colonel was wounded, I went to the hospital where he was. I saw him on a table under the influence of chloroform. After his limb was amputated, he revived; I went to him, and he said he wanted me to stay with him. After that they removed him to the tent where Major FRYER was. We made a bed beside him for the Colonel. He

seemed to feel pretty well until about half past two, when he was taken with a pain in his left side. I went to the surgeon and told him, and he gave me a mustard plaster to put on his side. That did not ease the pain, and I went and told the surgeon and he came himself to see him, and he gave him a pill, but nothing could ease that pain. Just before he died he took my hand in his, and said: 'MOON, I can't stand it.' Those were the last words he said; he died very easy. I think if any man went to heaven he did."

When the gentleman who went to bring home the remains arrived at the scene of the conflict the ground was in possession of the enemy, as our forces, with the wounded, had withdrawn to Fredericksburg. He was well acquainted with the country about there, and procured a flag of truce from Gen. MEADE that he might bring off Col. WILSON's body. The rebels refused to acknowledge a flag of truce from any other officer than Gen. GRANT. It was procured, and he was enabled to find the grave and bring away the body in safety.

The remains reached Albany on Wednesday, May 25th. The funeral took place on the following Sunday, May 29th.

To appreciate the services of this distinguished officer, we need only trace the history of the Forty-third Regiment that was fired with his zeal and animated by his patriotic enthusiasm.

The regiment left Albany for Washington, Sept. 16th, 1861. It was mustered into the United States service Sept 22d, 1861, and was, by orders of the War Department, attached to the brigade commanded by Brig. Gen. W. S. HANCOCK, SMITH's Division. It took part in all the movements of the Army of the Potomac, from Centreville, *via* Alexandria, to Fortress Monroe and the Peninsula, arriving in front of the rebel works, at Lee's Mills, April 5th, 1862. April 16th it supported the batteries of the division in their spirited attack on the rebel works, losing one man wounded. April 28th it covered a working party beyond the picket line; skirmished with the enemy for an hour and a half, losing one man killed, one officer and eleven men wounded. On the withdrawal of the army from the front of Richmond, the Forty-third held the extreme right of the line of the Chicka-

hominy, thrice repulsing the famous Eighth Georgia Regiment, and holding the ground until after dark, contributing greatly to the successful withdrawal of PORTER across the river. It lost, in the action, forty-three men killed and wounded. Throughout the famous seven days' battles, and in the subsequent campaign of POPE before Washington, and McCLELLAN in Maryland, the regiment was present at every engagement from Golden Farm to Antietam. While at Harrison's Landing the old companies were consolidated into five, and five full companies were recruited and officered in Albany, N. Y., to fill the regiment to the required standard. These companies were mustered into the U. S. service Sept. 14th, 1862, and joined the old regiment in Maryland.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, where the regiment lost twelve men killed and wounded, it was deemed advisable to organize a Light Division for the most arduous duties. The Forty-third was one of the five regiments selected from the army to constitute the infantry force. At the battle of Fredericksburg, the Light Division carried the pontoons one mile and a quarter by hand and at night, completely surprising the enemy. When the first assaulting column on the morning of May 3d, had been repulsed in its attack upon Marye's Heights, the task of carrying this redoubtable position was entrusted to the Light Division. The colors of the Forty-third were the first planted upon their part of the works. The regiment captured in the charge two guns and seventy-five prisoners, pursuing the retreating enemy to Salem Heights, and the following night, together with the Sixth Maine regiment, repulsing a brigade of the enemy who attempted to cut off the retreat to Bank's Ford; losing in both actions, two hundred men and eleven officers. In the second Maryland campaign, the brigade to which the Forty-third was attached, marched thirty-two miles in twenty-four hours. July 2d, 1863, it reached Gettysburg to take part in that battle; drove back the enemy's skirmishers on the extreme right and established a line, which was held until the close of the engagement, losing one officer and two privates killed. In the subsequent movements to the Rapidan, the regiment bore its share of the dangers and hardships. On the occasion of the brilliant affair at Rappahannock,

resulting in the capture of four guns, two brigades of infantry and eight battle flags, the Forty-third drove the enemy's skirmishers on the extreme right, procuring a position for artillery, and preventing the escape of any part of the force up the river, thus contributing to the completeness of the victory. The loss in the action was four men killed and six wounded.

After the Chancellorsville campaign the Light Division was discontinued and the regiment was assigned to the Third Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps, in which it subsequently served.

Col. WILSON, during his whole connection with the regiment, was never absent from it at the time of an engagement, and passed through the following battles: Lee's Mills, April 29th, 1862; Warwick Creek, April 30th, 1862; Siege of Yorktown, 1862; Golden's Farm, June 27th, 1862; Seven days' battles, 1862; Antietam, Sept. 17th, 1862; Fredericksburg, Dec. 12th, 13th, 14th, 1862; Marye's Heights, May 3d, 1863; Salem Church, May 3d, 4th, 1863; Bank's Ford, May 4th, 1863; Fredericksburg, June 5th, 1863; Gettysburg, July 2d, 3d, 1863; Rappahannock Station, Nov. 7th, 1863; Locust Grove, Nov. 27th, 1863; Mine Run, Nov. 29th, 1863; Wilderness, May 5th and 6th, 1864.

He was in the service of the United States from August 3d, 1861, till the time of his death, May 7th, 1864.

Each of these names and dates is radiant with the valor, the pure patriotism and the iron energy of our departed hero. Could we give the minute details of the part he bore in these successive bloody scenes—could we depict his thousand acts of bravery, of self-sacrifice, and of devotion to his country's cause, the history would present one of the most brilliant records of the war.

Of this remarkable regiment and its gallant officers, the Albany Knickerbocker thus speaks, under date of May 17th, 1864.

FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT — THEIR GALLANTRY — HOW COL. WILSON
AND MAJOR WALLACE WERE KILLED.

"Few regiments engaged in the recent desperate conflicts at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House suffered more severely, or accomplished more brilliant achievements than the gallant old Forty-third. Its previous record was a proud one,

but its late daring demonstrations climax anything heretofore undertaken by the noble boys. Capt. WM. THOMPSON, of Company II, is now in the city suffering from a severe wound in the foot, which he sustained the first day while in charge of a picket line. From him we learn some of the actions of the regiment during the fight, and also how his gallant Colonel and Major met their deaths.

“The Forty-third Regiment was in NEIL’S Brigade, which was deployed to the front as skirmishers on the first day, supported by SEYMOUR’S Brigade. On that occasion the regiment lost only four men. On the second day the regiment was formed in line of battle for a charge on the enemy, who were undertaking to execute a flank movement on the Forty-third. Col. WILSON seeing this, gave the order: ‘Charge front to rear on eighth company;’ and the order was no sooner uttered than he received the fatal wound. He was carried from the field by a couple of his men, when amputation was resorted to, and he died from the effects. His only words were: ‘I care not for myself, but my poor mother.’

“About an hour subsequent to Col. WILSON being shot, Major WALLACE, who was in charge of his old company, was killed. This company lost all but one man, THOMAS KELLY, of Canal street, in killed, wounded, or missing. The command now devolved upon Lieut. Col. FRYER, who led the regiment in the charge. They carried everything before them until they reached the rifle pits of the enemy, into which they charged in a terrific manner. CHRISTOPHER HACKETT, the color-bearer, was seen to plant the colors on the enemy’s works, but neither he nor the colors were seen afterwards, and both are supposed to be captured. He was a brother of Miss HACKETT, the celebrated singer. Two rebel colors were captured by the Forty-third; one of these was in the hands of Capt. BURHANS, who was carrying it off, when he himself was captured and taken off a prisoner.

“It was while superintending all these noble deeds that Lieut. Col. FRYER received his mortal wounds, and from which he has since died. The regiment lost all its field officers—killed. All the line officers who entered the fight were either killed, wounded,

or missing, save Capt. VISSCHER and Lieut. REID. The regiment went in with about four hundred men, and came out with eighty-six. This is a record that few regiments can show, and one of which our citizens and country should feel proud."

The bereaved family of the departed Christian soldier were consoled by several touching letters from friends, and testimonials to the worth of Col. WILSON. The following is from Prof. MURRAY, of Rutgers's College, formerly Principal of the Albany Academy:

Mrs. WILSON:

My Dear Madam—You ask me to write down my recollections of your son, JOHN WILSON, late Colonel of the Forty-third regiment of New York Volunteers. The task you ask me to perform would be a delightful one, were it not that it recalls the memory of his sad fate, and the irreparable loss which you and all of us have sustained. Recollection travels backward, in the reverse order from the march of events, and gathers up first the scenes which last transpired. And now while I sit here, trying to collect together the broken fragments which my memory retains of his life and character, the first picture which presents itself is one which I saw in April, 1864.

I was making a brief visit to my friend, Gen. PATRICK, in the Army of the Potomac, which then lay in its winter quarters on the south side of the Rappahannock river. It was just prior to the opening of the campaign toward Richmond, which resulted a few weeks later in those terrible battles of the Wilderness, in which so many gallant men, and Col. WILSON among the number, lost their lives. I remember that upon the one day of sunshine, out of the rainy ones I spent in camp, I rode out with Gen. PATRICK on a brief tour of observation. A young officer from the west, whose name had scarcely been heard in the Army of the Potomac, had just come to assume command of the cavalry corps. My friend called to pay his respects, and we saw for the first time Gen. SHERIDAN, whose name has since been heard in every civilized land.

We visited the head-quarters of the Sixth Corps, then under the command of that prince of corps commanders, Gen. SEDGWICK, whom the soldiers fondly called "Uncle JOHN." As we rode away from Gen. SEDGWICK's head-quarters, I remember turning to Gen. PATRICK and saying: "General, I have been looking all day for fortifications, where are they?" "There they are," said he, pointing to an opposite eminence, on which a regiment was going through its evolutions. "Where," I repeated. "There, those fellows in blue, they are our fortifications." As we rode past this regiment, its commander galloped up to us. It was Col. WILSON, and this regiment was the Forty-third New York. He took me into his tent, and we enjoyed a delightful chat on our common friends, and on matters of common interest in Albany.

The Albany Bazaar had just closed its triumphant career, and I remember with what delight he showed me the photographs, illustrative of its scenes, which you had sent him. And as he talked there of the dangers through which he had passed in the war with his regiment, and spoke so bravely and hopefully of the coming campaign, which they all knew would be a desperate one, I thought then, and I think now, that I never had seen a more noble, gallant looking officer. And when a few weeks later I heard of his death, it was one of the saddest of the many tales of sorrow which came to my ears at that terrible time.

My recollections of Col. WILSON, at the Albany Academy, are of the most pleasing description. I remember him as a bright little lad, when I first came to the Academy. I believe he had already been a student there several years before that time. Indeed, I suppose his education was begun as well as finished at this institution. His classical training was chiefly conducted under Prof. MILLER, and was, as you may be well assured, extensive and thorough.

Among a class of young men, whose classical reading extended to the Greek tragedies, and included selections from all the principal Greek and Latin authors which are read in college, he was selected as entitled to the VAN RENSSELAER classical medal; and what was very unusual, he was in the same year the recipient of the CALDWELL medal for superior proficiency in mathematics.

As a student, he was a universal favorite with teachers and pupils. He had a manly independence about him which commanded respect. He was diligent and persistent in his duties as a student, not easily discouraged, not easily elated, indeed, but working on with a steady purpose and a persevering temper. There were among his compeers young men more brilliant in particular branches, and who acquired with less labor; but there were few who, in a happy balance of faculties, and in careful habits of application, were in the race of scholarship more likely to succeed. He had a natural shrinking from prominence and publicity, and hence I think his more public duties of declamation and speaking at exhibitions, were always distasteful to him.

There were as his cotemporaries in the Academy an unusual number of young men whose character and attainments were notable. I could name many, a little older than himself, and many of about his own age, who have already attained in business and professional life, positions of great usefulness and promise. There seemed to be a tone of manliness and earnestness pervading these young men, even during their academic career, which enabled one to prophecy their future integrity and success.

And yet it is sad for me, when I look at this brilliant array of young men, who were cotemporaries of Col. WILSON in the Academy, to see how many have already been cut off. JOHN H. MEADS, memorable to all who knew him for the loveliness of his person and character; ORLANDO MEADS, JR., his brother; HEBER SMITH, who perished in the war; RICHARD M. STRONG, another costly sacrifice; EDWARD D. WAIT, JAMES H. BOGART, WILLIAM H. POILMAN, ALEXANDER B. McDOUAL, all were his contemporaries, and all are dead. All of them had the brightest prospects in life; they had friends who loved them; they had careers of usefulness opening up before them; and yet all, in their early manhood, have been cut off. To those who, like Col. WILSON, gave their lives for their country, we all owe a lasting debt of gratitude; and it cannot but be a consolatory reflection, even in this great sorrow, and under the sense of your irreparable loss,

that his life was sacrificed in his country's cause, and that all posterity will bless his memory.

With the kindest regards,

I am your obedient servant,

DAVID MURRAY.

RUTGERS COLLEGE, NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., *March 3, 1865.*

The following letter is from the warm heart of a loving friend:

NEW ORLEANS, *June 24, 1864.*

My Dear Mrs. WILSON—I think that I have never felt the utter inadequacy of words to express emotions as I have felt them since the sad news reached me of your terrible bereavement—of your almost second widowhood—in the loss of your noble son.

Terribly crushing, I know, the blow must have been on yourself and your dear daughters, who had every opportunity to know his excellence and appreciate his value, and could rejoice that he was your own son and brother; for I have not myself been yet able, to control my emotions, when alluding to him whom I had learned to love so much. From his early youth I had watched with delight the gradual, but sure development of all those qualities of mind and physical elements which made him so nearly a perfect man. For more than two years past JOHN WILSON had been, to my mind, the type of manly beauty in its full development, while his mind and soul were of the character to intensify the admiration and deepen the regard which observation of him in previous years had caused me to feel for him.

It has been to many, I doubt not, as it was to myself at times, cause for surprise that JOHN should have felt it to be his duty to leave the dear ones at home to do battle for his country and the maintenance of the Right; but those who knew him best do best know that it was probably the very strength of the temptation to remain at home, and the strong reasons that could be urged in its behalf, that caused him the more determinedly to resist it, from a conviction that all had a duty to discharge in this terrible struggle, and he became—

“More brave for this, that he had much to love.”

He, more nearly than any man whom I have ever known so well, was described in these lines of WORDSWORTH :

“ Whom neither shape of danger could dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stood fast,
Looked forward, *persevering to the last*;
From well to better, daily self surpassed,
Found comfort battling in a righteous cause,
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven’s applause.”

No purer life, no braver soul, no more manly form, no more constant heart has been offered up since the commencement of this struggle than him whose loss we mourn.

“ He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow,” is the touching description given by the evangelist in the case of the young man of Nain, when his body was met by the Saviour; and how often have these words rung in my ears even while your son was living, as I trembled in apprehension of the result, and realized how much of the happiness of the circle at home depended on the preservation of his life. Trembled, too, because I knew he was not the man to save himself from any exposure, for he had deliberately chosen his position, and from it, no consideration of personal danger could for a moment swerve him.

“ I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me,” said the Psalmist when mourning the loss of a beloved child, and this thought will be your consolation in this your hour of deep affliction. In the beautiful words of Bishop Heber:

“ Wake not, O mother! sounds of lamentation!
Weep not, O widow! weep not hopelessly!
Strong is His arm, the Bringer of Salvation,
Strong is the word of God to succor thee.”

May God enable you constantly to repose in the confident faith that “ He doeth all things well.” For His own wise purpose He has used the young life of your beloved son, so that it has been of more value, than the combined lives of thousands, who have sluggishly plodded out their three score and ten.

“Men live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
 In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best,
 And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest.
 Life is but a means unto an end; that end,
 Beginning, mean and end to all things—God.

Judged by this, the only true test, your son was not cut off with his labor unperformed, but with every duty discharged, and his life-work done.

What a precious consolation you must experience as you now reflect that your dear son had early given himself to Jesus, and that, during the remaining years of your pilgrimage, you can look forward, in the full assurance of faith, to the time that you shall join the company of the redeemed ones and receive the welcome of husband and children gone before—part of your inestimable “treasures in Heaven.”

“And when the Lord shall summon us
 Whom thou hast left behind,
 May we, untainted by the world,
 As sure a welcome find.

“May each, like thee, depart in peace,
 To be a glorious guest
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.”

That such may be the happy lot of each and all of us, through the mercy and merits of Christ, I earnestly hope and pray; and that God may vouchsafe to you and your dear ones the consolations of His Holy Spirit, leading you in the green pastures, and by the still waters of his grace, and enabling you, though you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, to fear no evil, but to find Him with you, and his rod and staff to comfort and support you; that you may find him a very present help in every time of need, is the earnest prayer of

Most sincerely your friend,

WM. RICHARDSON.

Mrs. ANN WILSON, Albany, N. Y.

The following is a most valuable testimonial to the Colonel's Christian character:

SOUTH DEDHAM, MASS., *May* 22, 1864.

My dear Mrs. WILSON—I have learned through the papers of your sad bereavement, and though I know that no earthly hand can bring relief from so overwhelming a sorrow, yet I thought that a little comfort might be found for you in the words of sympathy, and of testimony to the Christian character of your dear son, which I could speak.

Sometimes there is fear in the minds of Christian friends at home, lest their friends may not maintain their religious character amidst the temptations of army life; and when they are taken away from us, the one source of consolation is in the assurance that they were ready for the great change which has passed upon them. But I can testify, as no one else perhaps is able to do, that JOHN WILSON *maintained in the army a worthy Christian character*, that he did not yield to its temptations, but that he was as good a soldier of Jesus Christ as he was of his country, and this is saying a great deal for one who was looked up to as the "best field officer in the brigade."

I have not yet learned the particulars of his death, but in relation to this subject I do not need to ask them, for I know how he *lived*; I know his faith in God; I know his tender conscience; I know his noble heart, and everybody in the circle of his army acquaintance knew his spotless life.

I am not mentioning these things for the sake of praising him—that will not be lacking from other lips and hands—but that you, who are so deeply afflicted in his loss, may, with the greater confidence, apply to him the words of inspiration: "Say ye to the righteous it shall be well with him."

I have, since his death, thought of a hundred incidents and habits connected with my intercourse with him, while Chaplain of the regiment, and of one with peculiar pleasure: Whenever we were on the march or in line of battle on Sunday, when no religious services were practicable, he used always to say to me at some time when we halted, "Come, Chaplain, read to the Major and me a chapter or two in the bible," and those little Sunday

bible readings are among the most pleasant memories of our intercourse.

He always stood by my side when we had preaching, and his voice was always heard in the song of praise to God at our meetings. No one who knew him there will doubt that he honored his Christian profession, and had a great influence for good with the men of the regiment.

We think and talk a great deal of you all, and very much desire to see you. It is the sweetest thought we have in such sorrow, that the parting is not to be long, and that we shall all soon be together at God's right hand.

Your friend,

C. OSBORN.

Let me add the following merited tribute from the Common Council of the city of Albany:

ALBANY, *May* 17, 1864.

At a regular meeting of the Common Council, held at their rooms this day, His Honor the Mayor announced to the board the death of Col. JOHN WILSON, as follows:

Gentlemen of the Common Council:

The sad events of this war have taken from our midst another brave, devoted and gallant soldier, whom we were wont to meet in fraternal relations. It has pleased God, in his mysterious providence, to remove by death our much esteemed fellow citizen, Col. JOHN WILSON, of the Forty-third Regiment New York State Volunteers, who died from the effects of wounds received while gallantly charging the enemy's works at the recent battle of the Wilderness, in Virginia, thus adding another name to the already long list of Albany's noble sons who have laid their lives a voluntary sacrifice upon the altar of our country; therefore,

Resolved, That we recognize in Col. WILSON a young man of the rarest excellence of character, whose gentlemanly deportment, unassuming manners and social virtues endeared him to all who shared his acquaintance, and who, although surrounded by all the endearments of a most pleasant home, hesitated not, when his country called, to sacrifice every personal interest, sever

every endearing tie, and exchange the comforts of a happy home for the hardships of the tented field.

Resolved, That his was no ordinary sacrifice. That those who knew his circumstances and relations in life best, can not but appreciate the pure, unselfish, devoted patriotism that prompted him to enter upon a career where, personally, he had everything to lose and nothing to gain.

Resolved, That in his death our country has lost one of her most earnest, faithful defenders, our city one of its brightest ornaments, and his family a most dutiful son and loving brother.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved family in their severe affliction, and while we share with them the sorrow, we may also share the abiding consolation that the loss to us of one so noble, pure and virtuous, can not be other than his eternal gain.

Resolved, That to his remains and memory are eminently due the highest respect that a city can pay to her most valiant sons.

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to make all necessary arrangements for the funeral of the lamented Colonel WILSON, on the day to be appointed after the arrival of his remains, and that the members of the Common Council will attend his funeral in a body, and wear the usual badge of mourning.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be signed by the Mayor and Clerk, and sent to the family of the deceased.

The above preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, and MESSRS. AMSDELL, JOHNSON, TRACEY, JUDSON and BANCROFT appointed the committee.

MARTIN DELAHANTY,
Clerk of Common Council.

VII.

COL. MICHAEL K. BRYAN

THIS able and distinguished officer was born in the county of Cork, Ireland, in the year 1820. He was the son of DAVID BRYAN and MARY KIRK BRYAN, who emigrated to this country in the year 1827, and settled in Albany, N. Y., where the family has since resided.

The father of Col. BRYAN died many years since, noted for his integrity and industry, but left only a good name to his children. His mother was the daughter of Capt. JOHN KIRK, who owned and commanded a merchant vessel, and like most of his family, followed the sea. She still resides at Albany with her daughter-in-law, the widow of Col. BRYAN, a most worthy and enterprising woman, who, upon the death of her husband, was left with four children.

Col. BRYAN spent his boyhood in Albany, where he received a limited education in the schools of the city. He, however, greatly improved himself in after years by devoting his leisure hours to the cultivation of his mind. He entered into the employ of his cousin, Col. JOHN McCARDEL, of Albany, as a clerk, at the age of fifteen, and remained most of the time with him in that capacity till 1853, when he, through the assistance of his late employer, commenced business for himself. He became the proprietor of a restaurant and hotel in Albany, in which business he continued till his entrance into the service of the government in 1861.

From his youth, he was always a member of some military organization. About the year 1850, he was chosen Captain of the Albany Worth Guards, which company he commanded for several years. By his skill and perseverance, he brought them

to a high state of discipline, when he was promoted to the office of Major of the Twenty-fifth Regiment New York Militia. Shortly after he was chosen to fill the office of Lieutenant Colonel, and finally Colonel of this famous regiment, which, under his command, became the most efficient and best disciplined regiment of the State, outside of New York city.

When Fort Sumter was fired upon in April, 1861, he was at the head of this organization; and on the 21st of April, 1861, at eleven o'clock, P. M., the order reached him in his place of business, from Gov. MORGAN, to at once proceed with his regiment to Washington, D. C. He summoned his officers to his quarters at midnight and issued his orders, and at eight o'clock A. M., the next morning, the regiment was in line, ready to take the Hudson River railroad cars to New York.

This memorable morning of the 22d of April, found many of the members of the regiment in the workshop. When the order reached them they rushed to the armory, put on their uniforms, and took their places in the ranks. A majority of them were laborers and mechanics; they were also husbands and fathers, with those as dear to them as life, and dependent upon them for support. Their wives and children only had time to bid them "good bye" at the armory of the regiment; many of them not having had time to go from their workshops to their homes, before the regiment was to move.

About one o'clock the Twenty-fifth Regiment, under command of Col. BRYAN, left the armory and were escorted to the Hudson River ferry boat by the entire fire department of the city, under command of Chief Engineer McQUADE, and Company B, Capt. AINSWORTH. The march through Eagle, State street and Broadway was a complete ovation. The streets were densely packed with human beings, and the houses and house-tops were lined with our citizens. Cheer after cheer rent the air, and at times the wildest excitement pervaded the dense assemblage. From the windows the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, while from the tops of houses guns and pistols were fired, amid the vociferous cheers of the spectators. The regiment, on their march to the cars, halted in front of Stanwix Hall, on Broadway, for the pur-

pose of receiving their flag from Mrs. Mayor THACHER. The street was densely crowded, and after quietness had been restored, Mayor THACHER came forward and spoke as follows:

“*Col. BRYAN, Officers and Soldiers of the 25th Regiment:*

“Mrs. THACHER requests me to convey her compliments to the regiment, and to say to you, that she presents you this banner as a token of her appreciation of your high character as soldiers, and as an incitement to noble and heroic deeds. She bids you bear it to the war, to watch it in the hour of battle as the emblem of all that is dear to us as citizens and patriots. Never let it go down, as long as a single man in the regiment shall survive. Should a kind Providence spare you to return, we shall expect you to bring it with you. Bring it though it may be riddled with balls, but let it never come back to us polluted by the touch of a traitor’s hand.

“Remember, soldiers, that the dear ones you leave at home—your wives, your children, your sisters, your brothers and friends are to share in your glory or disgrace. They weep at your departure. They will pray for you while absent; but should you turn your back upon that flag or allow it to trail in the dust through cowardice, they will spurn you forever.

“Farewell, then, noble patriots, farewell. God bless you. Should any of you fall in battle, we will revere your memory and testify our gratitude by caring for and comforting the dear ones who, above all, will mourn your loss. Again we say, farewell.”

Upon Mrs. Thacher delivering the flag over into the hands of the standard-bearer, the band struck up the “Star-Spangled Banner,” amid the vociferous cheers of the vast multitude. Colonel BRYAN, in behalf of the regiment, accepted the flag and made the following reply:

“*Mr. Mayor*—When, on the 22d of February last, the regiment paraded in their new uniforms, with which the men had equipped themselves at their own expense, and which now enables them to promptly respond to their country’s call, they may have expected to receive some such mark of esteem and regard from their friends. But little did they think that it would occur

on such an occasion as this. The regiment was early in volunteering, but is called away with unexpected suddenness, and many are unprepared except at heart. It was only last night that the order for the departure of the regiment to-day was given, and it was received too late to make it generally known until this morning; and many left their workshops in their working clothes to respond.

“A number are without uniforms, but all have good muskets and stout hearts, and they will do whatever may become men in their country's service. In their behalf, I accept this beautiful flag, promising that wherever they go it shall go, whether on the battlefield or elsewhere; carried forward and upheld by the strong arms of men, who will feel that in preserving it untarnished by dishonor they will be doing good service in the most sacred cause.

“For the sake of their own reputation—for the sake of the esteem of their fellow-citizens—for the love of those nearest and dearest to them, and in the performance of that duty which every loyal citizen owes to the most glorious country in the world, the regiment will, to the utmost of their ability, and with all their hearts, protect these colors from insult and tarnish.

“And now permit me, your honor, to observe that the men under my command have been called away from their homes very suddenly. Many of them have families that are dependent on their daily labor for the comforts and necessities of life. Thus suddenly ordered away, they have been unable to make such provision for them as the love of husband, father, brother, or son dictate. They are compelled to appeal to their fellow-citizens, those who will remain at home, to see to it that they are not permitted to want. It is not weakness to say that it is hard to part with our wives and our dear little ones; but an imperative duty calls, and much, indeed all, of sadness on our part will vanish, under the assurance that, although absent, those we love most dearly will have kind and generous-hearted friends ever ready to cheer and aid them.

“With this assurance, your honor, the Twenty-fifth will march at the tap of the drum, wherever duty calls, in the service of

their country, with light hearts and a determination to win victory for themselves, peace for their country, and honor for the city of their homes.

“We venture our lives in this cause, and ask in return that you who have fortunes, will risk those fortunes in sustaining us and ours.”

Immediately after the presentation of the flag, the regiment resumed their line of march, and as they flanked into Maiden Lane the wildest excitement ensued. Cheer after cheer reverberated through the street, and the soldiers left the city amid the booming of artillery. They proceeded, by railroad, to New York; thence by water to Annapolis, Md.; and thence to Washington by land. They arrived on the 27th day of April, 1861, the fifth militia regiment that reached the National Capital, after the breaking out of the rebellion.

Col. BRYAN at once reported to General SCOTT, who assigned his regiment to duty. He was received with much favor and respect by President LINCOLN, who visited every company in this command, *and shook hands with every officer and private in the regiment.* On the 23d of May, Col. BRYAN was ordered to cross the Potomac into Virginia. At midnight he led his command across the long bridge at Washington, and marched to Arlington Heights. His regiment first took possession of the spot where Fort Albany now stands, on the morning of the 24th of May, 1861. There they built that structure, and named it for their own home.

Col. BRYAN's command that morning captured a portion of the rebel pickets, the first prisoners taken in eastern Virginia after the breaking out of the war. Col. BRYAN remained with his command at Fort Albany till the expiration of the term of three months, when, on the first of August, he returned to Albany and was mustered out of service with his regiment. During this short term of service he repeatedly received the highest commendations from his superior officers.

Again, in 1862, he was ordered, on the last of June, to proceed at once to Virginia with the Twenty-fifth Regiment New York Militia. He was stationed with his command during this

three months' term of service, at Suffolk, Va., where he was assigned to the performance of outpost and picket duty in that Department. On the 1st of September, 1862, he left Suffolk, Va., with his command, and also with the Thirteenth New York Militia, who were on the way to New York city, he having been designated as commanding officer of the two regiments till they should reach New York.

At Norfolk he embarked with his command (the Twenty-fifth and Thirteenth New York Militia) on board the steamship *Baltic*, and started for New York. When the ship had proceeded about one hundred and fifty miles, she struck a shoal about four o'clock, P. M., and was stranded fast on the ground. She had fifteen hundred men on board, and was fifty-six miles from land, with night almost upon them. The position was one of great peril.

All the efforts of the Captain of the ship and his crew to get the vessel off proved unavailing. When it was about dark, Captain COMSTOCK, the commander of the vessel, announced to the Colonel that they were in great danger, and without hope of extricating the ship that night, and that the only course left was to try to get word to some other vessels to come and assist them and take off the men. The alarm gun was fired, and the signal of distress given, when, finally, a schooner came in sight, and took off as many men as she could carry, which was about five hundred.

The vessel and the rest of the command remained all night, without being able to obtain any further assistance. Everything was thrown overboard to lighten the vessel, and the pumps were worked all night, as the water was coming in fast. The next day, about noon, another vessel came in sight, and about eight hundred more of the troops were taken off the "*Baltic*." The Colonel and about fifty of his own men, with the Captain of the ship and crew, were all that were left on the ship. Night was coming on, and no more could be taken off by the second vessel that came to the rescue of the "*Baltic*." Col. BRYAN, though urged to leave the ship, said: "No; I will not leave as long as one of my men is left on this ship!"

The reader can imagine the great difficulty of disembarking

from one ship to another, without the least accident, so many men, unaccustomed to the ocean, and thus suddenly thrown into the greatest excitement and peril. During all this time the Colonel was the commanding officer on board of all the troops, about fourteen hundred, and by his coolness and judgment he succeeded in maintaining the most perfect order and discipline among the men. All seemed to repose in him with entire confidence. After the ship had been lightened of all its freight and passengers, except the Captain, crew and about fifty of the troops, she was finally got off the shoal. The Captain of the ship gave to Col. BRYAN the following letter of thanks, after the rescue of his ship and the men from the threatening danger:

STEAMSHIP "BALTIC," *Sept. 2, 1862.*

Sir—I can not allow you to leave my ship without expressing to you my warmest thanks for the able and efficient services rendered by yourself, your officers and men, during the perilous condition of the ship the last twenty-four hours. The ready, quiet and prompt action with which my every wish was obeyed, and their coolness in the hour of danger, bespeaks the high state of discipline your regiments have attained.

With respect, I am your obedient servant,

JOS. J. COMSTOCK.

To Col. BRYAN, *of the 25th N. Y. M., Commanding, &c.*

In response to the above, Col. BRYAN issued the following order:

HEAD QUARTERS ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP "BALTIC," }
September 3, 1862. }

GENERAL ORDERS No. 4. The commandant, in General Orders, desires to express to the officers and men of the Thirteenth and Twenty-fifth Regiments New York Militia, his sincere and earnest thanks, for the noble manner in which they conducted themselves throughout the perilous hours while this splendid ship was cast, away and disabled on Winter Quarter Shoals. Such conduct is worthy of all praise.

The commandant also desires to express what he knows to be the feeling of every one of his command, the most earnest thanks to Capt. Jos. J. COMSTOCK for the cool, able, and judicious management of his ship, that, under the mercy of an overruling Providence, saved his vessel and all the souls committed to his charge.

The commandant, trusting that all who were separated by this disaster may safely come back again, with a grateful heart takes leave of all outside of his immediate command, and will ever hold them in remembrance as officers and men worthy of his esteem, and the highest regard of their fellow-citizens.

By command of Col. M. K. BRYAN.

J. M. KIMBALL, *Adjutant.*

In recording in this connection the name of Adjutant J. M. KIMBALL, we cannot suppress our strong desire to pay to him a passing tribute of our high esteem and warm gratitude for the services that he rendered in connection with this regiment, and during the perilous scenes through which it passed. We thank God that his life has been spared, and that he has returned to us to enjoy the blessing of that peace to which he, during the war, so patriotically and nobly contributed.

Gladly would we see a volume prepared and published to commemorate the lives and achievements of the living heroes whom a merciful God has spared to us; and in whose memories the details of their camp life, their battles and victories, are now fresh, and could be easily recorded.

To these men we owe a debt of gratitude as great as to those who have fallen—for they risked all for their country; and, equally with the departed, manifested the greatest bravery and the most enthusiastic devotion to the cause which they had espoused.

On Col. BRYAN's discharge from service and return to Albany, he at once proceeded to raise the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Regiment New York Volunteers, of which he was made Colonel.

In the early part of the winter of 1862 he was ordered to Louisiana, where he was engaged in several battles with the

enemy on his march up through the State to Port Hudson. He was ordered to take part in an attack on Port Hudson, La., on the 14th of June, 1863, on which day, while leading his regiment to the assault, he was wounded in the leg. He continued on his march, after binding a handkerchief around the wound, till he was struck with a grape-shot, which mortally wounded him, and he died on the field at the head of his command.

Thus lived and died Col. MICHAEL K. BRYAN. In private life, he was a good father and husband, and an affectionate and dutiful son. He was a member of the Catholic Church, and died in its faith. The Republic will not soon forget the fidelity of him and her other adopted children, who have shed their blood for the maintenance of her honor and unity.

At the time of the death of this noble patriot, there appeared in one of our papers a notice of him, from which we make the following extracts:

“Our citizens were startled on Saturday at the announcement that Col. M. K. BRYAN, Maj. JAMES H. BOGART and Capt. HENRY HULBURT, of this city, had fallen martyrs to the cause of the Union before Port Hudson, in the second attack on that stronghold on the 14th inst. Col. M. K. BRYAN, in command of the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Regiment N. Y. S. V., at the time of his death, was about forty years of age.

“Col. B. was one of the most accomplished military men we ever had in Albany. For twenty years past he devoted himself to the service with an energy and will, that won for him the respect and confidence of his fellow citizens. He held the position of private for several years, and went through all the non-commissioned offices, until he was elected to the command of the Worth Guards, which position he held with honor to himself and his command, until he was promoted to the Lieutenant Colonelcy of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, the lamented Col. FRISBY being then in command. When Col. FRISBY was appointed Brigadier General of militia, Col. B. was promoted to the Colonelcy of the regiment, and remained in command until his appointment to the Colonelcy of the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Regiment.

“When the rebellion first broke out, and Washington was threatened, in response to the call of the General Government for immediate aid, Col. BRYAN, with a patriotic ardor which all will remember, called his officers together, and the services of the Twenty-fifth were promptly tendered to Gov. MORGAN, who gladly accepted them. Col. B. and his men had not time even to arrange their business matters before orders were received for their departure. But they did not hesitate. They abandoned business, families, friends, and all, and hastened to the defence of the Capital. Arriving in Washington, they were hurried across the river to Arlington Heights, being one of the first regiments to march over the long bridge. They were directed to take position on the heights, which, at that time, was threatened by the rebels, and immediately commenced the erection of the fortification now known as Fort Albany, one of the most formidable and best constructed earthworks in the vicinity of Washington. The regiment remained on the heights until the expiration of its term of service, and then returned home, not having been engaged in battle, but rendering most valuable services to the country during its three months absence.

“When Washington was a second time threatened, and BANKS overpowered by superior numbers in the valley, another call was made for the militia of the State. The Twenty-fifth Regiment was in a disordered condition at the time, without uniforms, and with thinned ranks. Col. B. resolved in his own mind, after consultation with some of his officers, to again enter the field. He devoted his whole time and energies to filling up the ranks and placing the regiment on a war footing, and his indomitable perseverance was crowned with success, for in a few days after orders were received, he left town at the head of nearly six hundred men, and proceeded to Fortress Monroe, and from thence to Suffolk, Va., where the regiment remained for three months, and for the services rendered by it, received the highest commendations of the General commanding.

“After returning home, Col. BRYAN devoted himself to the reorganization of the regiment, and was engaged in this work, when Col. CORCORAN announced his purpose to raise a brigade,

having received the consent of the War Department to do so. Col. BRYAN, deeming it his duty to again enter the service, having received a request from Gen. CORCORAN to take command of a regiment, promptly accepted the proposition, and again gave himself up wholly to the patriotic work. Those who knew the man best, and how unceasingly he labored to fill up his command, will bear willing testimony to his zeal and energy in behalf of the great cause of the Union. After his regiment was fully organized, he received orders to report to Fortress Monroe, and from thence went to New Orleans, having been detached from the brigade. Of the services performed by him in command of his regiment, during the Louisiana campaign, it is not necessary we should speak in detail. It is sufficient to say, that he was always at his post, performing his duty to the satisfaction of his superior officers, and enjoying the entire confidence of his subordinates. The manner of his death is stated in the following letter, written by Surgeon O'LEARY, of the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Regiment, to Reverend Father WADHAMS, of this city:

“ ‘NEW ORLEANS, *June 18, 1863.*

“ ‘Reverend Sir—It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of Col. M. K. BRYAN. He was killed in the engagement before Port Hudson, on Sunday morning, 14th instant. He received two shots; the first supposed to be a round shot, grazing the skin and fracturing both bones of the lower left leg; the second, a grape shell, mangling the flesh and bones of the right leg, below the knee. As near as I can learn, he lived about an hour after receiving his wounds. He seemed to feel conscious of his approaching end, and died like one going to sleep. I have just arrived in this city with his remains, and shall send them home at the earliest opportunity. Connected as I have been, for the last two years, with the military career of the departed, it was a crushing blow to see him laid in the cold embrace of death. A nobler man never lived. A braver soldier never wielded a sword. A truer Christian never knelt before his Maker. He has left this earth of discord and strife, for the bright home of the saints and angels. Let us hope that his

reward will be great in Heaven. * * * May God have mercy on his poor family, and support them in this their dark hour of trial.

“ ‘ Believe me, dear Father, to be

“ ‘ Your very humble servant,

“ ‘ C. B. O’LEARY,

“ ‘ *Surgeon 175th Regt. N. Y. S. V.*’

“ Not one of those who were present at the residence of the gallant soldier, on the occasion of the presentation to him of his military outfit, on the eve of his departure for the seat of war, for a moment entertained the thought, that he would so soon surrender his life in battling for his adopted country, and its honor. They bade adieu to him with the full knowledge that wherever he might be assigned to duty he would distinguish himself. His devotion to the Union, and his willingness to fight for it, had been clearly demonstrated by the sacrifices he made when on two former occasions, he abandoned his family and his business and hurried to the scene of danger, to meet the foes of our distracted country and of liberty. If ever there was a pure patriot that man was Col. M. K. BRYAN. He was actuated by no mercenary or sordid motives, and his works speak louder than any words we can utter. Like his lamented friend and associate, his tutor, FRISBY, he felt that the country demanded his services, and he cheerfully gave them to aid in crushing out the accursed rebellion. Like the gallant FRISBY, he will be mourned by every Albanian, and the unbidden tears, as they trickled down the cheek of youth and the furrows of age, when the sad news was announced Saturday, were silent but expressive messengers of the deep sorrow that it occasioned. He died as a hero. His last breath was the faint utterance of the departing spirit for his country. His memory will be cherished with reverence by all who honor the brave and fearless soldier, living or dead, and his name shall be inscribed on that immortal tablet which bears the record of patriotic devotion to country.”

VIII.

COL. HENRY VAN RENSSELAER.

HENRY VAN RENSSELAER, the fourth son of the Hon. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, by his second wife, CORNELIA PATERSON, the daughter of Chief Justice PATERSON, of New Jersey, was born at the Manor House, Albany, May 14th, 1810.

His father and his ancestors, back to KILLIAN VAN RENSSELAER, who came to this country as early as 1642, bore the title of Patroon. This title is derived from the Latin *patronus*, and in the time of the Roman republic was used to denote a patrician, who enjoyed certain civil rights and privileges, and had a number of people under his protection. With the growth of the empire, the jurisdiction of a Patroon in some instances extended, so as to embrace whole cities and provinces. In Holland the title designated the proprietor of a large estate in lands, occupied and cultivated by tenants, and having connected with it many of the privileges of the ancient feudal system.

For over two centuries this title has been transmitted down to the present day, through the proprietor and representative of the VAN RENSSELAER estate; and I may add that of our public citizens none have surpassed those who have borne this title, in their zeal to establish upon this continent constitutional liberty, and maintain the authority of the Federal Government supreme over all manorial privileges, and State sovereignties.

Among those who fought zealously for the adoption of the Federal Constitution in this State, was the Hon. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, who was afterwards, in 1795, associated with the Hon. JOHN JAY in the government of the State of New York. Notwithstanding the strong personal interest in his native State, that his ancestral associations would naturally excite, still he had

the sagacity to see that there could be but one great nation upon this continent. He also had the patriotism to feel that in an hour of solicitude and trial like that, all personal aspirations should be laid upon the altar of the national life and prosperity.

The influences of HENRY'S home were such as to awaken in the youthful mind an admiration for those patriotic and private virtues which adorn human character, and which found so perfect an illustration in the lives of his parents.

When only seven years of age, he left home with his elder brother to attend Mr. McCULLOUGH'S boarding school, at Morristown, N. J., and went afterwards with the same brother to Dr. BENJAMIN ALLEN'S Academy, at Hyde Park. A few years later, it being then decided that he should enter the Academy at West Point, he was sent to begin his military education with Capt. PARTRIDGE, at Middletown. The pupils at this school, besides being instructed in the ordinary military exercises, were taught to prepare for the possible fatigues of a campaign by long pedestrian tours in different directions through the country, sometimes marching as much as thirty or forty miles a day. After leaving this school, Mr. VAN RENSSELAER held, for a short time, the honorary position of Aid to Gov. CLINTON, and at the age of seventeen entered the Military Academy at West Point. Here he first evinced a marked trait of character, which influenced him in after life—a strong, ever-present sense of duty, which would not permit the neglect of an obligation once assumed, and which enabled him to form and hold resolutely to the purpose of complying, in all respects, as far as possible, with what was required of him. His love of order, diligence of application, and fidelity to the most minute, as well as the more important details of duty, enabled him to pass through the four years discipline of the Academy without a single demerit.

Mr. VAN RENSSELAER did not remain long in the army, but having married in 1833 Miss ELIZABETH R. KING, daughter of the Hon. JOHN A. KING, of Jamaica, L. I., he moved to Ogdensburgh to assume the charge of his father's estates in St. Lawrence county; and in 1839, on the death of his father, became himself the proprietor. For some years he devoted himself exclusively

to the pursuits of agriculture, and to the discharge of the numerous duties pertaining to his position. He was always ready to assist, often to his own injury, in any enterprise that promised to promote the good of the community. Generous, almost to a fault, his hand was open alike to the calls of public and private charity. His poor neighbor found in him a sincere and willing friend, and the settlers upon his lands were treated with a uniform liberality and consideration, which won their respect and affection.

Mr. VAN RENSSELAER was, from the period of his marriage, a communicant in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and devotedly attached to its interests. He allowed nothing to interfere with what was not only a duty, but his highest pleasure, the service of God; and no inclemency of weather ever prevented his punctual attendance in the sanctuary. Simple and unostentatious in manner, with a natural reserve, which shrank from disclosing the communings of his inner life, he commanded universal respect as a pure Christian gentleman; one whose constant endeavor was "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God."

In 1841, Mr. VAN RENSSELAER was elected a member of the House of Representatives from his district, being the only Whig member ever elected by the same constituency. He served through three sessions of the Twenty-seventh Congress with his accustomed punctuality and diligence. But political life had few attractions for him, and he gladly returned to his happy home and ordinary occupations.

In the fall of 1855, he removed with his family to New York, intending in the future to pass the winter there and the summer at his home on the St. Lawrence. But soon after his departure, his house at Woodford, on which he had lavished all the improvements that a refined taste could suggest, and where he delighted to dispense an elegant and liberal hospitality, was destroyed by fire, and New York became his permanent residence. There he led for some years a quiet and retired life, yet always taking a deep interest in the political questions of the day, and watching, with the sorrow of one devoted to his country, the growth of prejudice and treason, which culminated in the great rebellion.

But when the fall of Fort Sumter fired the patriotism of the north, true to his early training as a soldier, and to his instincts as a patriot, he at once wrote to Gen. SCOTT, then in command of our forces in Washington, to ask for an opportunity as a soldier, educated by the nation, to take some part in the impending struggle. He received, in reply, a telegram saying, "We shall be glad to be aided by your presence;" and hastily completing the arrangements for his departure, he left New York on the 26th of April, 1861.

On reaching Washington, Gen. SCOTT received him immediately into his military family; and, with the rank of Colonel, made him chief of his staff. Of this position he faithfully and intelligently performed the duties, until the relinquishment by Gen. SCOTT, under the pressure of physical infirmities, of his high command. He was, during these months, the constant companion of the Lieutenant General, who recognized his moral worth, and appreciated the affectionate respect and consideration which he always received from him. Col. VAN RENSSELAER was an enthusiastic admirer of the old commander's personal character and military achievements, as may be seen from the following toast, which he proposed on the occasion of a dinner given by the staff officers to Gen. SCOTT on his birth day: "The hero of 1812, and the conqueror of Mexico: Whilst Niagara's thunder hymn is raised to heaven, his fame will not want a voice; and while Mexico's snow-covered Popocatepetl props the sky, his glory needs no monument."

It was the General's special request, when he resigned his position, that the gentlemen of his staff, who had rendered him and their country efficient service, should receive subsequent appointments suitable to their merits. And he was assured by the President that his desire should be gratified, and that, "except the unavoidable privation of his society, which they had so long enjoyed, the provision made for them would be such, as to render their situation as agreeable as it had been before."

Col. VAN RENSSELAER accompanied Gen. SCOTT to New York, and received from him, as he was on the point of sailing for

Europe, October 9th, 1861, an autograph note of farewell, as follows:

“Adieu, my dear Colonel VAN RENSSELAER. No General has ever had greater cause to be proud of his staff than I have had in you and my other dear friends—Cols. TOWNSEND, HAMILTON, CULLUM and WRIGHT—all dear friends.

“WINFIELD SCOTT.”

Upon the advice of Gen. SCOTT, Col. VAN RENSSELAER applied for the position of Inspector General in the regular army, and received his commission to that position, dating August 5th, 1861.

He was immediately ordered to make an inspection tour of the west, having his head-quarters at Cincinnati, and he visited, during the ensuing winter, most of the military posts of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Kansas.

In the spring of 1862, he received orders to report to Gen. McDOWELL, then in command of the Army of the Rappahannock, who was expected to take a prominent part, in coöperation with General McCLELLAN, in the movement upon Richmond. They occupied Manassas and Fredericksburg, and were in daily anticipation of a farther advance, hoping, if possible, to reach Richmond before the Army of the Potomac. But after remaining inactive for some months, they were ordered back for the protection of Washington.

In August, 1862, Col. VAN RENSSELAER was again ordered to Cincinnati, and the following summer, in addition to his other duties, was appointed president of a board for the examination of officers for colored regiments, a position which he filled at the time of his death. His courteous, genial manners, and kindly heart, won for him the confidence and esteem of all who were connected with him, and during his residence in Cincinnati, he formed many friendships which were an unfailing source of pleasure to him in his leisure hours, and an unspeakable consolation and solace during his last illness.

Owing to an attack of sickness, which rendered him unable to discharge his duties, and which was probably the first symptom of the insidious disease which several months later caused his

death, he obtained a leave of absence, dating December 21st, 1863, and hastened home to spend Christmas with his family, it being the first time since the beginning of the war that they had been together at that season. After several happy weeks, which seemed to restore him to his usual vigorous health, he returned to Cincinnati. But the separation from his family, the discomfort and loneliness of hotel life were peculiarly trying to his mind, already harassed by many cares, and the close confinement of his office exhausted his energies, until he had no strength left to struggle with the slow fever, which was gaining a fearful hold upon him. Yet, while contending against the double suffering of feverish days and sleepless nights, he could not be prevailed upon to neglect his official calls, which at that time were peculiarly urgent, or to apply for another furlough. And morning after morning found him seated at his desk, striving faithfully to fix his mind, then weakened by disease, for the business before him, until he was told by the attending surgeon that perfect rest and quiet were essential to his recovery.

On March 16th his wife received a telegram, advising her to come on, and although not apprehending any imminent danger, she hurried there at once. Her presence seemed the gratification of his only earthly desire, and, after listening to the many details of home news, with loving inquiries after all those nearest to his heart, he sank into a stupor, in which, with a few intervals of consciousness, he remained while life lasted.

In his last delirious moments his mind still ran upon the public interests which had so engrossed it—the state of the war, the condition of the troops, and his own unfinished work, with which were mingled words of advice and affection to the children, who could not be with him. There was also a precious, golden thread of higher thoughts, which showed where the mind instinctively turned for comfort, in the approach of death.

The clergyman whose church he attended in Cincinnati, and who was with him during his illness, gave a very touching account of some of his last interviews with him, and spoke of him with the utmost respect and affection, and as one whom he believed to be a sincere and humble follower of Christ.

During his lonely hours of suffering, the consciousness of a Saviour's love was to his fainting soul as the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and the gloom of death was brightened by the presence of Him who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Col. VAN RENSSELAER died on the evening of Wednesday, March 23d, 1864, at the Burnet House, Cincinnati. He was buried in the churchyard of Grace Church, Jamaica, L. I., on the following Sunday, Easterday, in the peaceful twilight, with only his children and nearest relatives around his grave.

He sleeps in the Easter hope, that "they who have been baptized into the death of Christ and buried with him, may at last through the grave and gate of death, pass to their joyful resurrection."

This is a simple record of the life of a Christian soldier. We cannot tell of battles fought, of deeds of heroism to command silent admiration; but he did what he could. In his country's first need, he was willing to go forth wherever he should be sent, to give counsel or to aid in the camp or the field; and he unhesitatingly sacrificed all the comfort and happiness of domestic life to the simple instinct of duty, the duty every loyal man owes to his country. Surely such a sacrifice, ending in that of life itself, entitles the departed to the gratitude of a nation and the admiration of posterity.

IX.

COL. LEWIS OWEN MORRIS.

COL. MORRIS was born in Albany, N. Y., August 14, 1824. Having descended from one of our oldest and most respectable families, he inherited not only the gentle qualities of his ancestors, but also the spirit of heroic self-sacrifice and noble patriotism for which, in the early history of our country, they were distinguished.

The first member of this family, LEWIS MORRIS, came to this country in the year 1672. He was a native of Monmouthshire, in Wales, and commanded a troop of horse in the Parliament against Charles I. Emigrating to the West Indies, he purchased a beautiful estate at the Barbadoes, and became a member of the Council. In the year 1654 an expedition was fitted out against the Spanish Possessions in these islands, and Cromwell sent to him a commission of Colonel. But when the British fleet arrived the year following, Mr. MORRIS prized his services so highly that he demanded a present of one hundred thousand weight of sugar to pay his debts before he would accompany the fleet. Accepting finally the commission, he was present at the reduction of Jamaica.

He came to New York in 1672, and settled at Broncksland, Westchester county; and soon after his arrival he obtained a patent for his plantation. From 1683 to 1686 he was a member of Gov. DOUGAN'S Council, and ended his days in 1691, at his plantation "over against Harlem," since known as the "manor of Morrisania."

LEWIS MORRIS, the great grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was one of the noble men who signed the Declaration of American Independence, and who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor in defence of their country.

His grandfather, Capt. STAATS MORRIS, eldest son of LEWIS MORRIS, served with distinguished valor under Gen. WAYNE towards the close of the Revolutionary War. A short time previous to this he had been united in marriage to a daughter of Gov. VAN BRAAM, of Holland, Governor General of the Dutch Possessions in India. This gentleman came to New York during the Revolution, and making this country his temporary residence, he became the personal friend and associate of the MORRISES and other distinguished men of the Revolution.

The father of Col. MORRIS was Major LEWIS NELSON MORRIS, a graduate of our Military Academy at West Point. It is recorded of him, that he was "a splendid man, a true soldier, an ardent patriot, and an elegant gentleman." He took an active part in the Black Hawk and Florida Wars, and for his gallantry was highly commended in official reports. He married a granddaughter of Dr. ELIAS WILLARD, Surgeon in the Army of the Revolution, whose wife was the daughter of Col. JOHN LIVINGSTON. JOHN was the brother of Col. JAMES LIVINGSTON, who commanded on the Hudson river below West Point at the time of ARNOLD's treason, and by whose vigilance and skill, ANDRE was captured.

On the 21st of June, 1846, while in command of the Third Regiment United States Infantry, and leading his men to the assault at Monterey, Mexico, Major MORRIS fell—having been shot through the heart by a bullet from the enemy. For bravery in the actions at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma he received the brevet of Major. So highly was he esteemed in Albany that the citizens ordered for him an elegant sword. But he did not live to receive it, and it was presented to his son in his stead. His remains were sent for, and buried with imposing military honors. A suitable monument was erected to his memory, by the citizens of Albany, in their Rural Cemetery.

Col. LEWIS OWEN MORRIS, the subject of this sketch, spent his early boyhood with his parents at Rock Island, on the Mississippi, where the "noise of hostile arms" reached his ears, during the Black Hawk war. He returned to Albany to enter upon his studies at the Academy. Ever intent upon following

the profession of his father, he devoted much time to those branches of study, which would best fit him to enter the military school at West Point.

In 1846, upon hearing the sad tidings of his father's death at Monterey, he determined to apply for a commission, without delay, and join the army in the field. Through the efficient aid of Hon. JOHN C. SPENCER and Gov. MARCY, Secretary of War, both personal friends of his lamented father, he received, in the spring of 1847, a commission of Second Lieutenant in the First Artillery. With this regiment, he served until 1854. After remaining just long enough on Governor's Island, New York Harbor, to get his men in readiness, although then a mere lad, he was ordered to carry a detachment of troops, by sea, to Mexico. After being a few days out, the transport was wrecked on the Florida coast. The coolness and ability manifested by our young officer, on this trying occasion, were truly remarkable. On the night of the wreck, while the crew and others were running to and fro in consternation and uttering cries of distress, he passed the hours of anticipated death on deck, with his men mustered, and going through the regular drill in order to keep them calm and in discipline, prepared to avail themselves of any help that Providence might see fit to send them. Daylight brought the needed relief, and in as regular order as when embarking, the men were transferred from the shattered vessel to the boats, and *every one* was safely landed in Abaco, one of the Bahama Islands. Thence they were carried to Charleston to await transportation to their destined port. This delay prevented Lieut. MORRIS from reaching his regiment until they had arrived at Vera Cruz, on their way out of Mexico. But, while there, he was placed in charge of the Mexican prisoners at the castle of San Juan D'Ulloa. Here his duties were arduous and trying, and he suffered from a severe attack of yellow fever. During his convalescence, his devotion, to both officers and men, who were sick and dying of that terrible scourge, was remarked by all, and long remembered by many. On his return to the United States, at the close of the Mexican war, a brevet was tendered him by the Secretary of War. But with that keen sense of honor, which was so pecu-

liarly characteristic of him, he declined the honor, saying: "I have not won it on the field, and I cannot wear it."

From that time he was almost constantly in active service, either hunting the Indians through the everglades of Florida, or on the Texan frontier.

At the beginning of the rebellion, in 1861, Col. MORRIS was in Texas, in command of Fort Brown. At that crisis the officers and soldiers were rapidly yielding to the pressure around them, and joining the Southern Confederacy. But to the everlasting honor of the Colonel, we rejoice to say that he stood firm for the United States. He was resolved to perish rather than yield one iota to the infamous foes of his country; and out of all the United States forces then in Texas his company *was the only one that refused to surrender themselves, or to turn over the property of the Government to the rebels.*

Col. MORRIS was afterwards ordered to North Carolina, where he took an active part at Roanoke and Newbern, under Gen. BURNSIDE, and afterwards he was with the forces of Maj. Gen. R. G. FOSTER. Being held in high estimation by those in authority, he was designated to direct operations against Fort Macon, N. C., which he captured and afterwards commanded. It was a place of great strength, and its reduction considered justly one of the most brilliant achievements of the war.

Gen. FOSTER, in a letter to the Secretary of War, writes: "I can bear testimony to the services of Capt. MORRIS, First Artillery, who was, at the time of the siege of Fort Macon, in command of the Thirty-pound Parrot Siege Battery. This battery being manned *by his company*, made such effective shooting on the first day of the siege, as to disable the defence of the fort to such a degree as to oblige its commander to surrender, without waiting for the bombardment of the second day. *I earnestly hope that some token of appreciation of Capt. M.'s services may be given to his name.*"

Coming north in the summer of 1862, he was tendered the Colonelcy of the One Hundred and Thirteenth N. Y. Regiment, which he accepted. In the short space of four weeks the regiment was organized, equipped and on its way to the seat of war. This

regiment was the first from this State to arrive in Washington at a moment, when the city was menaced by a rebel foe. Col. M. was highly commended for his promptness by the War Department. As an expression of their appreciation of the valuable service he rendered the country by the timely arrival of his regiment, it was converted into a regiment of heavy artillery (Seventh New York Heavy Artillery), and stationed at Fort Reno, on the defences north of Washington. Shortly after, other regiments were added to Col. M.'s command, forming a brigade.

He remained at Fort Reno some months. Strong in will, yet gentle and winning in his manners, he secured at once the respect and love of those under his command. He was most assiduous in the discipline of his men and unwearied in his efforts to make them good soldiers. Fort Reno, the head-quarters of Col. M., was always the post to which those were directed who came to witness the skill, discipline and efficiency of the Army of Washington. Hearing that the officers of his brigade were preparing an application for his promotion, he modestly requested that it should not be done, being always unwilling to receive any honor of that kind, not won on the field.

Frequent raids by the rebel cavalry, and alarms of the approach of LEE's army in force, gave him the opportunity to test his men. He felt confident of them, and although so strict a disciplinarian, he was idolized by them. He longed to lead them to the "front," and made frequent applications for orders, which at length arrived on May 10th, 1864. Two days after, Col. M. joined the Army of the Potomac at Spottsylvania. In that and the subsequent engagements he participated, winning for himself the commendation of all. Gen. MEADE, in general orders, called the men of the Seventh "veterans." Col. MORRIS was always so cool in the hour of danger, and self-possessed when the storm of battle raged the fiercest, that his example inspired the courageous, encouraged the timid, and rebuked the cowardly.

One of the officers of his staff, writing to his family, says: "I wish to relate an incident which will illustrate our beloved Colonel's noble heroism and devotion to duty. We were charging a rebel redoubt, and as the line advanced, the Colonel at their head,

the men fell very fast. Col. M. noticing that as one fell, two or three of his comrades would fall out to assist the wounded man to the rear, he turned to the ranks, sternly forbidding the practice, saying: 'Should I fall, let no one stop to assist me. Press forward! drive the enemy from their position, *then* take time to care for me.'"

It was Col. MORRIS and his men of the Seventh who, at the battle of Cold Harbor, June 3d, won the key of the rebel position, captured several pieces of artillery, and took several hundred prisoners. Major General HANCOCK, commanding Second Army Corps, to which Col. MORRIS' Brigade was attached, thus writes of him after the action at Cold Harbor :

"I knew Col. MORRIS well, have known him for many years, and served with him in Florida and was much attached to him, which gives me a better opportunity of judging of his merits than I would otherwise have had. He was brave, faithful in the discharge of his duty, and at the action at Cold Harbor he won renown. He had entered the enemy's works under a heavy fire, and captured several pieces of the enemy's artillery and many prisoners. The day previous, upon the wounding of Col. BURKE, commanding a brigade in Gen. BARLOW's Division, Col. MORRIS assumed command, which he held at the time of his death."

Col. MORRIS' military ability was highly valued by all, and his advice was frequently sought equally by his superiors in rank and his subordinates. Gen. BARLOW thus writes of him in a private letter :

"It gives me pleasure to speak of Colonel M. as a *most* gallant and meritorious officer, discharging his duty with fidelity and success. In the action at Cold Harbor he behaved with *distinguished* bravery. With the Seventh Artillery he entered the enemy's works, captured several pieces of artillery and several hundred prisoners, and was himself training some of the enemy's guns upon their own men, when we were compelled to evacuate the place.

"On June 3d, I had requested him to go with me to the advanced works for the purpose of fixing upon the ground for some new trenches, &c. While thus engaged, he fell at my

side mortally wounded by a ball from one of the enemy's sharpshooters."

The death of this noble patriot cast a deep gloom over the whole army. It was related by one present, that when the sad news reached the men of his own regiment many of them threw themselves upon the ground and wept like children. And that band of brave men, who the day before were ready to do and dare anything when led by their heroic commander, were, in a moment, cast down and entirely unnerved. One thus explains the feeling that prevailed :

"Our whole brigade was like a lifeless body, from which the soul had just departed."

Thus passed away from earth LEWIS OWEN MORRIS, the worthy son of a worthy and noble ancestry. As a soldier, he was the bravest of the brave. As a patriot, his love of his country was as pure as the light—no spot ever dimmed its lustre. As a friend, his warm and generous heart attached to him every one with whom he had any intercourse. As a husband and father, he was all tenderness and affection. He leaves a stricken widow and two dear children to mourn his absence from the family circle. Were it proper to intrude upon the privacy of domestic relations, we might fill pages with a record of his kind deeds. But there is one heart that fully knows his value; and knows, too, how much earthly happiness, and how many fond hopes were extinguished, when his manly form fell upon the bloody field to rise no more.

Of the last hours and Christian hopes of our departed hero, we have an account in the following kind and consoling letter addressed to Mrs. MORRIS by the Rev. Dr. BROWN, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Georgetown, D. C., the church which Col. MORRIS attended while at Washington.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., *June 8, 1864.*

Mrs. CATHARINE W. MORRIS:

My dear Friend—It was my privilege, during the eighteen months past, to be intimately acquainted with Col. LEWIS O. MORRIS. The result was, that I learned to love him as a brother,

and I think he loved me. The fact that I was a minister of the Gospel was no barrier to the freedom of his visits to me, both in my family and at my study. On my ministry, on the Sabbath, morning and evening and during the week, he was a *constant* attendant. On the subject of personal religion we conversed freely in private. I think I can say, then, with some confidence, that I *knew* him. And from his own lips I have had the declaration, months since, and with deep emotion: "There is nothing I wish so much as to be a Christian." So matters stood when I went down to the Army of the Potomac, nearly four weeks since, as a member of the Christian Commission. Two days after, Col. MORRIS and his command were ordered to the front. I saw him at Spottsylvania Court House when he joined the army; and as, by the singularly kind providence of God, we were thrown into the same corps, division and brigade, I either saw him or had news of him every day, until the last.

From the first he was in the front of the continuous fighting going on, and won for himself and his men the commendation of all. Gen. MEADE called them "veterans" in general orders. They were said to "fight like tigers." I do not like the expression, but so soldiers speak. It was Col. MORRIS and his men of the Seventh, who, at the battle of Cold Harbor, on Friday morning, June 3d, won the key of the rebel position, captured several pieces of artillery, and took four hundred prisoners. But, not being supported, they were compelled to abandon all but the prisoners. I know this to be so, for I was at the time close at hand, and heard the story from many of the actors and witnesses. This was Friday.

Saturday morning, early, Gen. BARLOW called on Col. MORRIS to make with him an examination of the position; he was then commanding the brigade. Our breastworks and the enemy's were but fifty yards apart. No one dared show himself on either side. The sharpshooters fired quickly at sight of a cap or a hand. The two started, Gen. BARLOW leading, hiding behind the breastworks, and dodging from rifle pit to rifle pit. In passing from one pit to another, Col. MORRIS for a moment was exposed, and received his wound. The ball struck him in the left shoulder,

ranging downward across the body, touching the spine in its progress, and entering the right lung. I *think* (but do not know) that he fell *insensible*. Dr. POMFRET and I soon heard of his wound, and ordered him brought to where we were—we could not go to him. He was brought in about ten o'clock, insensible, moaning and uttering incoherent sentences. Stimulants were administered, and the surgeons in attendance examined his wound. In about an hour consciousness came to him. He knew us both. But his system did not rally. His body, below the wound, was paralyzed. He had no pain, but suffered much from nervous distress and difficulty in breathing. He began praying for mercy. I pointed him to Jesus Christ, and said, "Colonel, put your trust in Him." "I do, I do," he replied, "He is my only hope and trust." "Do you trust in him as *your* Saviour?" I asked. "Yes, I do." I wished to be sure that this was so, and, though I was weeping so I could scarcely speak, and his arm was on my neck, I reminded him of former conversations on the subject, and of what I had *then* said to him about saving faith in Jesus Christ, and asked him if he understood. He answered: "I understand. Jesus Christ is my only hope and trust. I do trust in him. I am going home to eternal rest with my Saviour." Such declarations as these were repeated again and again, mingled with messages of love to the dear ones who were absent, and requests to meet him in heaven. He was fully conscious of his condition, and ready, even anxious, to depart. At one o'clock his spirit departed, and, as I can not doubt, passed into the glory of the saints in light. When we undressed him we found his Testament in his pocket, and showing marks of use.

I hope that what I have written may, my dear friend, give you some satisfaction. I feel his loss deeply. He was as a brother to me. I loved him, and I think he loved me. I need not assure you then of my sympathy in your second great sorrow. But your hope is in the same Saviour in whom he trusted. May that Saviour mercifully, graciously and most abundantly sustain you. With profound respect and esteem, my dear friend,

Yours truly,

FREDERICK BROWN.

The "Albany Evening Journal" gives the following tribute to the character of our departed hero, and also the account of his funeral:

"Col. MORRIS was no ordinary man. His mind, naturally vigorous, was strengthened by hard study, and enriched by liberal culture. Strong in will, yet winning in manners, he at once commanded the respect and affection of those under his command. Although a strict disciplinarian, he was idolized by his men. Cool in the hour of danger, self-possessed when the storm of battle raged fiercest, he inspired by his example, encouraged the timid and rebuked the cowardly. He was a stranger to fear, and died gloriously in the field and in the face of the rebel foe. He was an ardent patriot, loved the old flag more than he did life, and went into the war for its defence with his whole heart. In the bright roll of martyr-heroes which history will exhibit to the admiration of coming ages, few names will shine out with a serener splendor than that of Col. LEWIS O. MORRIS.

"June 11. Funeral of Col. MORRIS. The remains of this gallant young officer were conveyed from the residence of his brother-in-law, Dr. VANDERPOEL, to the North Dutch church, where the funeral exercises took place. They were conducted by the pastor, the Rev. RUFUS W. CLARK, and were solemn and impressive. Among those in attendance at the church were a few members of the Seventh Artillery, who were wounded in the recent campaign in Virginia, and who can now walk by the aid of crutches. At the conclusion of the services in the church, the remains were brought out and received with military honors by the Twenty-fifth Regiment, under command of Col. CHURCH. The remains of Col. MORRIS were then conveyed to the cemetery. The funeral escort consisted of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, preceded by SCHREIBER's band. Then followed the funereal car, drawn by six gray horses, plumed. The coffin was covered by the flag for which he lost his life, and adorned with white roses. The bearers were Generals RATHBONE and VANDERPOEL, and Colonels BAKER, AINSWORTH, YOUNG and HARCOURT, flanked by a detachment of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, and followed by the horse of the deceased, led by his groom. The mourners were

followed by officers and soldiers of the army, who came hither to pay the last tribute of respect to the brave and lamented dead. The committee of arrangements and the mayor and common council followed in carriages. The streets through which the funeral cortege passed were crowded with spectators, and grief was depicted in almost every countenance."

X.

COLONEL JAMES P. McMAHON.

PATRICK McMAHON, a native of Pallas Green, county Limerick, Ireland, with his wife and their three boys, JOHN E. McMAHON, MARTIN T. McMAHON and JAMES P. McMAHON, the subject of this sketch, emigrated to America in 1839. They first settled in Pennsylvania. There, the father being an intelligent and able man, obtained employment, as an engineer, on the public works of that State.

About the year 1852, he, being engaged as a contractor, in the construction of the New York and Erie Railroad, removed to the State of New York, settling in Cattaraugus county, where he afterwards became extensively engaged in the lumber business.

He gave to his three sons a good education, and all of them graduating at St. John's College, Fordham, near New York city. Each of this noble trio has proved himself worthy of the great paternal care and attention bestowed on their education. JOHN E. McMAHON was, at the age of twenty-one, Private Secretary of Gov. SEYMOUR, in 1854. At the breaking out of the war, he was in the successful practice of the law in Buffalo, New York, where in the fall of 1862, he engaged in raising troops for the CORCORAN Legion, which was to be commanded by Gen. MICHAEL CORCORAN. He was, on the 8th of November, 1862, commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixty-fourth Regiment New York Volunteers, and served in Virginia till his death, by disease contracted in the service, in the winter of 1863. He was a young man of brilliant talents and attainments.

The youngest brother, MARTIN T. McMAHON, having served as Private Secretary to Postmaster General CAMPBELL from 1853 to 1857, studied the profession of the law, and, about the year 1860,

went to San Francisco, California, where he was engaged in the practice of his profession in copartnership with Ex-Governor JOHN B. WELLER. When the call to arms came for men to defend the Union, in 1861, he raised a company of volunteers and joined the Army of the Potomac, in the fall of that year, with the rank of Captain. He was soon appointed on the staff of General McCLELLAN, and there remained till that General was relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, when he was assigned to the position of Chief of Staff on General SEDGWICK's staff, where he continued to serve till that gallant soldier's death, in May, 1864. He continued in the service till he was mustered out, after the close of the war, as Brevet Major General. After this period of four years service, he returned to the practice of his profession in New York city, where he is now Corporation Attorney, an office of great responsibility and importance, to which he was appointed for his worth, and the courage and patriotism that he and his family had displayed during the war. He is now only thirty-one years of age.

The other brother, Col. JAMES P. McMAHON, was born in the county of Wexford, Ireland, in the year 1836, and came with his parents, as already stated, to America in 1839. After graduating at St. John's College in 1852, he was engaged in assisting his father in the lumber business till 1856, when he removed to Albany and commenced the study of the law in the office of his uncle, MATTHEW McMAHON, Esq., then a prominent member of the bar in Albany. He was admitted to practice in 1860. He remained with his uncle till the breaking out of the rebellion in 1861, when he prepared to enter the contest for the Union.

When in the summer of 1861, Gen. T. F. MEAGHAR commenced to raise the Irish Brigade, he at once went to New York city, raised a company, and joined the Sixty-ninth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers (known as the First Regiment of MEAGHAR's Brigade), with the rank of Captain.

After this regiment reached the front, Capt. McMAHON soon evinced great capacity and quick perception into military affairs, and was selected by Gen. MEAGHAR as his aid, in which position he acted for several months.

In the battle of Fair Oaks, on the 1st of June, 1862, he received the thanks of his Brigadier General, and of his Division Commander, Maj. Gen. RICHARDSON, for his cool bravery and tact in bringing a portion of the brigade through a heavy fire, and securing for it a position of importance. As a recognition of his services in this battle, in which he killed and captured more of the enemy than his command, the brave RICHARDSON called him at the close of the day to take a place on his staff with the rank of Major. There he remained, accompanying the General through the Peninsula campaign, and being with him at the battle of Antietam, in which Gen. RICHARDSON fell mortally wounded. Gen. RICHARDSON was fondly attached to his young aid; and after he was wounded, the few days that he lingered, he insisted upon his remaining by his side till he died.

Shortly after the death of Gen. RICHARDSON, he was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Regiment New York Volunteers, which was raised at Buffalo by his brother, JOHN E. McMAHON, for the Corcoran Legion. On the 20th of March, 1863, Col. JOHN E. McMAHON, his brother, who was Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixty-fourth Regiment New York Volunteers, and attached to the Corcoran Legion, dying, JAMES was at once appointed to the Colonelcy vacated by his brother's death. In April of this year (1863), he led the expedition on the Edenton road, near Suffolk, where he surprised and routed a much larger force than his own, comprising the Seventeenth Regiment Virginia Infantry. He captured their garrison and equipments, and many prisoners, with a small loss to his own command.

About a week afterwards his regiment was in a second engagement on the Edenton road, repulsing the enemy and capturing a line of their works, his command being the only one engaged out of about ten thousand troops. For several days in May he was engaged in active skirmishing on the Blackwater. He was at the defence of Suffolk, Va., during the siege by the enemy under Gen. LONGSTREET. On the evacuation of it by our army, Col. McMAHON's command was the last to leave, forming the rear guard of the army.

The Legion was ordered thence to Portsmouth, where they remained till ordered to Centreville. For some four months, they were engaged in following and fighting MOSEBY's band, who were met by Col. McMAHON's Regiment at Snicker's Gap, and, after a hard fight, dispersed and many of them taken prisoners.

In May, 1864, the Legion was ordered to join the Second Army Corps in the Army of the Potomac, and marched with Gen. GRANT through the bloody battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, in which last-named battle Col. McMAHON lost one hundred and twenty-five men of his regiment. He continued to lead his small but heroic band till the battle of Cold Harbor, where the gallant young Colonel, while charging the enemy's works at the head of his command, fell on the ramparts of the enemy covered with many mortal wounds. At the time he had the colors in his own hands.

Col. McMAHON was devotedly loved by his men and officers. The Surgeon of his regiment, Dr. REGAN, of Brooklyn, when the word reached him that the Colonel had fallen, wept, and said he wished it had been himself instead of Col. McMAHON. On the day of the fall of this officer, it was impossible to bring off his body or reach the spot where he fell; but a few days after men from both armies visited the battlefield under a flag of truce, when a rebel officer informed Adjutant BEATTIE of the One Hundred and Sixty-fourth, where the body of his Colonel was buried. The rebel officer said: "We hated like the mischief to kill him, for he was a brave fellow. He was without immediate succor within near range of our guns, apparently wounded in the thigh. We repeatedly asked him to surrender, but he shook defiantly his sword and shouted 'Never!' He also shouted to his men to come on. We, therefore, had to fire on him and drive your fellows back."

This rebel officer also told Adjutant BEATTIE (since Colonel of the same regiment), that he had ordered him to be buried in a marked spot, where his friends might obtain his body. He pointed it out to the Adjutant, who removed the thin earth over it, and identified his lamented friend and Colonel, and brought

away with him some strips of his under-clothing as the only memento of his friend that he could obtain.

This hero's body is mingled with the sods of Virginia on the field where he fell, and no mark now designates his grave from the others that fill those bloody fields. His deeds simply told are his eulogy. He and his two brothers, assisted by their father and their uncle, MATTHEW McMAHON, Esq., of New York, raised for the Army of the Union, and took to the field, nearly two thousand of their countrymen. Alas! how few returned! Not one-fifth of them all!

After his death, Gen. MEAGHER, in writing to a New York paper of some of the officers who fell at this battle, says:

“Next came the news that McMAHON, planting his colors with his own hands on the enemy's works—planting them there with a boldness worthy of the grand and soldierly name that he bore, and whom perhaps the recollection of the Malakoff and its Irish conqueror may have inspired, was stricken down by the bullets he so splendidly defied. Who of the old brigade—the favorite brigade of Sumner and Richardson—can forget the dashing, handsome, and indefatigable soldier, with his strictly defined features often illuminated with enthusiasm; sometimes expressing the scorn and haughtiness of a true-blooded Celt; with a heart for hospitality; with a soul for glory; and hatred and sarcasm for what was mean, and a quick look and blow for what was treacherous? Who can forget his fine bearing, erect and graceful; the decisive character of his intellect; his high sense of honor; his physical activity—all those healthy and superior gifts which made him a soldier at the start, and qualified him, even in the first hours of boyhood, to be a fit exponent of his martial race and kindred? Who can forget all this, whenever that grand picture of McMAHON planting the colors of his regiment in the face of the fire storm, and foot to foot with the desperate foe, is spoken of in the camp by the survivors of the Irish Brigade of the Army of the Potomac?”

A few words more will close the story of this brave man and patriot soldier. His pure Christian character deserves a remark. Amid all the temptations of camp life, he never for a day forgot

to bend his knee to the God of battles. He was a sincere and devoted member of the church of his fathers.

His father, who was most ardently devoted to his children, at the time of Col. JOHN E. McMAHON's death, was laboring under a severe indisposition, and the sad and early death of his first-born and noble boy, it is thought, hastened his death, which soon succeeded that of JOHN.

There are now left of this family Major General MARTIN McMAHON and three younger sisters—their mother having died many years ago. Few families can furnish a prouder and more honorable record of services to their country, than that to which the subject of this sketch belongs. Honor to the memory of the gallant and patriotic brothers who died for their country, and respect to him who, though living, served his country no less faithfully, but was more fortunate in surviving to behold the restoration of peace and the Union, for which they all periled life and everything that they held dear on earth.

XI.

COL. JAMES D. VISSCHER.

COLONEL VISSCHER was the son of JOHN V. S. and ELEANOR VISSCHER, and was born in Albany, March 26th, 1829.

In childhood he was remarkable for his good conduct and kindness of heart. He was hopefully converted at the first union prayer meetings held in the North Pearl Street Baptist Church, and united with that church under Dr. Hague. At the time of his enlistment he was in the employ of MESSRS. WEED, PARSONS & Co., and was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

He felt it to be the duty of every young American citizen to give their service to their country, and he was among the first who responded to the call for volunteers after the fall of Fort Sumter. In April, 1861, he left home with the Burgesses Corps, of which he was a member, to join the Twenty-fifth Regiment New York State Militia, then at Arlington Heights, Va., and was with them in crossing the Long bridge into Virginia. He returned with the regiment after three months service, and remained at home for one year very reluctantly. All that deterred him from re-enlisting was the thought of leaving his aged mother alone. He felt it would be breaking up his home forever, as he was the only child remaining with her, one brother being already in the field with the Forty-fourth New York State Volunteers.

At last he decided that it was his duty to take an active part in the struggle for the right, and the rest he would leave to God. He knew in whom he trusted. He enlisted in a company to be attached to the Forty-third Regiment New York Volunteers, then in the field, and took command of company G., Sept 4th, 1862.

He was in all the engagements with the regiment until the time of his death. After the battles of the Wilderness he was promoted to the Coloneley of the regiment, May 12th, 1864. He was loved and respected by his officers and men for his soldierly conduct and Christian virtues.

He was killed by a bullet from a sharpshooter in the attack on Fort Stevens, Washington, July 12th, 1864. He breathed but a few moments. "My poor mother, God help her," were his last words. He never went into an engagement without committing himself to his Heavenly Father. His body was embalmed and sent home, and was buried with military honors from the church of which he was a member. His remains now rest with his kindred in the Albany Rural Cemetery.

The following is an extract from the last letter that he wrote to his mother:

NEAR PETERSBURG, *July 1*, 1864.

Having a few spare moments from duty, I take the opportunity of writing. I thank God that he has preserved JOHN and myself amid all the dangers through which we have passed. I trust all the future to Him, and hope, my dear mother, you will pray for us, that God will spare us to return. But if it is His will that either of us should be taken, may we all meet in heaven. With love, your affectionate son, J. D. V.

The following remarks were made at the funeral of Col. JAMES D. VISSCHER, by the Rev. C. D. M. BRIDGMAN:

"Of those whose names have given to the Forty-third Regiment an historic interest—whose deeds have illumined its progress, is that of JAMES D. VISSCHER, so recently promoted to its coloneley, so suddenly released from its honorable duties, for the glory which they wear and the rest which they inherit who go upward from the midst of tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. At the commencement of our civil strife he gladly went to the field of duty with the military organization with which he was earliest connected—the Twenty-fifth Regiment—and received his equal share of the honors awarded it. On its return, after a brief term of

service, he decided to enlist a company of his own, and threw himself promptly, laboriously, into the work. No argument, no appeal, could uproot his deep conviction or break the force of his high resolve. He seemed, as he bent inward, to have heard a call in his own soul to which it behooved him to give most earnest heed. He saw everything dear and valuable in life and society on these shores at stake; and though loving those who, in a great measure, were dependent on him, with a rare devotion, the spirit that was abroad in the air entered into and possessed his soul. A higher breath than kindred and blood can impart, from God and the time, blew through his breast till it made the music there of the trumpet-stop. So was he stirred from within to mix in this conflict of the land and age. So did he assume his martial aspect, and the voice we had so often heard in our Sabbath praises sunk to a deeper tone and mingled into the grander diapason of a nation's righteous wrath.

"Unlike so many who have gone away from the restraints of home and from daily converse with those who were their defence against wickedness and shame, he bore himself commendably, and, amongst the temptations which gather so thickly in the camp, illustrated, to a high degree, the strength which flows from a Christian's faith.

"It was my privilege, a little more than a year ago, to visit his regiment in Virginia; and, while there, I witnessed a scene that will always live in my remembrance. It was on a warm and cheerful Sabbath morning, when, the usual inspection being over, martial music sounded through the little valley along which the regiment was encamped, summoning us, by its solemn strains, to the usual religious services. As we gathered to the slope on which such services were usually observed, we saw two persons in that company whom we never more will meet on earth—our brethren WILSON and VISSCHER. The hymns were borne upward chiefly on their voices; and when I addressed the regiment and gazed into those two hearkening faces, it was with gratitude to God that their lives were not in contradiction with their pastor's words. Again, in the hospital, they stood with me in the evening of that day, leading our praises in that quiet hour, and lend-

ing to us, as to their Chaplain they had always done, the voice of their authority. I gratefully recall those scenes to-day; for they serve to illustrate what companions have affirmed of both, that they maintained a Christian bearing during their absence from us, and help to confirm our faith that death to them was only translation to the sceneries and blessedness of the heavenly estate.

“ In the recent battle in front of Washington—almost in sight of the plumed statue of Freedom, whose elevation to her lofty height, while the nation battles for the idea, is grandly significant—our brother fell, bravely baring his bosom to the foe, and interposing it as the living shield of our nation's capital. And so they both have passed away. Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in their death they were not long divided. Each has made his name honorable and illustrious; and whilst the State blazons their achievements on her historic annals, we will think of them as not dead, but translated to that higher realm, where earthly honors are lost to thought in the immortal dignity of being kings and priests to God, who serve and reign forever and ever.

“ So are we contributing, men and brethren, in these frequent gifts of youth, so strong and brave, to that great sacrifice which is to re-unite these separate fragments of our nation, and purchase for us a better than our former peace. So are we hallowing, in these graves of sons and brethren, the places along which the roots of the great tree of human freedom shall run, and take up a flavor and a richness to be unfolded in its blossoms and fruit through coming ages.

“ We can appreciate the anguish which to-day heaves and swells in the souls of the bereaved, as they think of him whose mortal tabernacle lies still and cold, emptied of all that gave it comeliness and made it dear. They think of his tenderness as a brother, of his rare fidelity as a son. They think, perhaps, of that final appeal into which his spirit seems to have been breathed for her, whose pangs at his dying have been heavier than his own. But is there not a full, sufficient comfort in the fact that his life was devoted to such high uses? Is there not an adequate consolation in the Gospel which declares our Christian

dead as never lost, but only taken up into the glories of the heavenly world, whence they reach out inviting arms to us who longer wait below? Is there not such a grandeur about our cause as compels them, even in their deep grief, to confess that he never could have fallen in a more glorious service, or won immortality by a more honorable fate? May these abundant comforts which God has given with this affliction be realized in all their fullness by the survivors. May this bereavement be so sanctified as that out of this death life shall spring, and in the beauty of spirits chastened and purified by loss, the beauty of the Lord our God shall be upon us."

XII.

COL. HOWARD CARROLL.

THE following tribute to this distinguished officer is taken from one of our city papers, and was written soon after Col. CARROLL's death:

“We are now again called upon to mourn the loss of one whose death will leave a blank in society that will not easily be filled, and will bring sorrow to many hearts. To the list of the Albany dead—of those who have fallen the most gloriously, in the heat of battle, in the hour of victory, with their faces to the enemy—we have now to add that of HOWARD CARROLL, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifth Regiment of our State Volunteers.

“HOWARD CARROLL, when he entered the army, had been a resident of this city about seven years, and, during that time, his manly qualities and his enviable accomplishments had endeared him in no ordinary degree to all who were fortunate enough to have been ranked among his friends. He was a native of Ireland, having been born in Dublin, and was a graduate of Dublin University. He was thirty-five years of age at the time of his death. His family connections in Europe were of a distinguished character; his mother, after whose family name he was christened, being a relative of the Earl of Effingham, and his father's family occupying a high social position in Dublin. But to the fortuitous circumstances of birth he, of course, owed nothing here. His position in society was won by his personal merit, and he needed no extraneous aid. He was a man of large mind, of genius and of originality, an elegant and accomplished gentleman, and in personal appearance, as well as by reason of his education and acquirements, he would have graced any society.

“By profession, Col. CARROLL was a civil engineer. He had

graduated at Colleges of Law and Medicine, as well as of Engineering, in Europe, but selected the latter profession as that which he designed to permanently follow. For the past six years he had been engaged on the Central railroad, and his ability as a practical engineer rendered him a valuable assistant to that corporation. He materially aided in designing the wrought iron bridges now in use on that road, and all those built under his superintendence bear evidence to his efficiency and skill as an engineer. He is spoken of as having been one of the most accomplished civil engineers in this country. Col. HENTZ, the Chief Engineer of the government of Prussia, where the railroads and canals are under the control of the Government, visited this country some time since to obtain information respecting our public works, and becoming acquainted with Capt. CARROLL, paid a high tribute to his accomplishments, and bestowed a special mark of consideration upon him, by forwarding him drawings of all the public works built by the Government of Prussia.

“When the rebellion broke out, Colonel CARROLL was offered the position of Brigade Quartermaster in MEAGHER’S Brigade, and finding his services would be valuable in perfecting the organization of the brigade, he acted temporarily in that capacity, but resigned after it had become a success, desiring some more active and prominent position in the field, but always expressing his determination to enlist in the service of his adopted country. Subsequently, he was tendered the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the One Hundred and Fifth (Rochester) Regiment, a position he at once accepted.

“After the regiment had been a short time in the service, its Colonel, Col. FULLER, resigned, and used his best efforts to secure the promotion of Lieutenant-Colonel CARROLL to the Colonelcy, expressing the opinion to the Governor and Adjutant General that HOWARD CARROLL was one of the most accomplished officers, as well as one of the coolest and bravest soldiers in the volunteer service of the State.

“Col. CARROLL was at once invested with the command of the regiment, and his subsequent career fully justified the judgment of his former commanding officer. His regiment became famous

for its discipline and for its admirable conduct in the field. Their beloved commander led them in the battle of Cedar Mountain, and in all the fights in which McDOWELL's Corps, to which they were attached, took part in front of Washington during the four or five days of POPE's retreat. The regiment was distinguished for its gallant conduct in all these engagements, and although cut down from its full complement to some four hundred men, was ordered up to the support of BANKS, and behaved so well as to attract the attention of the glorious HOOKER, who knew when a commanding officer was a fighting man of the true metal.

“When McCLELLAN was invested with supreme command, he at once recognized Col. CARROLL's services by transferring his shattered regiment to HOOKER's division, and placing him with the advance of the army in Maryland. The One Hundred and Fifth was in all the desperate fights that marked the onward march of our victorious General, after the tide of invasion had been checked, and the triumphant enemy beaten back into Virginia, up to the battle of Antietam. During that bloody and hard-fought struggle, Col. CARROLL was ordered to make a charge, with four other regiments, up the side of one of those steep ascents, upon the summit of which the enemy had taken up his position. The order was promptly obeyed. Putting himself at the head of his little band of heroes, the gallant Colonel led them once more, but alas! for the last time, to victory. The post was won. The enemy, in confusion, was driven from his position. But even while the shouts of triumph went forth, Col. CARROLL was shot from his horse. A Minnie ball passed through the calf of his left leg, entirely disabling him, and inflicting a very painful, but, as was supposed, not dangerous wound.

“The Colonel was immediately carried from the field by his men, to whom his devotion and bravery had much endeared him, but, in the confusion of the day, and amidst the crowds of wounded, he could obtain no proper care. His wound was hastily and but partially dressed, and he was placed in an ambulance and hurried off *on a journey of over one hundred miles* to Washington, without any proper care and attendance by the way. This journey no doubt caused his death. When he reached the

Capital, his leg was in a dreadful state of inflammation, and his constitution was broken down by fever and exhaustion. He was in too low a condition to render amputation possible, with any prospect of recovery. He was placed in the hospital, and received every attention, when attention came to late; although even there, as we are assured, there is sad lack of proper surgical skill. The fatal blunder was in sending severely wounded men so far, when Baltimore was only one-quarter of the distance, or when they might have been rested and attended to him at Frederick.

“Poor CARROLL protested against his removal in an ambulance over miserable roads, in such a condition, but he was helpless to prevent the sacrifice of life, which his own judgment told him must follow the ill-advised course.

“Upon learning that Col. CARROLL was among the wounded, a warm personal friend of the deceased, of this city, went on to Washington to ascertain his condition. He found him in a very low state, but left him, on Friday of last week, more easy, and, as he believed, in a fair way of recovery. On Monday evening, however, Col. CARROLL died, having been gradually sinking since Saturday evening.

“While the wail of bereaved hearts is going up from tens of thousands of desolated homes; from the widow, who mourns in her loneliness; from the mother, who weeps for her son; from the orphan, who pines for a father's caress; from the sister, who can never again know the blessing of a brother's love; a single life may seem but of small moment, and the lamentations of personal friendship may almost take the semblance of selfishness amidst the general woe. But the officer to whose memory we have paid but a feeble tribute, possessed so many qualities to endear him to his friends—as an agreeable companion, an accomplished gentleman, and a true hearted man—that we may well single him out among the many gallant dead, as one whose loss will be very deeply felt, and whose memory will long be kept green in many friendly hearts.”

XIII.

COL. GEORGE W. PRATT.

WE sincerely regret that all the information that we have been able to obtain of this distinguished scholar and soldier, is contained in the following notices of the deceased, taken from our daily newspapers:

“In the month of September, 1862, Col. GEORGE W. PRATT, of the Twentieth New York State Militia, died in this city, whither he had been brought from the battle field. His death resulted from paralysis, caused by the explosion of a shell near his person in the action of August 29th, while he was gallantly leading his regiment. No wound was inflicted, but his whole system was paralyzed, and he was insensible most of the time after he was stricken down. He died at the residence of his mother-in-law, Mrs. BENJAMIN TIBBITTS, corner of Hawk and Lancaster streets. He was a young man of great promise. He had served as State Senator with ability and integrity. He was a merchant of enterprise and wealth. He was of cultivated understanding and engaging manners. He had a knowledge of many different languages, and was a member of the leading scientific societies in this country and in Europe, and had received the degree of LL. D. from a leading German University. His library, in the department of Eastern literature, was the best in the country. He had the Bible in thirty-two languages. His military ambition and his patriotism called him to the field on the outbreak of the civil war, and he hastened to the support of the Government at the head of the Twentieth Regiment, of which he was Colonel. He was only called to a three months service, but he enlisted for the war, and had served with distinction through the long campaign, when he received his fatal wound on the dis-

astrous field of Manassas. He was beloved and confided in by his soldiers; and the army will miss him, for he was one of the class most needed—a high-toned, conscientious and gallant soldier. He was but thirty-two years of age.”

FUNERAL OF COL. G. W. PRATT.

“The day was pleasant, and an immense concourse of people were in the streets to witness the imposing pageant. Flags were hung at half mast; guns were fired during the day, and the bells were tolled during the funeral march. The remains were buried from St. Peter’s Church, where impressive services took place, under direction of Rt. Rev. Bishops ALONZO and HORATIO POTTER. The procession moved from the church in the following order:

Detachment of Police.

Military Escort.

Band.

Tenth Regiment N. Y. S. N. G., including the Albany Burgesses Corps, Col. AINSWORTH commanding.

HEARSE,

Flanked by Pall Bearers and the Masonic Lodge of Kingston.

Horse of deceased, led by private servant.

Col. WRIGHT and Staff.

Brig. Gen. SAMPSON and Staff.

Historical Society of Kingston.

Mayor and Common Council of Albany.

Masonic Order.

Friends of the deceased residing in Kingston and Catskill.

Family and friends of deceased, in carriages.

Citizens.

“The whole was under the command of Col. BRYAN, assisted by Lieut. Col. CHAMBERLAIN and Quartermaster RATHBONE, of the Tenth Regiment. The line was formed on the south side of State street, right resting on Chapel street, at half past one o’clock. The procession moved down State street to Broadway,

up Broadway to Ferry, where a halt was made to allow the military and other associations to take the cars for the cemetery. The steamer Manhattan arrived yesterday morning from Rondout with some six hundred citizens of that place, Kingston and vicinity. Among them were the Masonic lodges of those places, which, with the lodges of this city, constituted one of the most imposing features of the procession. The pageant was a fitting demonstration of respect to the memory of a young and gallant officer, and citizen of intellectual and moral worth."

XIV.

LIEUT. COL. FREDERICK LYMAN TREMAIN.

From his Father, HON. LYMAN TREMAIN.

By the death of FREDERICK L. TREMAIN, my first born child has been removed from my family, in the morning of his life, and his name added to the honored roll of patriot martyrs who have fallen in the recent struggle for national existence.

When one so brave and patriotic, so good and generous, and, I may add, so talented and distinguished as the subject of this memoir, gives his young life to his country, the promptings of justice and patriotism alone, would require that some record of his example and his services should be preserved.

The voluntary testimonials to his virtues, and to the estimation in which he was held by his brother officers in the army, and by others, who knew him intimately, have been so numerous and emphatic, and the expressions of public sympathy and sorrow so extraordinary and general, as to justify a more enduring memorial than can be supplied by written letters, or the newspapers of the day.

Nor, as I believe, can this labor of love devolve on any one more fitly than on me. No earthly vanity, no vain desire to obtain earthly fame for my gallant boy, exerts any influence upon my action. How vain and empty are earthly fame and worldly honors to him whose remains are deposited in the tomb! How hollow and unsatisfactory are these to one crushed and prostrate under a blow so severe and bewildering, as that I have received!

Were it not for other duties and obligations, often would I have been disposed to use the mourning lamentation of David for his dead son:

“O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son.”

But Absalom lost his life while he was engaged in a treasonable conspiracy against the government and authority of his Royal father, while my son offered his, in obedience to the call of his country, and in the performance of the highest duty that could rest upon him as a dutiful, loyal, obedient and faithful son and citizen.

While so much of my happiness, my hopes and my heart lie buried with my brave boy, it may afford me some solace—it is the very least tribute I can offer to his memory—to perform the melancholy office of doing justice to his career.

It may serve to remind my descendants of the household monument which can be seen in my family, so long as that family shall exist.

It may serve to teach them the wickedness and sin of treason against a beneficent government! It may tend to strengthen their love for a country, the preservation of which has demanded so costly a sacrifice! It may stimulate them to take a higher view of their duty to their country and their God! The bright example of this young patriot may nerve their arm, and strengthen their heart, to offer any and all necessary sacrifices, even the sacrifice of life itself, higher than which can no man give, for the preservation of our country, our union, and our free institutions!

FREDERICK LYMAN TREMAIN was the eldest child of LYMAN and HELEN CORNWALL TREMAIN, and was born at Durham, Greene county, N. Y., on the 13th of June, 1843. He died at City Point Hospital, Virginia, on the 8th of February, 1865, from a gunshot wound received in battle, near Hatcher's Run, on the 6th of February, being twenty-one years, seven months and twenty-four days old at the time of his death.

Of his ancestry, all that I propose to state in this connection is that he descended, both on his father's and mother's side, from revolutionary stock. His paternal great-grandfather, NATHANIEL TREMAIN, was a soldier of the Revolutionary War, who died, highly esteemed and respected, at Pittsfield, Berkshire county,

Mass. His maternal great-grandfather, Captain DAN. CORNWALL, was also a soldier of the Revolution, and a worthy citizen, who died at Cornwallsville, Greene county, N. Y.

In his boyish career, there is little to record, which is worthy of special notice. While he was by no means precocious, he was a remarkably bright, intelligent and active boy. His nature was so genial and generous that he was always a favorite, not only with his youthful comrades, but with all who were brought in contact with him.

He had a remarkable facility in the acquisition of knowledge, and, apparently without effort, mastered whatever lessons were required of him, in and out of school. In all boyish sports and athletic exercises, he was an acknowledged leader. He displayed then, and through his subsequent life, an unusual degree of mechanical ingenuity.

There was one trait in his character which was developed at a very early period, and which became, afterwards, prominent and extraordinary. This was his wonderful courage, coolness and self-reliance. Many instances to illustrate this characteristic might be related, commencing as early as when he was three years old, but I refrain from giving them a place here, fearful that their publication might be ascribed to an overweening parental fondness. Quick in forming his conclusions, prompt in action, fertile in resources, obstacles and difficulties served only to stimulate him in the execution of his purposes, and rare, very rare, was the instance, so rare, indeed, that no case can be now recalled, in which he failed to accomplish, successfully, whatever he undertook.

His religious education was carefully attended to, and, at an early age, he received the holy rite of baptism, in the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Oak Hill, under the ministration of the Rev. L. A. BARROWS. The following extract is from a letter received from this faithful minister and good man, written at Norfolk, St. Lawrence county, his present residence:

"We feel to deeply sympathize with you under the dark cloud which this sudden and unexpected bereavement has thrown over you. Since such is the melancholy fact, that a dear child, a

brilliant youth, in the defence of his country, has been called from your paternal embrace, let faith lift the veil, and view in a world of bliss, future scenes more glorious than could have been won here on battle fields. FREDERICK is gone. I placed the form of the cross upon his forehead, and, as in life, so in death, let us believe that he triumphed over the spiritual enemy, and is now rejoicing in the kingdom of God."

Here let me add that, after his death, there was found in his camp tent, carefully preserved, a copy of the Holy Bible, given to him by his dear mother, with a mark placed at chapters five and six of Matthew, which contain that sublime and comprehensive epitome of man's whole duty, Christ's sermon on the mount.

In November, 1853, he removed, with his father's family, from Durham to the city of Albany, where he continued to reside until his death. Here several years were passed in faithful and diligent study, preparatory to his college education. The schools he attended in the city were the Albany Boys' Academy, and afterwards the Classical Institute, in Eagle street, of which Prof. CHARLES H. ANTHONY was Principal. Under the instruction of this excellent and faithful teacher he spent between two and three years of his life. Between Mr. ANTHONY and his young pupil, relations of friendship were contracted which continued in full force to the end. The photograph of this teacher of his boyhood was found, after his death, among the valued memorials in his army trunk.

In 1858, FREDERICK entered the classical school for boys, under the charge of Mr. JAMES SEDGWICK, at Great Barrington, Mass. In this beautiful New England village he remained, pursuing his studies and attracting the affectionate regard of teachers and schoolmates, for one year.

In the spring of 1859, he became a pupil in the celebrated school for boys, under the charge of the Rev. THOMAS C. REED, D. D., at Walnut Hill, Geneva. He continued in Dr. REED's school until the summer of 1860, when several of his school companions were examined for admission into Hobart College, Geneva, and FREDERICK, who had formed very strong attach-

ments with them, also applied and passed his examination, and having been found qualified, was admitted into the Freshman Class and entered that college at the commencement of the college year in September, 1860.

The two years, or nearly two years of his college life were marked by no unusual incidents. Many warm friendships were formed, and his genial and unselfish character, as well as his excellent natural abilities, were duly appreciated.

By the firing upon Fort Sumter his patriotism was aroused, and he experienced an ardent desire to become a volunteer in the Army of the Union. About this time the people of Geneva were engaged in organizing an engineer corps, under the command of Mr. CHARLES B. STUART, formerly State Engineer and Surveyor. FREDERICK desired to enlist, and applied to his father for his permission; but, there being at that time no difficulty in procuring volunteers, and his college career having commenced only the fall before, the paternal consent was then withheld—not finally, but for the present.

In December, 1861, the annual sophomore exercises in public speaking took place, and FREDERICK was selected as one of the thirteen speakers of his class to participate in them. In a letter inviting his parents to attend, he writes: "I think you will not hear any bad speaking; but, on the contrary, will hear much good speaking on the occasion." The exhibition took place at Linden Hall, in the presence of a large and intelligent audience, and he acquitted himself quite creditably. In the "Geneva Gazette" his performance was specially mentioned in complimentary and flattering terms.

During the summer of 1862, after the President's call for more men appeared, FREDERICK, who had never for a moment relinquished his desire to enter the army, again urged his father to yield his consent. The author was thus brought face to face with the stern reality of war, and he was called upon to determine the question whether the application of this loved son should be granted or denied. He had, from the commencement of the great conflict, labored, to the extent of his ability, to convince his countrymen that it was their duty to sustain the Gov-

ernment and overthrow the rebellion. He had exerted whatever influence he possessed, by public addresses and in various other modes, to induce men to take the field against the enemies of the country. The conviction that it was the solemn duty of every American citizen to sustain the authority and preserve the life of the nation at any and all sacrifices, was as full and complete as the human mind was capable of entertaining. This conviction formed a part of his very being, and he believed that, in this great crisis of the nation's peril, his duty to his beloved country was second only to his duty to his God.

Adherence to this conviction had already caused the sundering of ties and associations cherished through life, and thereby produced an amount of mental suffering capable of being endured only by the consciousness of duty performed. More than one year's terrible experience in the sanguinary struggle, had revealed the dangerous character of the conspiracy formed to overthrow the Union and our Republican institutions, and to strengthen the belief, that without universal self-denial and united action among the friends of the Republic, all would be lost, and once gone, could never be regained.

Should he now refuse to make the sacrifice required, by permitting that son to aid in the defence of his imperiled country, a sacrifice which he had been asking others to make? Should he withhold from the service of that country one who possessed the ability and the desire to make himself useful in the contest? Should he be subjected to the reproach of having urged others to send their sons, brothers and relatives to the war, and yet shrink from the application of the stern test of sincerity and patriotism in the case of his own son?

Should he compel that son to feel and, perhaps, to admit, in future times, that he was withheld from going forth to fight against his country's enemies by his own father, and that father one who had professed to be in favor of prosecuting the war with all the power and resources of the nation?

After careful deliberation, aided by the best lights which his imperfect human reason afforded, he resolved that his consent should no longer be withheld, and it was granted.

And now, with the bright hopes and brilliant promises that clustered around that gallant youth forever extinguished—now, with soul and spirit crushed by the traitorous bullet which took his young life—now, with the prop on which I had fondly hoped to lean, in my declining years, shivered to atoms, the question comes home to me: Did I right in yielding that consent? and down, down from the inmost recesses of my soul, the still small voice of conscience whispers an affirmative response.

The consent of his mother followed, and FREDERICK immediately began his arrangements for the new field of duty, with great earnestness and energy. He had already become a member of Company A, of the Zouave Cadets, a uniformed company in the Tenth Regiment of Militia, and had been engaged in acquiring the drill and the necessary military science. This company has become highly distinguished during the war. It can point, on its muster rolls, to many names among the noblest, most gifted and patriotic of the young men of Albany. It has already sent more than ninety of its members to the field, each one of whom has earned and obtained a commission, many of high rank, and all of respectable position.

Having obtained from Hobart College, an honorable dismissal, his attention was immediately devoted to the new regiment of infantry, known as the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment of New York Volunteers, which was then in the process of being organized in the city of Albany.

For the purpose of organizing this regiment, His Excellency, Governor MORGAN, had designated a war committee, embracing some of the most patriotic and influential citizens of Albany, and the committee held daily sessions at the Mayor's room in the City Hall. It was resolved to make this regiment one of the best that had been sent forth from the State. The Governor had entrusted to the committee the duty of recommending suitable persons to obtain authorization papers, to recruit volunteers with reference to having commissions, as lieutenants and captains, issued to those who were able to recruit the requisite number of men.

FREDERICK promptly applied to the committee, and was the

first person who received from the Adjutant General, on the recommendation of the committee, authority to obtain recruits for the new regiment. He erected his tent in front of Capitol Park, in State street, issued his posters, associated with him young ORR and young McEWEN, (the former of whom has since lost his life in the army, and the latter is now Judge Advocate of the First Division, Second Army Corps, having been for some time a prisoner at Libby Prison, Richmond) and proceeded, with vigor and energy, to obtain volunteers. Indeed, the real manhood of his character was displayed from the moment he felt the responsibilities of his position, and continued to manifest itself, more and more clearly, in every subsequent stage of his career.

The late Adjutant General, JOHN T. SPRAGUE, then a Major in the United States Army, was on duty for the Government at Albany, as an auditing and disbursing officer. The war committee unanimously designated him as the Colonel of the new regiment, and he accepted the position. The Government at Washington, however, soon after this, declined to relieve him from duty in the regular army, and hence he was only enabled to act as Colonel for a very few days. During that time, however, discovering the necessity of an Adjutant for the regiment, and being acquainted with FREDERICK, Col. SPRAGUE kindly tendered him the position of Adjutant. It was accepted, and his selection approved by Gov. MORGAN.

In the time that intervened, prior to the period when the regiment left Albany, which was about thirty days, the whole duty of organizing it, and getting it into proper working order, devolved upon the new Adjutant.

To the faithful discharge of these duties, FREDERICK devoted himself, days and nights, dividing his time between the headquarters in Broadway and the barracks. How readily he mastered those duties, and how well he performed them, may be inferred from the frequent compliments bestowed upon him by the committee, who were superintending his movements, and who were surprised and gratified by the qualities he exhibited. If any apprehensions had been entertained, by reason of the

Adjutant's youth, it is believed they were entirely and speedily dispelled.

LEWIS O. MORRIS, the Colonel, who was selected to command the new regiment, was a valuable and accomplished officer. He had been fifteen years in the army, and bore an enviable reputation as an artillery officer.

About the 19th of August, 1862, the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment, with ten hundred and sixty bayonets, left the city of Albany, under orders to report at Washington. It was one of the first regiments placed in the field, under the President's call, and received a beautiful stand of colors, as well as the Springfield muskets, which had been promised to each of the first four regiments. A finer regiment, or one carrying with it so many good wishes and so much interest, on the part of Albanians, never left our city.

When the regiment reached Washington, the officer in charge of its defences, knowing the skill of Col. MORRIS as an artillery officer, procured the assignment of the regiment to duty upon the defences of the city, where it was, not long afterwards, converted into the Seventh New York Artillery.

The ensuing fifteen months were passed by FREDERICK, with his regiment, near Fort Reno, about five miles from Washington. He applied himself diligently to the acquisition of the knowledge required in the artillery service. Part of the time he was engaged in teaching a school of officers in military tactics. He devoted himself faithfully to the performance of his official duties. Twice I had the pleasure of visiting him there, and could not fail to discover that he was a universal favorite with the officers and men.

He became thoroughly familiar with his new profession. About the time of leaving the regiment, he happened one day to be engaged with a brother officer in discussing the subject of being examined, as to qualifications, before a military board in session at Washington, when FREDERICK volunteered to be examined. His duties called him frequently to Washington, and soon afterwards he presented himself before the board, and was subjected to a thorough examination, the result of which was that he passed

the examination successfully, and was tendered, in a few days, a Lieutenant Colonel's commission in a colored regiment, but meantime he had received another appointment, which he preferred.

At one time he had a severe attack of typhoid fever, produced by the miasma of the Potomac, to which he was exposed in the discharge of his official duties, and under the advice of his surgeon, he obtained a short leave of absence and visited his home, but soon returned to his duties with renewed zeal and energy. In writing to me that he had deemed it best for his health to make a short visit home, his surgeon says:

"The Adjutant was quite unwilling to listen to the suggestion, but deeming it best, I insisted, imperatively, and shall apply for a furlough to-morrow.

"Regretting the necessity which separates him, even temporarily, from the staff, on his own account, I should do myself injustice, as well as injustice to my brother officers, if I omitted to state that we shall wait anxiously to hear of his convalescence, and to welcome him again to the regiment."

FREDERICK was a universal favorite among the common soldiers. He always treated them with kindness and justice. Quick to discover real merit in a private, and mingling much with the men, his opinions concerning promotions had great influence with Colonel MORRIS, and many a deserving soldier has been indebted for his promotion from the ranks, to the aid and recommendation of the Adjutant.

He began, after more than a year had elapsed, and still no orders to move came, to desire more active service. The conversion of his regiment into an artillery regiment, thus placing it in a higher branch of service, had been gratifying to him, but he had not anticipated so long a continuance of garrison duty, and, having reason to believe that the regiment might remain doing that duty for a long time, and perhaps until the end of the war, his active spirit began to chafe under the monotony of his present life. Animated by an honorable ambition, he could not enjoy a life of inglorious ease.

He wrote several letters to the author, expressing these feel-

ings, and desiring his aid in obtaining a position where he might have an opportunity to acquire distinction, and strike a blow at the enemies of his country.

Influenced by these appeals, the author applied for, and, in November, obtained, for FREDERICK, Presidential appointment as Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Captain; an appointment which was subsequently confirmed by the Senate. I was present when this appointment was handed to him by that devoted patriot and able cabinet officer, EDWIN M. STANTON. He observed, as he gave it, "I trust I shall hereafter have the pleasure of conferring on you higher honors;" to which FREDERICK modestly replied, "I hope my future conduct will give you no reason to regret the confidence reposed in me."

FREDERICK had learned of the reputation already acquired by that brave and rising young General, HENRY E. DAVIES, Jr., of the cavalry service, and he asked for and obtained an order to report to him for duty. His departure from the old Seventh Regiment was the occasion for many regrets, with officers and men, and with himself. The officers assembled to bid him an affectionate farewell, and the regimental band serenaded him on the eve of his departure. This noble regiment took the field the following spring with more than one thousand seven hundred and sixty bayonets, and of these brave men how few, either officers or men, are now surviving!

On the 12th of November, soon after his departure, Colonel MORRIS issued an order appointing his successor, which was duly made public, and contained the following handsome allusion to the late Adjutant:

"The Colonel commanding, while he rejoices at the promotion of Captain TREMAIN, regrets that it will send him to a new field of duty, and sever his connection with this regiment.

"He will bear with him the best wishes of the officers of the regiment for his future welfare and success."

Pursuant to orders, FREDERICK reported for duty to General DAVIES, then commanding the First Brigade in the Third Division of the Cavalry Corps. The new field of duty thus opened to him, was specially suited to his taste and feelings. It was the

cavalry service, and the excitement, life and dash of that arm of the service were peculiarly adapted to his ardent and enthusiastic nature. He became devotedly fond of the cavalry service; the remainder of his life was spent in it, and he became more and more interested in and attached to it. An accomplished and veteran officer, who knew him well, and who had been for nearly a year in the same division with him, remarked to the author recently, "FREDERICK was our beau ideal of a cavalry officer. Brave, generous and chivalrous, he attracted our admiration. We were all proud of him. He had no enemy in the corps, and he achieved a reputation for gallantry equal to that of any officer in the army."

In the month of April commenced those grand movements of the cavalry which have become already historic. From that time, down to his death, the active military career of FREDERICK may be said to have been accomplished. He was an actor in those mighty military movements on which depended the fate of the nation. He was a soldier of the Republic in the great Army whose tread shook the Continent of America, and whose heroic deeds have excited the wonder and admiration of the world.

To the pen of history belongs the noble task of recording the military operations in which he had the honor to participate during the ever memorable campaign of 1864. And yet, when we consider the bloody and obstinate nature of the battles that were fought; the glorious and unconquerable resolution which was displayed in conducting the movements of the Union armies; the immense loss of human life; the masterly combinations of those armies; the vast extent of country which constituted the field of their display; the number of those brilliant raids performed by the cavalry alone, through the heart of an enemy's country, each one constituting an interesting history of itself; the toil, the sacrifices, the fatigue, sufferings, and perils to which the heroic soldiers in those armies were continually subjected, and to which, with unflinching fortitude and cheerfulness, they submitted; when we consider, too, the innumerable deeds of personal bravery, performed both by officers and men; the holy

and patriotic purposes by which the great body of those armies was prompted; the unselfish willingness they manifested to sacrifice their lives for the preservation of the honor, the integrity, and the unity of their country; and, finally, the glorious and successful results of all these operations, we may well doubt whether history will ever contain more than an outline skeleton of them all.

My allusions to these movements must, necessarily, be brief and imperfect. A few weeks before his death, FREDERICK, at my request, declared his resolution to prepare, at his first leisure moments, a record of the battles in which he had been engaged, but alas! that leisure never came!

His reports, as Assistant Adjutant General, giving a history of these movements, are not yet accessible to the public, and I have derived no information from them. He participated in no less than twenty-five battles and skirmishes during a period of ten months. My knowledge of these is derived from his own letters, dashed off in the midst of exciting scenes, from his conversations, and from information cheerfully furnished by cultivated and intelligent army officers, who were associated with him at different periods of time during the campaign.

On the 22d of April, the Second Cavalry Division, which included the Second Brigade, to which FREDERICK was attached, moved from Warrenton to a place near the Junction—the whole Division being under the command of Major General DAVID M. GREGG. Here it remained until the 29th, when it advanced to Paoli Mills, and on the 2d of May moved over to Richardsville.

On the 4th of May the cavalry crossed the Rapidan in advance of the infantry, and the whole Army of the Potomac crossed soon after, in pursuance of General GRANT's orders. This was the beginning of the general movement of the army—the intelligence of which sent a thrill of excitement throughout the country.

The famous battles of the Wilderness soon followed. These commenced on the 5th, and continued for seven days. They were fought without artillery, under great disadvantages, in the woods, with varied fortunes; and during their continuance were displayed those wonderful qualities of courage and dogged reso-

lution for which General GRANT has become so distinguished, and also the bravery and heroism, which have covered with glory the Army of the Potomac. The loss of life was immense, but the rebels were driven from the ground, and our army moved onward in its progress towards the walls of Richmond, and towards the accomplishment of the great object which current events seem so plainly to indicate must ultimately be accomplished.

On the first day of these battles, the cavalry became engaged with the enemy's cavalry and infantry in the vicinity of Todd's Tavern, near Corbin's Bridge.

Severe fighting was continued by the cavalry for several days. This was the first time FREDERICK was "under fire." His conduct on the occasion excited great admiration. He displayed all the coolness of a veteran. His General, in speaking of his gallantry soon afterwards, remarked, "that he was one of the few men he had seen who did not seem to know the meaning of fear."

On the first day the cavalry were mounted, and the staff officers were much exposed. General DAVIES and FREDERICK were in front, when the enemy charged in and broke our skirmish line, nearly capturing both of them. This cavalry engagement is known as the battle of Todd's Tavern. It was during the progress of this battle that FREDERICK charged upon the enemy, at the head of a column, breaking through their lines, and cutting his way back to the main army.

In the evening of May 8th, an order was received commanding the Cavalry Corps to proceed to Richmond and destroy the communications between Lee's army and that city, and to form a junction with Butler's army. The movement of the entire Cavalry Corps, commanded by General SHERIDAN, commenced on the morning of the 9th. In the afternoon of that day the enemy attacked the cavalry in the rear, and a severe fight occurred in which the rebels were repulsed with considerable loss. This occurred at a place called Childsburg. The cavalry only took with them on this march rations for four or five days.

On the 10th, another attack was made by the enemy, followed up by continued skirmishing and fighting. Our cavalry succeeded, this day, in recapturing from the enemy about three

hundred and fifty prisoners, who had been captured on the second or third day of the fight in the Wilderness. Among them were two Colonels and Captain WOOD, a son of the Honorable BRADFORD WOOD, of Albany. As may well be supposed, they were delighted with the change in their condition. They were on the point, when retaken, of being placed in the railroad cars at Beaver Dam Station. Some of their guard fled and the rest were taken prisoners. Our troops, on the same day, captured a large quantity of arms, about a million rations, and destroyed three locomotives besides three trains of cars. The night of the 10th they encamped within twenty miles of Richmond.

In the morning of the 11th, the First Brigade was detached from the main body and sent to destroy the railroad at Ashland Station and the bridge over the South Anna River. At Ashland the contents of a Post Office were seized, and as a school for young ladies was located here, the captured correspondence afforded some amusement to the captors.

FREDERICK accompanied the brigade, and after destroying the railroad at Ashland, he was sent, with two squadrons of cavalry (about one hundred men) to destroy the bridge, when he was cut off from the main body of the brigade, and was supposed, for some time, to have been taken prisoner. He continued, however, on another route, destroying the railroad as they proceeded, until late in the afternoon, when he succeeded in rejoining the main column below, much to the satisfaction of his comrades, who had despaired of seeing him and his little force again. The same day a severe fight occurred at Old Tavern, with the enemy's cavalry under the famous Jeb Stewart, who was killed.

That night the corps marched all night, and on the morning of the 12th reached the Chickahominy river, near Meadow's Bridge. Here a terrific battle ensued with the whole of the enemy's cavalry force and infantry, which had been sent out from Richmond. The enemy greatly outnumbered our forces, and, during a considerable portion of the time, our troops were surrounded, and fighting was carried on, around four sides of the square where our troops were placed, but, under the command of the indomitable SHERIDAN, they broke through the enemy's

lines, and in the afternoon, General CUSTER having driven the enemy from the bridge, our forces crossed the Chickahominy, leaving no prisoners in the enemy's hands except those who were wounded.

In this battle the fragment of a spent shell was hurled against FREDERICK'S person, inflicting a pretty severe injury, although he treated it lightly in his letter to his mother describing the raid.

It was during this raid that he was sent in advance to place a squadron on picket duty, and they came so near the city of Richmond as to see the lights and the steeples, and to hear the bells of the city. This engagement is known as the battle of Richmond Heights. The enemy did not pursue, and that night the corps bivouacked at a place beyond Mechanicsville. On the night of the 13th the cavalry remained at Bottom's Bridge, and on the 14th moved to Haxall's Landing, on the James river, where our gun boats mistaking the advance guard for the enemy, at first, fired upon them, but on being signaled the firing ceased and the tired and worn out troops formed the contemplated junction with BUTLER'S army.

Thus terminated one of the most extraordinary raids on record. It will ever retain a place among the most brilliant achievements of the war. A force of cavalry alone advanced through the heart of Virginia, to the very gates of Richmond, cutting their way through all opposing forces, breaking up the enemy's lines of communication, removing forever all antiquated prejudices against the cavalry, and establishing the efficiency and usefulness of that arm of the service.

The successful accomplishment of this expedition seems more like romance than sober reality. From that hour the rising star of General SHERIDAN has been in the ascendant, and a grateful people will ever cherish, with gratitude and pride, the recollection of the feats performed by him and his bold raiders of the Cavalry Corps.

On his arrival at the James river, FREDERICK wrote a letter to his mother, in pencil, giving a graphic account of the raid, which was published, at the time, in the "Evening Journal." In

alluding to this publication, afterwards, he wrote with characteristic modesty:

“I am sorry that any of my letters are published. I do not write them for publication, and do not wish them published; I hope that no more will be, for, if they are, I shall stop giving any accounts at all.”

To return to the cavalry: They laid at the James river two or three days, to recruit the tired horses and men, and then moved back, to rejoin the main army, crossing the Chickahominy by night, at Jones' Ford, and returning by way of the Baltimore Cross Roads and Cold Harbor. Daily skirmishes took place with the rebel cavalry. They then went to the White House, where they obtained supplies and rations, after which they marched back and joined the main army near Hanover Court House, on the 25th, having successfully accomplished all that had been expected.

Immediately afterwards there was a general advance of the army, and the cavalry moved down to Hanover Town, on the Pamunkey river. After marching two days and one night they met the enemy on the 28th, near Haw's Shop, when the most severe and obstinate cavalry fight of the war occurred. It commenced at ten o'clock in the morning, and continued until six in the afternoon, the fighting on our side being done principally by Gen. DAVIES' Brigade, assisted, towards the close of the battle, by Gen. CUSTER's Brigade, when the enemy were driven from the field, leaving their killed and wounded in possession of our troops.

Although FREDERICK distinguished himself in this battle, as appears by a letter from one of the staff officers, yet, in his letter home, he makes no allusion to his own conduct. In a letter written to his father, on the 30th, he had, for the first time, evinced some depression of spirits, but in a subsequent one, dated June 3d, he apologizes for it, and gives a brief description of the fight. He writes:

“I was feeling badly then, and the reason was that on the 28th we lost Lieut. WARDELL, of our staff. He was my tent mate, and for a long time we had slept together and were very intimate

indeed. He was killed instantly while riding at the General's side. The fight of Hanover Town, on the 28th, is said to have been the most severe cavalry fight of the war. The fighting was done principally by our brigade. We were in about eight hours, and lost twenty-five officers and one hundred and sixty-eight men, killed and wounded.

"The General was riding a white horse, and went up on to the skirmish line with two staff officers, two orderlies and one bugler. One staff officer was killed instantly; the other had his horse killed, and the bugler was also killed. The General's horse was shot through the tail, and a bullet broke his scabbard. It is my duty to be with the General always, unless sent away specially, and, fortunately for me, I was so sent to another part of the field, and was looking for the General when this occurred, and in one minute more would have been in the same place, had I not met him coming out when he stopped me.

"I send a rebel paper. You will see by it that they supposed our whole cavalry force was engaged, together with two corps of infantry, while actually there was only our brigade, assisted for the last three hours by General CUSTAR'S Brigade, but the brunt of the fighting was done by this brigade. They say they only had one brigade, but in another part of the paper they admit having several detachments of other brigades. We know, from our prisoners, that their whole cavalry force was engaged, together with some mounted infantry. We found on the field, after we had driven them from it, one hundred and sixty-six dead rebels, and forty wounded ones, and as there are usually eight or ten wounded to one killed, their loss must have been immense.

"My horse was shot slightly in the neck. Since then we have had several smaller fights, but I have not time now to mention them."

This battle is known as the battle of Haw's Shop, or Bethesda Church. Between this time and the Gordonsville raid, hereafter mentioned, there was considerable severe fighting around Cold Harbor, at Barker's Mills and on the Chickahominy, in which the cavalry participated. The whole army moved down finally to

Bottom's Bridge. Before going to Bottom's Bridge, the cavalry had a severe engagement at SUMNER'S Upper bridge, and, while dismounted, held possession of it for some time, and until relieved by the infantry.

We come now to another of those celebrated cavalry raids which have given to Gen. SHERIDAN, and his famous Cavalry Corps, a national and world-wide reputation.

On the 6th of June the Cavalry Corps left Newcastle, on the Pamunkey river, and after marching days and nights, with only four hours in the twenty-four devoted to rest, on the 11th met the enemy at Trevillian Station, near Gordonsville, when a severe battle ensued, which continued for two days, the enemy having the advantage of fighting behind breastworks. We captured several hundred prisoners, but finding it impossible to break through their fortifications, our troops retired, and returned by way of Spottsylvania Court House, a circuitous route, to White House, where our wagon train was, consisting of about nine hundred wagons loaded with supplies for the army. Gen. GRANT had meanwhile changed his base of supplies from White House to James river, leaving the wagon train of the Cavalry Corps at White House.

The rebels, having the inside line, had also been marching upon White House, hoping to capture this train before the arrival of the Cavalry Corps, but in this hope they were doomed to disappointment. Our troops arrived a little in advance of the enemy, and on the 21st a sharp fight took place at White House, in which the First Brigade participated, which resulted in driving the enemy from the field, and the occupation of the ground by our victorious troops.

Our trains were forwarded to the army at James river. On the second day's march, Gen. GREGG having command of the Second Division, was detached with his division to cover the right of the column.

About six miles from the main column he met a very heavy force of the enemy's cavalry and infantry at a place called St. Mary's Church, when another sanguinary and hard fought battle

took place, attended with severe loss. This occurred on the 24th of June.

The fighting on our side was conducted by a single division against the enemy's entire corps, our troops and horses being tired and worn out by the Gordonsville raid, as they had been allowed no rest whatever.

In this battle FREDERICK again distinguished himself by his coolness and bravery, having been charged with important and perilous duties, and being exposed under such circumstances that his commanding General afterwards expressed his wonder that any mounted officer could survive. He was charged with the order to bring off the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, and remained in the field until it had left.

During this battle he rode within a very short distance of the enemy's skirmish line, and by discovering their presence, was able to prevent Gen. GREGG from mistaking them for our own troops, and possibly falling into their hands, as the dust by which all the troops were covered had already deceived him.

During the months of July and August several severe skirmishes and battles took place, in which his brigade and he participated, viz: At Ream's Station, on the 15th of July; at Malvern Hill, on the 28th of July; at Lee's Mills, July 31st; at Gravel Hill, on the 14th, 16th and 17th days of August, and again at Ream's Station on the 21st, 22d, 23d and 25th days of August.

On one of these occasions, Gen. DAVIES being absent on sick leave, and the brigade under the command of Col. STEADMAN, FREDERICK had been ordered to the hospital on account of his health, and was being carried in an ambulance. Hearing the firing of the guns, he left the ambulance and came to the nearest body of troops, which proved to be the Tenth New York Cavalry, and here took an active part in the battle, firing with his own hand, cheering the men, and exposing his person to the enemy's fire. His conduct excited the enthusiastic admiration of the men in the regiment, and aided in preparing them to give him the warm welcome, which he subsequently received from them, when he became the Lieutenant Colonel of that regiment. On being spoken to on the subject, he remarked, that in the

absence of the General he felt that a peculiar responsibility rested on the members of the staff; that he knew the eyes of the army were on the Second Brigade, which occupied an advanced position, and had acquired a fine reputation, and that he regarded his own honor as identified with that of the brigade.

The battle at Ream's Station, the latter part of August, was a sanguinary affair, and FREDERICK was then brought alongside of his old regiment, the Seventh New York Artillery. I learn from Capt. O'BRIEN that FREDERICK volunteered to deliver an important message to the officer commanding a battery, which was done under a heavy fire.

He never returned to the hospital, but his health was so much impaired that nothing but his indomitable resolution enabled him to keep his saddle. In a letter to his father, dated August 31st, he alludes in terms of warm admiration to the conduct of the old Seventh at Ream's Station; naming several former comrades belonging to it who were killed, and others taken prisoners; mentions that the conduct of his own brigade had received much credit in Gen. HANCOCK's official reports; remarks that there had been considerable fighting for the Weldon railroad, in nearly all of which he had the honor to participate, and thus alludes to his own health:

"You can have no idea of the excessive fatigue to which we have been subjected this month, and especially for an A. A. G. I do not want to take a sick leave unless I am actually obliged to, for it is not considered very honorable to leave the field upon the plea of sickness, when one is only about half sick. There are so many shoulder-strapped individuals that are hiding under the shadow of a surgeon's certificate, that I don't want to be ranked among that class."

In a letter to his sister, dated September 3d, he says:

"Since writing to father three days ago, we have marched nearly forty miles, and have had quite a hard fight—I fortunately escaped. We lost quite severely, and this morning we returned and camped in nearly the same place from which I wrote father. We cannot tell how long we will be allowed to remain quiet; indeed, since July 25th, we have not been forty-eight hours in

one place, and as you may easily imagine, we have had but little time to write, while the wear, tear and fatigue have been terrible. I have been so tired at times that I would go to sleep on horse-back. Only last night I was so much worn out that I laid down under a tree and went sound asleep while it was raining, and I had not a thing over me. I could not help it.

"I write and tell you this, NELLIE, so that you can have some slight idea of the reasons for my not writing you in answer to your letters promptly, and not because I am complaining at all.

"When we do get a chance to stop anywhere, I have a great many written reports to make, and cannot neglect them, and after they are done, I am so tired that I generally try and go to sleep for a little while, and letter writing becomes next to an impossibility. I am not very well, but am on duty, and shall remain so as long as I am able.

"I was very sorry to hear of G.'s sickness, and glad to learn he was getting better. He should congratulate himself that he was where he could be taken care of. Here, when one gets sick, he gets very little care, I assure you. They do the best they can, of course, but a tent and the ground make but an indifferent sick room and bed.

"We have had some very hard fighting over this Weldon railroad, and you can congratulate yourself that you still have a brother in the army. I have several times made up my mind that you would not have long, but I have been so far spared. I have not written you, NELLIE, about anything else than myself, but I know that I am the one that you want to hear about, and so shall offer no excuse."

FREDERICK'S duties as Assistant Adjutant General were congenial to his tastes and adapted to his capacity, but yet they had been exceedingly arduous and laborious. He was chief of the brigade staff. His labors during a march commenced early and continued late. He thus explains them in a condensed form, in answer to my inquiry on the subject:

"To attend to all the details of a movement; in battle, to remain with the General, and if any orders are given, to give them to the aids for the regimental commanders, or whomsoever

they may concern; to watch the lines, and whenever, in my opinion, an advantage can be gained, to show it to the General, if he has not already perceived it; and if the aids are all away on duty, and an important order is issued, to carry it myself, and see that it is obeyed; sometimes to push on one flank of the skirmish line while the General is pushing on another, and in every way to watch the effect of movements ordered; and, in fact, to be an assistant to the General (on the field an order from me is the same as one from him); and after a fight to camp the several regiments; to see, personally, that a proper picket line is thrown out; to make official reports of operations, and returns of killed, wounded and missing, damage done, &c., &c."

Upon receiving the letters of August 31st and September 3d, the author applied directly to the Secretary of War for a brief leave of absence, which, having been promptly granted, FREDERICK made a short but delightful visit to his home in September. Recovering his health and strength, he rejoined the army in time to participate in the battle of Davis Farm, on the Vaughn Road, on the 1st of October.

For an account of his gallant bearing on that occasion, I refer to the letter from Major THOMAS, who served on the same staff. A description of this brilliant affair was given in the New York Herald. The first brigade were dismounted, and bravely resisted an attack by an enemy largely outnumbering them; and then, with a gallant charge, routed and drove them from the field.

He also participated in the first battle of Hatcher's Run on the 26th of November, and in the movement in the latter part of November, by which General GREGG and his division advanced to Stony Creek, destroying the bridge and several pieces of artillery, capturing prisoners, and successfully accomplishing the object of the advance.

On the 6th of December, orders were received for the cavalry to move at three o'clock the next morning with six days' rations. The movement was made when the weather was very cold, and on the 9th a severe engagement took place at Bellfield. Major SARGEANT, of the First Massachusetts Cavalry, was shot while riding by the side of FREDERICK during the fight—an event which

produced a serious impression upon his mind. It is understood that the movement was eminently successful.

A full account of this affair was given in the *Herald*, written by its army correspondent. In the official report of the movement, FREDERICK had the honor of being mentioned as "having behaved with the greatest gallantry and zeal, and having contributed greatly to the success of the brigade by valuable service."

The time was now approaching for severing his official connection as Assistant Adjutant General with General DAVIES and his brigade staff—a relation cemented by their common sufferings, perils, and glories. A vacancy had occurred in the Colonelcy of the Tenth New York Cavalry by the withdrawal from that position of Colonel IRVINE, the present accomplished and patriotic Adjutant General of New York. Lieutenant-Colonel AVERY, being about to be promoted to fill the vacancy, tendered the position of Lieutenant-Colonel to FREDERICK. Colonel AVERY had become well acquainted with FREDERICK while he was Assistant Adjutant General. General IRVINE informs me that Gen. GREGG also advised the selection of FREDERICK, as it would be an acquisition to the regiment.

Having ascertained that all the officers of the regiment were in favor of his appointment, he resolved to accept the position, and without delay commissions were issued by his Excellency Governor Seymour for Colonel AVERY and Lieutenant-Colonel TREMAIN, but a brief delay in mustering in became necessary, to enable the regiment to become recruited to the requisite number for mustering in the new officers.

FREDERICK, having resigned the office of Assistant Adjutant General, seized the occasion to pay a holiday visit to his home. He arrived the evening before New Year's, and passed a few weeks there in a visit which will be cherished during life by every member of the family, among their most treasured recollections.

It was a subject of general remark that he had become much matured by his experience in the army. While cheerful and hopeful, he was yet grave and thoughtful, and fully impressed with the duties and responsibilities of his position.

He returned to the army full of high hopes and expectations. Fort Fisher had fallen; THOMAS had achieved his great victory over HOOD; SHERMAN was advancing in triumph, and he confidently believed that the end of the rebellion was at hand.

On his return he met at Washington, in the Invalid Corps, an old comrade of the Seventh, and true to his nature, which led him to promote the welfare of others, he wrote a letter of introduction for him, invoking the author's kind offices in his behalf. This was the last letter I ever received from him directed to me, and I give it as a fair revelation of the kindness of his character.

"My Dear Father—I have the honor to introduce to you Lieutenant ——, formerly of the Seventh New York Artillery, and now of the Invalid Corps. He was wounded in front of Petersburg in the famous charge of June 16th, of the Seventh New York Artillery. The shell that struck him carried away the left eye, and exposed the brain slightly, so that he can hardly do night duty. He, therefore, wishes to be ordered on duty somewhere in New York State, where he can still *do duty*, but, if possible, to some place where he can *sleep* at night, as the loss of sleep gives him terrible pains in the head on account of the exposure of the brain.

"He is a gallant officer, and has won for himself a Lieutenancy from the ranks as a private, and deserves all the favors that loyal men are able to grant him.

"If you in any way can assist him in the accomplishment of his object, you will only be rendering a gallant soldier what is justly due him.

Your affectionate son,

"F. L. TREMAIN,

"*Lieutenant Colonel Tenth N. Y. Cavalry.*

"*January 27, 1865.*"

When he joined the Tenth, and had been mustered in as Lieutenant Colonel, he wrote a letter to his mother expressing his pleasure at his reception by his new regiment, and his gratification in being put in charge of an officer's school for instruction in military tactics, which letter came to hand on the day he

received his fatal wound. I learn that his home and his pleasant visit were the theme of his constant conversation among his intimate friends. He was kind and affectionate in his nature, and was devotedly attached to every member of his father's family. "Sir," said his tent mate to the author, "I felt well acquainted with every member of your family, from FRED's description and frequent conversation."

On the 7th of February, while engaged in court, I received from Maj. PEASE the following telegram: "*February 6.*—FRED was seriously wounded to-day. It is thought not dangerously."

The next train carried from Albany, on their way to him, his mother, Dr. POMFRET (who cheerfully consented to go, although he was home on leave), and the author. We arrived in Washington the next evening, and immediately, through the War Department, opened a telegraphic communication with Gen. MEADE's head-quarters. The first answer was encouraging, but, alas! the next brought the fatal intelligence that Lieut. Col. TREMAIN died the same evening (the 8th) at City Point Hospital, that his remains would be embalmed and forwarded north immediately.

Here let me draw a veil over what follows. The agony of spirit, the bewildering effects of such a sudden and unexpected blow, the crushing out of hopes, the bitterness of disappointment, the terrible reflection that we should never see him alive, the extinguishment of light, and the darkness and clouds that intervened, can be known or appreciated only by those doting parents, who have passed through a similar furnace of affliction.

The circumstances attending his death may be soon related. The movement which resulted in the battle of Hatcher's Run was a general advance of the whole division on the morning of February 5th, pursuant to orders. They were on the march all that day, and early the next morning, while the brigade were preparing for breakfast, the enemy broke in upon them, and a battle ensued, which continued all day.

About two P. M., while near Dabney's Mills, FREDERICK was leading his troops on the extreme left, in the skirmish line, and was about to make a charge, the cavalry being dismounted, when,

Gen. DAVIES having been wounded, Col. AVERY was called to command the brigade, and had sent a mounted officer to notify FREDERICK that the command of the regiment had devolved upon him. While FREDERICK had turned around partly, and was conversing with the messenger, he received the fatal wound from a Minnie ball in his hip.

He left the field, accompanied by two men, meeting on his way Col. AVERY, who describes him as looking pale, and having a smile on his face. In the ambulance he was overtaken by his colored servant, and said to him, cheerfully, that they would soon visit Albany again. He also, at the same moment, recognized his cousin, Maj. H. E. TREMAIN, of Gen. GREGG's staff, while he was riding by with an important order from the General for reinforcements, hailed him, remarking that he was hit, perhaps seriously, but he thought not dangerously, and then urged him to go on in the performance of his duty.

He walked into the field hospital, where General DAVIES met him, placed him upon a bed in a room by himself, and gave him some stimulants. The surgeons extracted the ball that evening, and pronounced it troublesome only, but not dangerous. He was visited there by Major PEASE, Major TREMAIN and others, who, relying on the Surgeon's report, left him without serious apprehensions. The next day he was sent to City Point Hospital, fifteen or twenty miles, where he arrived, cold and exhausted, attended by his servant.

He was in much pain and not inclined to converse. The following day, the 8th, alarming symptoms appeared. He continued perfectly conscious, made his arrangements to leave for home, but was not made aware of the fact that his life was in danger, and about five o'clock, just as his servant had given him some water, he died, without a murmur or complaint having escaped his lips.

A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that the wound was necessarily mortal from the first. The ball, after performing its course, had fallen back, and its location had deceived the surgeons who extracted it, and who supposed it merely a flesh wound.

The intelligence of his death spread a deep gloom over his entire brigade, officers and men. A meeting of the brigade officers (a rare compliment in the army) was called and attended by every officer not absent on duty, at which just and excellent resolutions were adopted.

The remains were accompanied from City Point by Colonel AVERY, Major TREMAIN and Dr. CLARK. His countenance appeared natural and life-like.

A military funeral took place on the 16th of February, with honors suitable to his rank, under the charge of the Tenth New York, commanded by Colonel CHAMBERLAIN, the Cadet Zouave Company A acting as an escort. Everything that affectionate sympathy could do to render honor to his memory, was done by his countrymen and countrywomen. Flowers were sent in bountiful profusion from numerous male and female friends, and these were, by fair and tasteful hands, beautifully arranged in the form of crosses, wreaths, a trumpet and crown, while the coffin was festooned, and covered with them in tropical abundance.

After appropriate religious services had been performed at the author's residence, the public funeral took place at St. Peter's Church, the Rev. WM. WILSON and the Rev. WM. TATLOCK officiating. His Excellency, Gov. FENTON, accompanied by his staff in full uniform, honored the funeral with his presence. The names of the military and civil bearers who attended will be recognized as among the noblest youth in Albany. Sweet and solemn music by the choir filled the church. The citizens of Albany turned out *en masse*, filling the spacious church and the streets, for long distances. A large concourse followed the remains to the cemetery, where, after the soldiers had fired appropriate volleys over his coffin, it was consigned to the vault.

Thus lived and died my brave boy, around whom, for twenty-one years, had clustered my cares, my anxieties, my hopes and my affections!

No longer could we look forward with inexpressible joy to the termination of this war, as an event which would bring back, in safety and honor, the soldier we had furnished! The sound of

carbines and artillery can no more reach him! Henceforth, we must be content to gaze on yonder mute memorials, his belt and sash, his spurs and sword, and other precious relics, and to feed on the memory of his virtues, his patriotism, and the noble record he achieved! He died young; but how many of us who survive have done more for our country and for humanity than he!

My work is ended. I believe this little history to be wholly free from coloring, but if parental fondness has deceived me in this belief, the offence, I am sure, is pardonable.

And now, may Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, grant that this great sacrifice, although not "now joyous but grievous may work out the peaceable fruits of righteousness,"—that the blood of this young martyr may aid in infusing fresh life into our free institutions;—that this rebellion may be so completely crushed, that in all future time, no second attempt will be made by wicked men to destroy our Union by treasonable force;—and may He hasten the day when our NATIONAL UNITY shall become established on immutable and eternal foundations.

Omitting numerous letters from private citizens full of kind and feeling tributes, I select a few written by military officers whose position, as military men, brought them into close and intimate relations with the deceased.

WAR DEPARTMENT, *February 10, 1865.*

My dear Sir—I am unable to tell how deeply my heart sympathizes with you and Mrs. TREMAIN in the great calamity that has fallen upon you in the death of your son. That he has fallen upon the field of battle, fighting gallantly for his country, and given his life as a sacrifice for national existence, may hereafter be some consolation when time has embalmed his memory, and assuaged the present agony of bereavement. I pray you, my dear friend, accept the assurance of my commiseration, and I trust that you will find support and comfort from that Divine Providence, that has called your gallant son from the field of battle to a haven of rest. Yours truly,

HON. L. TREMAIN.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

HEAD QUARTERS 2D CAVALRY DIVISION, }
ARMY OF POTOMAC, *March 1, 1865.* }

HON. LYMAN TREMAIN:

My dear Sir—I take the first opportunity of being able to use my pen, to express to you my sincere sympathy, on the great loss you have sustained in the death of your gallant son, Lieut. Col. TREMAIN.

I know that I can say nothing that will alleviate the suffering caused by a blow such as that you have sustained, but while you mourn his loss it will be at least some consolation to know that he fell fighting for the good cause, and that his name will be ever remembered among those of the gallant men who have given up all, even to life itself, for the honor and safety of the country. As a brave and gallant officer, one who already in his extreme youth had won high military honors, and had before him a brilliant career of hope and promise, his early death is deeply and sincerely regretted by all his fellow officers, and by none more than myself. For a long period he had served upon my staff, and had always deserved and obtained high praise for his knowledge of duty, his cheerfulness and untiring assiduity, and the conspicuous gallantry he had displayed upon every battle field. When he was promoted to a higher position I regretted much that our intimate personal relations should be disturbed, but I was well aware of his high deserving, and knew that his promotion was but a just recognition of his many good qualities.

During the short period he served with his regiment, he had deserved the highest praise, and I looked upon his future advancement as secure, and saw that, if his life should be spared, he had within his reach, the highest honors of the profession of arms.

This, however, was not to be, and on the 6th of February, while leading his regiment with gallantry and judgment surpassed by none, he fell before the fate that has already cut off so many of our best and bravest men.

While we mourn his loss, we must remember that his death was as glorious as his life had been distinguished.

In the vicissitudes of war, should it be my fate to fall, I could

ask no death more distinguished than his; to fall at the crowning point of a success to which his gallantry and good conduct had greatly assisted, and to know that his farewell from earth and welcome above would be the same—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

With the most sincere regards, and the assurance of my heartfelt sympathy in your affliction, believe me,

Very truly yours, H. E. DAVIES, JR., *Brig. Gen.*

HEADQUARTERS TENTH NEW YORK CAVALRY, }
BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., *March 11, 1865.* }

My dear Sir—Although more than a month has elapsed since the battle of Hatcher's Run, the last engagement in which your son, our gallant associate, participated, and in which his young life was laid upon the altar of his country, we, his comrades, are but the more frequently reminded of the vacant place in our little circle. Though his connection with the regiment had been recent, yet, as Assistant Adjutant General of the brigade, we had met him in social intercourse, and also marked his conspicuous bravery on the field. From the highest to the lowest he received an earnest welcome—not as a stranger, but as one who had been identified with us, of whose name and fame we were proud, and whose reputation was hereafter to belong more exclusively to us as a regiment. His honorable and unselfish ambition was particularly gratified, that his promotion had been effected without detriment to the individual interests of any of our officers, and which was enhanced by his previous refusal of a proffered appointment, which, if accepted, would have supplanted a competent and deserving officer.

He came among us with an earnest intention to contribute the whole of his ability and energy, towards improving the morale and effectiveness of the organization with which he had become identified. At times I could not refrain from smiling, at the very earnest manner in which he endeavored to impress upon me the fact of his being young—accustomed to habits of study and application; his expressions of desire to share in the responsibility of

command, and that it would be but necessary to merely *indicate* any duty, which it were desirable that he should execute.

A few days before the movement a system of evening recitations of the officers in Tactics and the Regulations had been instituted under his charge. To this he devoted himself in the same earnest and conscientious manner in which he performed every task. Among other lessons was that of acquiring a new manual for the carbine, just introduced into the division. In this, to the surprise of all, he became remarkably proficient after a few hours' practice—his previous experience as executive officer of the brigade having led me to imagine that he would be found wanting in the practice necessary to an expert manipulation of the piece; but to this, as all other duties of his profession, he had devoted a pains-taking attention.

There was no trait of Lieutenant Colonel TREMAIN's military character more prominent than an earnest purpose to contribute his every effort towards the success of our cause, and which was evinced on trifling occasions as well as in the crisis of an engagement. On the morning of our first day's march, after a sleepless night, owing to the bad condition of the roads, wagons and ambulances were continually being mired, thus delaying the column. Although not under his charge, he labored assiduously in the mud and water, and when extricated made sport of the plight in which he found himself, with the consoling remark: "That he had earned his pay for that day at least."

We were preparing our breakfast on the morning of the 6th, when the engagement suddenly opened—he immediately preferring the request to be allowed the post of danger in command of the skirmish line. Knowing his thoughts, I requested him not to unnecessarily expose himself, with the reminder: "That the Tenth had too often seen him under fire, to require needless evidence of his bravery, in this, his first battle as their Lieutenant Colonel." Our regiment, at first held in reserve, was afterward moved forward upon the line, soon after which, owing to the wound received by General DAVIES, I was notified that the command of the brigade had fallen to myself. I then dispatched a staff officer to apprise Colonel TREMAIN of his being in command

of the regiment, and while receiving the message he was struck by a Minnie ball, and a moment afterward passed me, supported by two men. I shall never forget the pale face, but cheery voice which replied to my anxious inquiry regarding his injury : " That it felt rather deep, and that the blood was running down into his boots."

I could not then realize, that it was the last time in life, that I was to look upon the face of one who had become near and dear to me, and whose irreparable loss was henceforth to be mourned by an entire regiment.

We should be only too happy to contribute in any way to assuage your deep grief, but in such affliction words are very, very empty; and in enumerating the noble, manly characteristics of the lost one, and while we look forward to the future, we are but reminded of its brilliant prospect, had he been but spared for its development. Yours, with sincere sympathy,

M. H. AVERY, *Col. Tenth N. Y. Cavalry.*

Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN, Albany, N. Y.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF LIEUT. COL. FREDERICK L. TREMAIN.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Song for the young and brave !

A pean for his bright though brief career !

But a low dirge above his warrior grave,
The sudden closing to his opening year.
Grief twines with glory. While his morn was red
His Alma Mater's bowers all greenly spread
Joy in his heart, fair fortune at his side,
Home with its joys and friends that loved with pride,
He turned from all to stem the battle tide
For his loved land, and for that land he died.
Amid the roaring rain of musketry,

And thunder-shock of volleys, the keen play
Of bayonet-lightning, his slight form we see
Full in the front, and where death's awful way
Was wildest ! Woe that he should perish there

In his fresh strength while sweeping upward road
With his good sword, to where Fame, bright and rare
For one so young, stood holding high in air

The laurel wreath. In strife how fiercely glowed
His heart ! in rest how full of love and mirth !

Blue shone the sky, and flowery smiled the earth,

For toward all human kind his heart in gladness flowed.

The saddle was his throne, and he a king

When the fierce squadron dashed in thundering might

A cataract of swords and shots—a wing

Of rushing Havoc—a quick cleaving flight

Of deadly levin! Lo, a glorious raid!

And the galloping steeds and the rush and the clang

Of the ride over mountain, through forest and glade

And the keen thrilling peals of the trumpet! How sprang

The hamlet in terror while on came the burst

Of the troopers and cheering and flame told the worst,

As they swept up the harvest and dashed down the wall

And, laden with spoil, skimmed away one and all

While the night rang with clash and deep thunder of bound

And flushed wide with torch-flame, and day heard the sound

From field and from village of wailing and wrath

And the foe sought in vain to block SHERIDAN's path.

And mid them our eager young hero! no toil

Too great for his striving; no battle-turmoil

Too fierce for his daring; no duty undone

Till the goal of the striving and daring was won.

Oh, long lament for him, the youthful dead!

The bravest of the brave! most kind and true!

The blossom scarce to perfect life had spread,

The sun had scarcely climbed the morning blue.

And yet so firm he looked at coming death

With eye so dauntless, such untrembling breath

It seemed a mark of scorn. The bullet sped,

And hours rolled onward, while with creeping tread,

The shadowy foe approached; and when the dart

Was reared to reach his young, warm, generous heart,

With tenderest love of friends upon his lips

He entered, undismayed, life's dread and dark eclipse.

Song for the young and brave!

Long as the land shall live he died to save

Shall honor cast fresh wreaths upon his grave.

Not lost his bright career; it shines a light

To kindle other hearts with patriot might,

And when strife calls again, a beacon to the fight.

And not alone home's fractured altar shows

A shrouded radiance, a great nation knows

Her darkened orbs, and keeps them in her heart

And when the frowning clouds of War depart

Her grateful love will kindle them anew

And constellate their rays forever in her view

XV.

LIEUT. COL. MICHAEL B. STAFFORD.

MICHAEL B. STAFFORD was the son of RICHARD and ALICE STAFFORD, who emigrated from the county of Wexford, Ireland, and came to Albany, N. Y., in the year 1822. Here MICHAEL was born on the 29th day of December, 1827. His father was a shoemaker, and has resided in Albany since 1822, where he has held the office of alderman, and been much respected for his integrity and worth as a citizen. He gave his son MICHAEL a good business education, such as his limited means would allow, and sent him to learn the trade of a mason, at the age of sixteen years, with ADAM TODD, late of Albany.

At the age of twenty-one, MICHAEL left Mr. TODD, having acquired a thorough knowledge of his chosen trade, and about the year 1851 went to Corning, N. Y., where he commenced business on his own account as a builder. He followed that business till 1860, when he returned to Albany. He erected many of the best buildings in the village of Corning, and was regarded as a first class builder. He was prompt and upright in all his dealings, but had not been successful in amassing any considerable property, having met with some heavy losses in business.

In his early manhood at Albany, he was a member of the Albany Emmet Guards, and took great interest in that organization, and was a good soldier. He was also Foreman of one of the Albany fire companies.

When at Corning, he was chosen Captain of the Emmet Guards of that place, one of the finest and best drilled militia companies in the State. After holding that position for several years, he resigned, and was soon after selected as Major of the Sixtieth Regiment N. Y. Militia. This position he afterwards resigned.

On the breaking out of the war he was residing in Albany, and when the Twenty-fifth Regiment N. Y. Militia (Col. BRYAN) was ordered, on the 21st of April, 1861, to hasten to the defence of the National Capital, he joined as a private in the ranks to serve his country, leaving his young wife and four little children. He served his term of three months with this regiment faithfully, and, upon his return to Albany, was soon after appointed to a Lieutenancy in the Eighty-sixth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers, which was raised for three years or the war. His regiment was mostly recruited in Steuben county, where he had formerly resided.

He passed with his regiment through the Peninsular campaign, under Gen. McCLELLAN, and fought in most of the important battles in Virginia during the year 1862. At the battle of Chancellorsville he was Adjutant of the regiment, and was severely wounded, and compelled to lie in the hospital for several months. Upon his recovery, he again joined his command, and was at once promoted to the rank of Major. He was in all the battles under GRANT, from the Rapidan to Petersburg, and was several times slightly wounded. His regiment belonged to HANCOCK's immortal Second Corps. He had his horse shot under him in the bloody battle of the Wilderness.

On the 29th of November, 1864, while his regiment laid in front of Petersburg, Va., and the enemy were throwing shells which fell in his camp, he stepped out of his tent to give some orders (he then being the Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, the commanding officer, the Colonel, having resigned), and was struck with a piece of shell, which took off his hand, and cut a fearful and mortal wound in his side. From this wound he died in his tent, on the first day of December, after the most intense suffering. Upon being informed by the Surgeon that his wound was mortal, he called his officers and men around him, and bade them stand by the flag of their country till victory should, as it certainly would, crown their efforts. Then he bid them, each and all, farewell.

The following letter he dictated to his wife and children in his last moments:

“Dear wife—I put you in the trust of God Almighty, for my time has come. I have served my country as a man, and am willing to die.

“Bring up my children in the fear of God, and sacrifice every one for his country, if necessary. Tell my old father and mother that I died as their son should die, with his head up and his face to the enemy.

Yours, &c.,

MICHAEL B. STAFFORD.

Then, having received the last consolations of his religion, according to the rites of the Catholic church, his spirit went to God, in whose mercy he confidently trusted.

He left to mourn his loss his wife, ELIZA CARROLL, to whom he was married in 1854, and five children. The youngest of the children was but four weeks old at the time of his death.

His patriotic services rendered to his country, and the sacrifice of all the endearments of a loving family and life itself, are sufficient to transmit his name and reputation to the future, and to commend his beloved widow and fatherless children to the sympathies of a grateful people.

XVI.

MAJOR CHARLES ELISHA PRUYN.

CHARLES ELISHA PRUYN was born in the city of Albany, Nov. 11th, 1840. He was the son of Col. SAMUEL PRUYN, a gentleman of superior intelligence and worth, and a descendant of one of the oldest and best Holland families in the city. On his mother's side, he claimed with just pride, descent from the Puritan family of PUTNAM, among whom was Gen. ISRAEL PUTNAM. From the ancestors of both his parents he inherited the noblest qualities. To the firm and persevering characteristics of the Dutch, were united the energy, quickness and industry of the New England stock. To all these were added the unyielding integrity, the pure patriotism, and the high toned religious sentiments peculiar to both races.

His boyhood was passed amid the quiet and happy scenes of home, and was in no wise remarkable; though every careful observer could have detected qualities in the youth, that gave promise of a noble and useful manhood.

From his earliest childhood he was distinguished for strict regard for truth, and his detestation of everything mean or dishonorable. If he discovered such traits in his playmates or associates, he was disposed at once to discard them.

He was educated at the Albany Academy, and while he had a quick apprehension and retentive memory, and made fair progress in all his studies, he excelled in elocution and mathematics. He was very ambitious for a higher and more complete education, and it was a great sacrifice to him to relinquish his hopes in this respect, and at the early age of sixteen devote himself to business. He entered, at that time, one of the city banks as clerk, but the disappointment of his expectations in regard to



Thos. E. Long

his studies did not affect his outward conduct, or make him indifferent to the duties of his position. He gave himself to them with conscientious energy and perseverance, and, probably, not one of those who daily mingled with him, was aware of the struggle going on, in that young heart, between duty and inclination. Perhaps the discipline was just what he required, for it was evident that his character, about this period, became greatly strengthened, and his parents were often gratified by the testimonials of his employers' approbation, in regard to his capacity, fidelity and morality. The knowledge of business he thus acquired was very useful to him, and he realized and confessed the advantage of it afterwards.

In the army he was often banker and cashier of the regiment, and, being prudent and judicious in the use of money himself, he was very often the creditor of others, especially among the men who had families at home, and were grateful for the loan of a small sum of money. The kindness he showed in this respect was highly appreciated, and won for him the deepest gratitude. That he did not lose his regard for learning, by his business engagements, appears in the fact, that of almost the first money he received after he entered the army, he gave one hundred dollars, towards the endowment of Rutgers's College, expressing his gratification that although he had never enjoyed the privilege of a college education himself he could assist others.

He united with the Middle Dutch Church of Albany, when he was fifteen years old, and was, successively, a scholar, teacher and officer in the Sabbath School.

Though surrounded by many temptations, he so maintained his Christian character that several gentlemen felt it a privilege to have their sons associate with him. One gentleman, who had the best opportunity to know the purity of his character, made every effort to bring his own son, who was disposed to be very wild and careless, under his influence, hoping it would have a tendency to check him in his evil course. CHARLIE's mother, who greatly feared his contamination, plainly told the gentleman her apprehensions. He replied: "You may rest assured your fears for CHARLIE are groundless; he will never *come down*

to anything vicious; his morals are impregnable, and I feel sure his course will always be to draw others up to his level."

His *purity* of mind was remarkable. His young companions felt the power of this, and his presence was always a check upon any indulgence of impurity. Probably to this, more than anything else, next to the grace of God, was he indebted for his preservation from the corruptions of the army. Nothing in his character is more worthy of imitation by the young men who read this sketch; nothing will so effectually furnish them for the temptations of life as to be like him, "pure in heart."

Not long, however, was he permitted to enjoy his pleasant home and the peaceful pursuits of life. The trumpet of war sounded through this once happy land; the hand of the parricide was lifted against the bosom that had fostered it, and every pulse of his ardent nature beat with the most intense emotion.

When the news of the fall of Sumter was received, his face glowed with shame and indignation. He seemed to feel it a *personal* insult, and for many days he was too excited to eat or sleep. His first impulse was to enlist as a private at once, but his parents, though fully sympathizing with his patriotic spirit, were slower to feel that *he* was called to such a sacrifice. They counseled deliberation and prudence. They felt that his qualifications entitled him to a position of greater influence, and they *hoped* the terrible storm would soon be over, and then there would be no demand for his services.

He respected and yielded to the wishes of his parents, but it was evident he chafed under the restraint. His mother, who knew the decision depended mainly upon her wishes, and who was watching him with intense and prayerful anxiety, at last came to the conclusion that it was her duty to give her consent.

Hearing him restlessly pacing the floor one night, after midnight, she went up to his room and said: "CHARLIE, my dear son, why are you so excited?" He answered: "Mother, how *can* I help it; how can I remain here at home, and sleep quietly in my bed, when the country is in such a state? Why, mother, I don't want to go into the street any more; I am ashamed to look people in the face; a strong, healthy fellow like me, staying

at home and enjoying all these comforts when the country is in danger, and needs my services."

His mother then told him, that God had made her feel that it *was* his duty to go, and that his parents had no right to interpose obstacles in the way. She engaged to obtain his father's consent, only stipulating that he should first endeavor to procure a commission; but if he failed to do so in a reasonable time, she would not object to his going as a private.

The change immediately produced by this conversation was wonderful. He expressed the greatest delight and gratitude, and at once set himself to work to obtain a commission in some regiment already in the field. He went to Washington with letters of the highest recommendation to the War Department, and he received the promise of a speedy appointment. He returned home and waited with the greatest impatience, and learned then for the first time, how little reliance could often be placed upon the promises, or assistance of strangers. He finally decided to accept an appointment in a regiment then organizing at Plattsburgh. He was commissioned as First Lieutenant, Company A, Ninety-sixth Regiment, N. Y. S. Volunteers, Col. FAIRMAN, October 17, 1861. The regiment did not go into the field till the spring of 1862, when it entered upon the Peninsular Campaign, under Gen. McCLELLAN. But the time was not lost. He was ambitious to excel in everything he undertook, and spent every moment not necessarily otherwise occupied, in the study of military tactics. The same earnestness and enthusiasm which had always characterized him, now stimulated him to make himself thoroughly competent to fill any position. Every book that could be bought, every device that could be employed—such as miniature armies, &c., were brought into requisition to perfect his education. How well he succeeded, his after experience proved.

That he deeply felt his absence from home and his exposure to temptations; that his army life was a *duty* he conscientiously endured, and not a pleasure ministering to a roving and excitable temperament, his letters fully proved. Very few young men had such strong home attachments. Very few enjoyed more intensely

the comforts, refinements and literary advantages of city life than he did, and yet in all those scores of letters, not one expression of regret is found; and when his privations and sufferings were mentioned, it was always with some modification, and gratitude for what blessings he had.

He was a very interesting and voluminous correspondent, and his letters were the delight of the home circle. Always happy, too, in the reception of letters *from* home, he seemed anxious to do all he could to make up for his absence from those who loved him so well, by giving them the most of the time he could command. A few of his letters will perhaps be interesting to the reader. They will, better than any words of ours, reveal his true character; his intelligence, his affectionate love for his friends, and warm devotion to his mother.

He participated in the skirmishes of James river April 23, 1862, and of Bottom's Bridge, Va., May 20th, and in the battle of Williamsburg, May 5th, an account of which he gives in the following letter :

FOUR MILES FROM WEST POINT, *May* 12, 1862.

Dear Mother—I wrote you a few lines last night, but it was so dark that I fear I did not write plain enough for you to read. I will try now to write a more detailed account of our doings. A week ago Saturday, just as we were getting ready for inspection, orders came for us to fall in and march. As we were only about half a mile from the enemy's fortifications, which were concealed from us by a narrow belt of woods, we supposed we were going to attack them, and therefore left our knapsacks behind. We halted just before we cleared the woods, and there heard that the rebels had retreated, and we were to follow them up. After leaving the woods, we entered into the enemy's works. We traveled all day long, and at night rested on the ground.

The next morning (Monday), we started again, and traveled very fast, hearing the sound of cannon all the time. About three P. M., turning a sharp angle in the road, we found ourselves in a large field where immense bodies of troops were drawn up in line of battle; and, advancing, we formed quickly into line.

Immediately an officer rode up, and told us to load as fast as possible, the bomb-shells and shot at the same time whistling over and around us. I saw one shell burst and kill three men in the regiment right at the side of us. We were then ordered to advance on the double-quick, and support a battery of the Eighth United States Regular Artillery. This was a position of importance, and consequently of honor. I have been told that we were assigned this position by Gen. SUMNER (who commanded, Gen. McCLELLAN not being present, though he came up soon after), because we were so cool when forming and advancing into line of battle. We stood in this position the rest of the day, the shot and shell flying around us like hail; yet, very singularly, none of us were hurt. It rained hard all day, and we were wet through to the skin, cold and shivering. When we advanced, we threw off everything—such as blankets, haversacks, &c., and we had nothing at all to cover us, and nothing to eat. Just as it was growing dark, we heard that our forces had completely defeated the enemy, though our left had been terribly cut to pieces (we were on the right); that BANKS had taken Richmond, and that the rebel army was flying in every direction. Cheer upon cheer went up on that battle-field from thousands of throats. But now came the hardest time for us. Tired, wet through, hungry, and cold, we were forced to lie down, as we were, in the mud, without any covering, and no fires. This was the worst night I ever passed in my life, and I do fervently hope I shall never be called to go through another like it.

The next day the sun came out warm and pleasant. As we did not march until afternoon, I had an opportunity to see a part of the battle-field. What I saw I cannot attempt to describe, but never, *never* shall I forget it. I thought, what a *horrible* thing is war! And as I saw men lying dead, torn into all imaginable shapes by cannon and grape-shot, I thought of the homes made desolate, and the hearts that would bleed, and the many who would remember this day when they were made widows and orphans, with sorrow as long as they lived. And I thanked God most fervently that my poor life was spared, and that in His great goodness He had not permitted me even to be wounded.

We marched on after the enemy, for the whole army was immediately set in motion to pursue and cut them off; but we only went about six miles, when we encamped for the night in a most lovely spot, although it was right among the abandoned forts of the enemy.

On Wednesday we joined the division, and continued on our march until we reached Williamsburg; there all but our brigade stopped, but we continued on. Williamsburg is quite a large place, and is beautifully situated. Now it is almost entirely deserted by its inhabitants; half the houses are occupied by our troops, and over a great many the red flag floats, denoting hospital quarters. The rebels must have had a vast number wounded, which their hasty flight compelled them to leave behind, so they are now prisoners of war in our hands. Not only is Williamsburg full of wounded rebels, but as we pass along the road, at almost every barn, the hospital flag is hung out.

Our brigade was thrown in advance, after leaving Williamsburg, and as we were the first Union troops that had passed that way, it was necessary to be very careful. So our company was detached and placed in front, to act as an advance guard, to scour the woods, &c., which gave me a grand chance to see the country just as the rebels had left it. All along the road were strewn clothing of every description, camp furniture, guns and ammunition, and occasionally a gun with the wheel broken, and caisson dismounted, thus showing that the "chivalrous southerners" had fled *rather* precipitously.

Towards night, we halted at a farmhouse by the road. Two other regiments of infantry (besides our brigade), two batteries of artillery and a squadron of cavalry soon came up, giving us a force of between six thousand and seven thousand. We killed some cattle, built fires (which, however, we had to extinguish at dark), cooked our food and slept. We remained at this place all day Thursday. The reason for our not marching on I do not know, but I think Gen. KEIRN did not feel safe in advancing further into the enemy's country without reinforcements. Indeed, our position was one which demanded great caution, for we were far from the main army, and only seven thousand strong, while

the enemy had been thirty thousand strong only a few hours before, and were probably near by. Besides all this, we had no provisions.

Friday, about noon, the remainder of our division came and joined us, when we started and marched on a few miles. Night coming on, we all turned into a field of wheat, or rather a wheat field, and halted for our night's rest.

Here we were joined by the whole grand Army of the Potomac, and also by Gen. McCLELLAN, in *propria persona*. On Saturday A. M., we started. The army commenced moving at four o'clock A. M., and yet *we* did not leave till nine o'clock, and we are about in the centre, so vast is this immense army. On the top of a high hill, I had a chance, as we halted a few moments, to look around, and on either side, as far as my eye could reach, stretched this enormous column of men. It was a magnificent sight. We traveled all day, and at night stopped about four miles from West Point, where we now are. Gen. McCLELLAN's head-quarters are just across the road from our encampment.

Late at night, we got some crackers, dry, tasteless flour and water, things made, as is stated on the box cover, October, 1861; and yet *how good they were*, better than the nicest pastry I ever tasted. Anything is good to starving men.

Sunday it was given out that we would not move, so we rested ourselves after this hard week's work. We had sugar and coffee Sunday morning, and by great management on my part, I got a few, dirty, nasty ginger cakes, such as in Albany I would not think it possible to touch.

I attended divine service in an adjoining regiment, and it was to me a rich treat. I rejoiced once more to hear the word of God read and expounded. We expected to leave here this A. M., but have, as yet, heard nothing of it.

I feel badly just now, for the mail has come in, and I have no letter from home. If you only *could* know how I miss your letters, and how happy it makes me when I get them, I am sure you would write very often, and ask the rest to do so too. And yet I *know* it is not your fault. There must be some mistake in the mail, for I am sure you love me too well to neglect me; but

I do so long to hear from home; *two whole weeks* since I have heard one word. Love to all, and to you as ever.

Your affectionate

CHARLIE.

On the 31st of May and the 1st of June, 1862, his regiment was engaged in the terrific battle of Fair Oaks. In this engagement the regiment suffered severely, losing one-third killed and wounded. Lieut. PRUYN had been quite ill and was entirely unfit for duty, but no selfish consideration could keep him from his post. He conducted himself with such bravery and devotion, that he was mentioned in the official report of his Colonel, as "deserving special commendation for his gallantry and soldierly bearing."

The Ninety-sixth were in the celebrated "CASEY'S Division," which was in the advance, and within sight of Richmond at this battle. By some strange and ungenerous misapprehension, Gen. Mc'LELLAN was led to censure this division in his first dispatch, charging that it "broke unaccountably and discredibly." How unjust was this aspersion was abundantly proved, when the subject was discussed on the floor of Congress. In that discussion, the Hon. Mr. VAN WYCK, of New York, "briefly recounted the movements of CASEY'S Division from the 5th of May till the battle of Fair Oaks; what losses it sustained from toil and exposure; that it was halted amid the swamps of the Chickahominy, where without tents, without blankets, without food, and *without murmuring*, they lay down on the banks of that deadly stream. That CASEY'S Division had but 5,000 men fit for duty, while the enemy marched from 30,000 to 40,000 men against him; that CASEY'S men held the ground for three hours without being reinforced; that every rod of the retreat was covered with the rebel dead; that our gallant men fell where the sleepers are many, with their backs on the ground, and their feet to the foe; that nearly one-third of CASEY'S men were killed or wounded, a larger proportion than any other division had lost in a single battle during the war; that while the history of centuries is being crowded into days, hours and moments, he felt that the records of the house

should do justice to the bravery and devotion of a gallant division, that deserved so much of their country."

Mr. PRUYN's letters written immediately after this battle, agree very remarkably with these statements.

June 3, 1862.

Dear Mother—Fearing you have heard of the battle of the 31st and 1st, and perhaps have heard that the Second Brigade of CASEY'S Division was all cut up, I just write a line to tell you that although our regiment is pretty well used up, your son is alive and well; and that though the secesh bullets came round thick and fast, killing and wounding our men without number, the nearest I received to a wound, was a piece of lead through my coat, but which never touched the skin. Thank God for my safety.

Not only our regiment, but the whole brigade are cut to pieces. Since the fight, several of our men have been out, and find that the place occupied by the force opposed to us, is literally covered with their dead, thus showing that our boys done good service. I cannot write more now; this is only to relieve your anxiety. The fight was right on our camp ground, and we have lost *everything*. Over 4,000 of our wounded have been sent off, and not nearly all are gone yet.

In haste, but affectionately,

CHARLIE.

The following, giving a more detailed account of the battle, is one of what he called his "journal letters." These letters were carefully written up from his memorandum book, and from first to last would furnish a concise, correct and interesting history of the movements of the portion of the army with which he was connected.

It is surprising that he could find time for letters like these, but they furnish one of the many proofs he gave of his desire to gratify and relieve his friends at home. His mother regarded it as a religious duty to keep him acquainted with every minutia of domestic affairs, believing it the surest way to keep alive his

attachment to home. She was well rewarded by his carefulness and attention to her wishes, in regard to a knowledge of his daily movements.

IN THE WOODS, NEAR BOTTOM'S BRIDGE, VA., }
TUESDAY, *June 8th*, 1862. }

My dear Mother—Beginning at the date of my last journal letter, Tuesday, May 13th, we left Rosser's Church about seven o'clock. The day was scorching hot, and we did not reach our final stopping place until two o'clock the next A. M. Just think, nineteen hours under, part of the time, a burning sun, with a heavy knapsack on your back. And yet we only marched twelve miles. If we only could have started and marched right on, it would have been far easier; but the trouble was, with such an immense body of troops the roads became blocked up, and we could only march a few feet and then stop ten minutes or more; and so on all day, not stopping long enough for the men to sit down to rest. It was a terrible march. This place is called New Kent Court House.

Saturday, 17th.—Had dress parade to-night, and just after it was over we received orders to march. Started just at dark, and marched till after midnight, when we stopped at a place called Cross Roads. Our march was not fatiguing, as it was night and cool, but a part of the way was through the woods, and so dark we could not see where to go, and often we got into mud holes. Laid down and slept this night with the bosom of mother earth for my resting place, and the star spangled heavens for my coverlid, and, what's more, slept sound and good. If I am spared to return, I am afraid I shall have to go out into the garden to sleep, for I don't think it will be possible to lie in a bed in the house.

Sunday, 18th.—No work to-day. A splendid day, though very hot. This evening, for the first time, the regiment had the word of God read and expounded to them by our Chaplain, who joined the regiment yesterday. It did my heart good, once more to join with others in praise to the Almighty for His goodness and mercy to us.

I have a new kind of bed, which pleases me very much. I take my blanket and tie a rope to each end. These ropes I make fast to two trees, jump in, bring the two sides of the blanket together, get one of the boys to throw a rubber blanket over this ball of humanity, and I am fixed for the night. *Unless*, peradventure, said ropes should break, which verily doth often happen, in which case the young man, even he called PRUYN, doth receive sundry bumps and bruises on head and body, which doth not add to the serenity of his temper.

Monday, 19th.—Although it rained hard this A. M., we started and marched several miles to a place called Despatch Station, on the Richmond and York River Railroad. Are now about fifteen miles from Richmond, *the goal of our expectations*. Slung my hammock, and laid me down to sleep.

Tuesday, 20th.—Was awakened this A. M. early, by hearing some one say that "Capt. LOT" had arrived with his sutler's wagon. I tumbled (*literally* tumbled) out of my hammock, and started for the wagon. You must know that we men here are like quadrupeds; we take one good shake on rising and we are dressed. I have not taken off my clothes to sleep since I came to the war. I purchased some ginger cakes at two cents a piece, a can of oysters at a dollar, a few other things in proportion, and ate a breakfast which I tell you was good. Long before my breakfast was over, Capt. LOT had sold out, and started off for another load.

Wednesday, 21st.—Yesterday, about ten o'clock, we were ordered out for a fight. Started with our cartridge boxes filled with ammunition, and went at a rapid pace about two and a half miles, when, coming into an opening in the road, saw two or three regiments in a field popping away at some invisible enemy in the woods, and from the fact that bullets would occasionally and *semi-occasionally* whistle around *our* heads, we were led to conclude that said invisible enemy was popping at us. The further to convince us that our conjectures were right, said enemy let fly a few round shot and shell, which came in close proximity to the heads of several members of the glorious Ninety-sixth, and the hum of which has a very disagreeable sound to a man,

reminding him of what *might* be the consequence, if he happened to be in the spot where said shot or shell struck. Well, we staid there, doing no good, for we were not ordered further, but having the pleasure of knowing that we were a good mark for certain little pieces of lead, which the enemy were prone to send us, with their loving regards.

Finally our regiment was put back in the woods, and Co. A, with Lieut. PRUYN in command, sent up to guard a house where lived a hoary headed secessionist, who, it was supposed, would give information to the enemy of our strength, &c., unless he was watched. He was not at all glad to see me, but that was none of my business. I told him to keep cool, and placed a guard around the house, after which I requested my friend, the host, to get me some dinner, for which, however, I paid him liberally, and which pay, notwithstanding his patriotism, he was very glad to get. This sumptuous meal consisted of coffee made of corn, parched and ground, without milk; bacon, fried, and corn cakes, made of corn meal and water without any salt. At night my friend had to give me supper, and, in the A. M., breakfast.

Thursday, 22d.—About noon this day was relieved, and the regiment marched back, but not to our old camp, for since we came down here the whole army has moved further down. We were sent forward to drive in the enemy's scouts and pickets.

Fine weather in the A. M. and very hot, but in the P. M. rained furiously and hailed. I had pitched my tent in a hollow, and when the rain came I was flooded out, besides having my tent blown down. I got *rather* wet.

Friday 23d.—Orders to march; started and crossed the Chickahominy, which don't amount to anything. From all you hear about it, one is led to suppose it is quite a large river, but it turns out to be a little, insignificant stream. We traveled on this day till night, and then encamped by the roadside, just as we had marched.

Saturday 24th.—Rained hard all day. We heard heavy firing, and were shortly ordered forward to fight, but again the enemy had left before we came up, so we stopped and encamped regu-

larly, but "no rest for the wicked." About eight o'clock at night the whole regiment was ordered out on picket, and wet, tired, hungry and cold, we were obliged to go and stand on picket all night.

Sunday 25th.—A lovely day; cleared off in the night. As I am Acting Adjutant, I staid at head-quarters last night, which is an old house that has never been finished. About noon we were relieved, and marched back to camp, where the men had their rations dealt out to them, which they were sadly in need of, poor fellows, for they had had very little the day previous. Here we staid all day and that night, and our poor boys slept well on the damp ground. It is the greatest wonder in the world to me that any of us can stand what we do; 'tis true that two-thirds of the regiment have given out and are sick in the various hospitals, but the wonder is that any man can endure what we do.

Monday 26th.—Were ordered suddenly this A. M. to fall in and march without our knapsacks—to "go forward and fight the enemy." The boys started in good spirits, and on we went for about two miles, when we found that *again* they had fled. With sorrowful faces we turned and came back, put on our knapsacks, and again went forward, till we came to a place called Seven Pines, where we stopped. We are now so near Richmond that it is impossible to make a long march unless we turn and go back, which we have not done yet, and *I hope never will.*

Tuesday 27th.—Remained in this place; heard of BANKS' being in retreat and defeated, which created a profound sensation in camp. We have made a detail of fifty men from our regiment to throw up earthworks, dig rifle pits, and cut down trees and form what is called an abattis.

Wednesday 28th.—The regiment was ordered off on picket. As Col. FAIRMAN is division officer of the day, Lieut. Col. GRAY takes command. I feel miserably sick and wretched; hope I shall not have to give in.

Thursday 29th.—A sad day for our regiment; our Major was killed. I wrote you about it the day it happened, and in the "Herald," of 4th of June, you will find an account of it. Save that paper for me. He is a great loss to us. We all loved him

for his many excellent qualities, and he was a man of great military experience. I feel very badly to-day.

The place where we were was Fair Oaks Station. The name will be borne in history as the battle of the 31st of Fair Oaks. We were relieved near night, and marched back to camp—not our old one, but a new one, which had been laid out while we were out on picket. And now as this camp was the battle ground, I will tell you, as well as I can, how we were situated. Since leaving Yorktown, those divisions which were in the rear have been in front, consequently we have been in front. That camp was on the extreme left of our whole line of operations, and was exceedingly weak, so weak that we often used to talk about it, and wonder that our division was left so exposed. Our camp was close to our pickets, so that it might be said the whole division was on picket all the time.

The few days we were there, we were literally on guard the whole time. We sent off from each regiment one hundred men to throw up earthworks, to protect us on our front, but which were only partially finished at the time of the battle. We were called up once or twice at night by alarms. Three times the day before the battle we were out in line of battle; and every morning up at three o'clock A. M. and formed in line, so you see how we had to work.

Friday 30th—Hard at work, so hard that I could not stand it any longer; worn out; used up; it's useless to try to keep up, but I *must* try.

Saturday 31st—I was busy this A. M. making out the regimental reports, which must be sent in to the Brigadier General the last day of the month. I felt miserable but kept up, hoping to get some rest after that was done. Just after noon, I had stepped to the Colonel's tent, and was standing talking with him, when I heard the report of a cannon, followed by the whir of a round shot, which passed right over our heads and struck the ground about fifty paces to the rear of the tent. We looked surprised, and began to talk of "What an excellent shot it was;" "It was a beautiful line shot;" "If it had been a little lower," &c., when the second report of a cannon and a second shot came whirring

past, but this time a little nearer. The Brigadier General, whose tent was a few paces off, was standing near at the time; said he, "this will never do, if we don't get out of this *some of these boys will get hit.*" He ordered me to form the regiment, (I was Acting Adjutant) but, before I could do this, the pickets commenced firing. We had had so many alarms the last few days, that we thought little of it, but still marched out and formed in line in the road. At our first position in the road, the bullets came around thick and fast, and one man was killed. From this position we were ordered across the field. But when we got part of the way there, we saw several little puffs of smoke at a little distance, and the Colonel, suspecting the enemy was there, formed us in line. The boys saw some men behind the fence, but they *had a white flag*, and the cry immediately was "don't shoot." But I remembered the treachery of the rascals, and shouted, "It's them, but they are trying to deceive you, take good aim and let them have it." If you could have heard the volley that followed this order of mine you would have heard *something*. As soon as our boys opened on them they rose up, and then we saw what an escape we had had. There were several thousand men there, and if we had gone down where we were ordered, it is not possible that one could have escaped alive. Oh! how they opened on us. It is a miracle that any of us came off alive. Our boys dropped like sheep, but still they did not flinch. They stood right up to it till the regiment which joined on to us gave way, then our boys fell back to the rifle pits. Here we only staid a short time, for we found the enemy had what is called a "raking fire" on us, which swept down the ditch in such a manner that one shot would wound or kill several. Here it was that we lost the most, so we fell back to our former position and made our last stand. Our men fought *nobly, bravely*; never flinched under a murderous fire. I was proud of them. The man next to me was shot down dead with the colors in his hand. The Colonel caught them and looked around for some one to take them. I sprang forward and took and held them till a sergeant came and relieved me. The color bearer who was killed, was one that I had always taken a great interest in, for the reason

that I had promised his father, in Plattsburgh, that I would exercise a care over him. He did not belong to my company, but that made no difference. Poor fellow, he died nobly, but how I pity his poor father!

Perhaps it was caused by excitement, but I really knew no fear; and although the bullets flew around me thick as hail, I thought no more of them than of so many pebble stones. You may think I want to brag, but it is not so; and this is not my case only. If a man is going to show fear, he will do it *before* the fight. Once in it, and there is no time to think of self. How long we were here I know not. I was busy exhorting the men to stand up to it, "give it to them," "pop them down, boys," "take good aim and bring down one of the rascals;" until, finally, on looking around, I saw that, with the exception of the Colonel, two or three officers, and about a dozen men, we were alone.

I looked across the open ground, and thought that my chance of getting over it safely was out of the question. Actually, at that moment, I would not have given two cents for my life. Thus I soliloquized: "PRUYN, my boy, it's impossible for you to get over there in safety. You haven't one chance in ten thousand; but then you know, my boy, the rebels don't give quarter, and they will be in here in less than two minutes; so, if you *don't* get there, you're done for any way. So here goes." I started; I did not *run*, mother—I never will do that; but I walked, and it did seem to me I never should reach the woods.

This ended my part of the fight. Our regiment was all gone in—broken and scattered. I met all that was left of it that night; fragments that the Colonel had collected together and marched about two miles to the rear. I reported myself to the Colonel, and was highly commended by him. I had spent the time, after the regiment was broken up till I reported to the Colonel, in helping wounded men to different hospitals. I met a party carrying Lieutenant Colonel DE FOREST of the Eighty-first New York, an Albanian, and showed them where a hospital was. He is dangerously wounded in the lung.

Sunday, June 1st.—The regiment was marched down to the

woods, back of the second tier of rifle-pits, and there encamped as well as we could.

Now we fought well in our regiment — losing, in killed, wounded, and missing, *one man out of every four*. The rebels have possession of our camp, so the men have lost everything. Luckily, my trunk was in the wagon on the other side of the river, but my knapsack and many other things are gone. I have been honorably mentioned in the Colonel's report for "bravery and soldierly bearing on the field," though I don't know for what, unless picking up the flag and holding it, and certainly that wasn't much. But now that it is all over, we are told by Gen. McCLELLAN in his dispatch that "the troops all did nobly, *except CASEY'S Division*. Or, in other words, because six thousand men did not beat back fifty thousand, they are *cowards*. This makes us all sick of fighting. To stand in front of such a superior force, and fight as *we know* we did, and then be branded as *cowards*, is certainly too much to bear. And then to have it go before the world over McCLELLAN's signature, of course it will be believed, and we shall be sneered at forever. Why it would have been far better if we had not been in the fight at all, for then nothing would have been said about us. Oh, it does seem to me I can't get over this! If you see me coming home soon, don't be surprised. But enough of it. It makes me so indignant I don't want to think of it—*if I can help it*.

Monday, June 2d.—The firing has all ceased, and we are yet in the same place, but still they bring in the wounded.

Tuesday, 3d.—Made a detail of men to go out and bury the dead. Several of our boys have been up to our old camp and report that the rebels have carried off everything, or destroyed what they could not remove. They say the stench is so terrible, from the enormous number of dead unburied there, that it is almost impossible to remain in the neighborhood.

Wednesday, 4th.—The rain came down in torrents. You folks north have no idea how it *can* rain down here. Notwithstanding the rain, we started to-day, and with sad and deeply mortified feeling, *went back* for the first time. In the afternoon, halted near the Chickahominy, about two miles from Bottom's Bridge.

Oh! what a march this was. For some fifty yards we had to wade through water over four feet deep, and running swiftly. Some of the little drummer boys were almost drowned. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, still here. There is talk of sending us to Fortress Monroe, Norfolk, or somewhere. Our division is so reduced by losses and sickness, that we are not considered fit for service in the field.

But my job is done. I write all cramped up and am very tired, and I guess you are too, by this time.

I am as ever, your affectionate son,

CHARLIE.

To those who knew Lieut. PRUYN, it was not surprising that to be branded as a coward, so unjustly, should be intensely painful and mortifying; although the above letter does not indicate the bitterness of the feeling that really existed in his mind. The more he reflected upon it the deeper those feelings became, and weak and depressed as he was, he had not strength to resist them.

Referring to this in a letter written a day or two after, he says: "This regiment which left Plattsburgh with nearly nine hundred men, can now muster for duty only about one hundred and fifty. And yet we were willing to toil and suffer and die if need be, till since this battle. Now every one is utterly disheartened. How much a few words from one in authority can do. Those words of McCLELLAN's so unjustly delivered—'The men all done splendidly except CASEY's Division'—this is what has broken us down. For whatever others have done, the Ninety-sixth New York fought as well as men could fight, and only left the field when the enemy was on three sides of them, and *then* retired with their faces to the foe, loading and firing as they *walked*, for they *did not run*.

"If the public need proof of what we did, we can give the best of proof—our list of killed and wounded—*one man out of every four actually on the field*—did any other regiment do this? Our division hardly six thousand strong, held in check more than thirty thousand rebels. Did any other division do this? Oh, is it not hard after all this to be branded as *cowards*?"

'Tis true Gen. McCLELLAN afterwards modified his report, and retracted his charges, but too late for its effect upon this brave young heart. The injustice had done its work, and he resigned on the 17th of June and returned to his home, bringing with him garments perforated by the bullets—which, however, through the care of a kind Providence, were not allowed to touch him. It is only justice to his memory thus to explain the cause of his resignation, for by those who did not understand him, it was inexplicable.

But aside from these reasons, there were others which would have fully justified the step. His father's death had occurred the spring previous, and his mother had a great burden of care and responsibility, from which his presence might relieve her to a great extent. He felt deeply his responsibility in regard to her, and often debated what was *duty*. He had been willing, if his mother *desired* it, to resign before this; but finding her willing to sacrifice every personal consideration to her country's good, he decided that the claims of his country were paramount.

When Col. FAIRMAN transmitted to him his discharge, he took occasion to write the following letter :

CAMP NINETY-SIXTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. VOLUNTEERS, }
BEFORE RICHMOND, *June 17, 1862.* }

Lieutenant CHARLES E. PRUYN :

Dear Sir—I herewith transmit your honorable discharge from the service of the United States, and in so doing would express my unfeigned regret at the loss of your companionship and service as a man and officer. I cheerfully give my attestation to your courage and devotion as a soldier of the Union, to which I was witness in the terrific battle of Fair Oaks, before Richmond, May 31st. And I shall ever remember you with peculiar interest as a soldier, who stood by my side while one out of four was killed or wounded, and one out of three of our regiment was lost in battle. With cordial wishes for your future success,

I am truly yours, &c.,

JAMES FAIRMAN,

Col. 96th Reg't N. Y. S. Vols.

Mr. PRUYN very soon, however, felt that he had made a mistake in resigning. Before he reached his home he saw clearly that the injustice of a man did not affect the merits of the cause, or the claims of his country upon his services, and he determined to return to the army. But the seeds of disease, contracted amid those fearful swamps, developed themselves immediately upon his arrival home, and a serious illness followed. Yet, even while prostrate with sickness, the old feeling came back that it "was a shame and disgrace for a young man like him to be at home in comfort while the country was imperiled, and he longed for returning health that he might go back to duty."

One little circumstance will show how *real* this feeling was. On the Fourth of July the procession passed his house, and he being then quite sick, went to the front door to look at it. In a few moments he came in, saying "that he could not stand there, and that it made him indignant to see that it was possible to get up so large a company of men in the city of Albany. No wonder the South can beat us, when the men of the North would rather stay at home and parade the streets."

While yet too ill to leave the house, he was offered the position of Adjutant of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Regiment New York State Volunteers, then organizing at Plattsburgh. He at first declined, but being urged very strongly, he at length decided to accept it, and went for the second time to that place.

He received his commission as Adjutant of the regiment July 16, 1862. His services in the organization of the regiment were acknowledged to be invaluable—as, with the exception of one person, he was the only officer who had any *practical* knowledge of military tactics and discipline. His qualifications as a disciplinarian were found to be so desirable, that when the regiment left Plattsburgh he was very strongly urged to remain as Adjutant of the post, and promised the position of Major of a new regiment to be immediately organized there. Colonel RICHARDS strenuously opposed this, declaring it *impossible* to spare him. Adjutant PRUYN saw clearly the advantages of the offer, but feeling a just pride in the regiment which had grown into shape and order under his discipline, and having a strong attachment to

associate officers, he declined the proposition, and went with the One Hundred and Eighteenth to the seat of war.

It is asserted by some of the officers who have had a good opportunity to know, that the set of regimental papers, prepared by him at this time, are the most complete and beautiful set now on file in the Adjutant General's office.

The regiment remained in and around Washington, doing garrison duty, till the spring of 1863. At this time he was again highly complimented upon his regimental reports, and was assured, by the inspecting officer, that "he had the most exact, well kept and handsome books he had found in his whole tour of inspection." These little circumstances show that it was characteristic of him to do *everything* in the best possible manner. Exact and thorough in all he undertook, he established a character for system and reliability among all who had any dealings with him, rarely sustained by one so young.

Adjutant PRUYN was A. A. A. General, on Col. WORDROP's staff, commanding brigade from June 20th to July 13th, and was Post Adjutant at Gloucester Point, from July 14th to August 28th, 1863, when he received his commission as Major of the regiment, upon the nearly unanimous vote of the line officers, many of them with great magnanimity and from a true sense of justice, waiving their own claims in his favor.

In the latter part of October, 1863, a detachment of the regiment was sent out on several dangerous reconnoitering expeditions, under command of Major PRUYN. These expeditions were accomplished with great credit and success, and the appreciation of his character and services, by those under his command, may be known by the following letter.

The value of this compliment was greatly enhanced by the fact, that it was so arranged as to celebrate his twenty-third birth day.

LINE OFFICERS' QUARTERS, 118TH REGT. N. Y. S. V., }
PORTSMOUTH, VA., Nov. 11, 1863. }

Major CHARLES E. PRUYN, *Commanding Detachment 118th Regiment N. Y. V., Intrenched Camp, Norfolk, Va :*

Major—The line officers of your late command in Portsmouth,

Va., highly appreciating your many good and noble qualities, both as an officer and a gentleman, have decided to honor you with a supper, and the pleasure of your company is respectfully solicited, to attend the same, at the American Hotel, Portsmouth, this evening.

We are, Major, yours, with the highest esteem,

M. V. B. STETSON.

J. W. ANGELL.

JOHN BRYDON.

From this time until May 4th, 1864, the regiment was encamped at Yorktown and the neighborhood. During this interval, they participated in several skirmishes, and attempted several movements which failed in their accomplishment. His health was by this time seriously impaired, and symptoms of heart disease were developed, which made it dangerous for him to continue in scenes of excitement. But no persuasion or advice could induce him to resign.

On the 4th of May, the regiment embarked, being in the Eighteenth Army Corps, for the James River, under Gen. BUTLER. One of his "journal letters" gives a diary of this period till the battle of Drury's Bluff, or Proctor's Creek, May 16th, 1864.

In this battle, the Colonel being absent, and the Lieut. Col. wounded in the early part of the engagement, the command devolved on Major PRUYN. How well he discharged his duty may be judged from the fact, that his regiment was the last to leave the field, and earned *there* a character for endurance and bravery, that placed them in the foremost ranks of the heroic defenders of our nation. In a letter written by Major General DEVENS to Governor FENTON, when the regiment was discharged at the close of the war, he speaks in the following terms of commendation: "Participating in various affairs previously, at the battle of Drury's Bluff, May 16th, 1864, this regiment distinguished itself for its great valor and pertinacity, and now the reputation it has since enjoyed, is that of being one of the most resolute regiments in the service. Out of about three hundred and fifty men engaged, it lost in this conflict in casualties, one

hundred and ninety-eight men and thirteen officers; and it is a most noteworthy fact, that having taken two hundred prisoners from the enemy, *the regiment had considerably more prisoners at the close of the action, than it had men fit for duty.*"

The night after this battle he wrote the following hasty letter to his mother, and, a few days afterwards, a long "journal letter," from which we will make a short extract, giving his description of the battle. The difference between these letters, and the former ones written when he first entered upon active service, is very marked. Three long years of experience and of suffering, had subdued the buoyant playfulness of his disposition, and the Holy Spirit had deepened his religious feelings, and taught him to look upon the solemn circumstances in which he was placed, in the light of eternity.

NEAR BERMUDA HUNDREDS, *May 16th, 1864.*

My dear Mother—Thank God I am safe. Never before have I so felt the kind protection of my Heavenly Father, and with His assistance I will serve Him more faithfully than I have ever done before. I am worn out, used up, sick, *sick at heart*, but I trust a few days rest will restore me. We have been for eight days fighting all the time, (bushwhacking) and had worked our way up to within nine miles of Richmond, so that from the top of a high pine we could see the place. We carried their outer line of defences; but this morning they came upon us in overwhelming numbers, and, after several hours murderous fighting on both sides, they drove us back.

But our gallant regiment did *nobly*, and stood their ground till the last regiment had left the field. Indeed, they stood their ground till they were nearly all shot down. Oh, my heart aches so to-night! Some of my best friends are killed. Those I had learned to love so well are gone. Oh! *when will* this cruel, wicked war end. We have lost heavily, I fear, but know nothing except the thousand rumors that are floating around. But, still, there is something for which we may congratulate ourselves. This action has called away a large force, which would otherwise have been with LEE, so Gen. GRANT reaps the benefit.

I was not hurt in the least. *It was your prayers my dearest mother, that saved me.* Oh, I know it; I feel it. I trust I shall live hereafter as a true Christian. Never before have I felt as I do to-night. I am not excited as I write this, though all worn out. Your good long letter just received; will *study* it. Yes, I will *try*. Ever, CHARLIE.

The following is an extract from his journal letter:

"*May 14th.*—The enemy continued to shell us all this A. M. The Colonel pleaded sickness, and went into camp. Colonel NICHOLS, who really is sick, came out and took command. I was entirely used up, and was just going to report sick, when I was detailed to take charge of the skirmishers of the brigade. This being a post of danger, and of course of honor, I pocketed my bad feelings and went out. I had several men killed and wounded during the twenty-four hours. I was highly complimented by Gen. BURNHAM, because I kept my line in good order, and did not allow my men to fire unless they saw some one to fire at. The trouble is with men generally, they keep popping away when there is nothing to be seen, thereby wasting their ammunition, alarming our folks unnecessarily, and revealing our position to the enemy.

"To be in command of the skirmishers is very fatiguing; running around without a moment's rest, constantly under fire and great excitement, without a chance to eat or sleep.

"Saturday night I went out with some of our men and brought in a poor fellow of the Ninety-eighth N. Y., who had been killed on Friday, but lay in such an exposed position that it was impossible to get at him in the day time. We buried him right by our picket lines: a soldier's grave, with nothing to mark his resting place but a *blaze* on the tree near his head.

"My tour of duty was not off till Sunday afternoon, and when I came in I was so entirely used up that I fell asleep the moment I dropped on the ground, and slept through the heavy firing which was kept up all night.

"*Monday, A. M., May 16th.*—Just at daylight there was a very heavy fog—so dense you could not see six feet from you. Col.

NICHOLS woke me, saying there was heavy firing on the right. I grumbled a little at waking so early, saying it was only a false alarm; but I soon found out my mistake. In a few moments WISTAR'S Brigade began to fire, followed by the Eighth Connecticut, and by the time we were up and ready for action, we saw a heavy rebel line within six feet of us, charging down upon us with tremendous fury. They had crept up under cover of the fog, hoping to surprise us, but were in this disappointed. Our boys gave them a tremendous volley, and, as they were so near, and our men took good aim before they fired, the slaughter was terrible. I could see whole lines of them fall at once. They immediately broke in great confusion and ran; but about ninety of them ran the wrong way (purposely), and came into our lines, and gave themselves up as prisoners. Lieut. CAMPBELL, and a company of our regiment, were on picket when the fight began. The rebels passed him in the fog without noticing him. Shortly afterwards the Assistant Adjutant General on General JOHNSON'S (rebel) staff rode up, and taking him for one of his own men, asked where Gen. JOHNSON'S skirmish line was. Lieut. CAMPBELL told him to get off of that horse, and he would show him the Yankee lines. The gentleman resisted, when CAMPBELL pulled out his pistol. He then said, "no matter, he would get off," and CAMPBELL, steering clear, in the fog, of the rebels, brought him and his company all safe into our lines. I could tell of a dozen such adventures, but have not time.

"HECKMAN'S Brigade was broken, and WISTAR'S followed, leaving the flank of the Eighth Connecticut exposed. They stood it for a while, when they broke and fell back. Then we had to take it. Imagine them all gone, and the rebels in their place, protected by *our own* rifle pits, and all firing into the One Hundred and Eighteenth, besides those out in front of us, and you can have some idea of our condition at the time. But our brave boys did not flinch in the least. They stood there loading and firing with the utmost coolness, until finally orders were given for us to change our front, and take up another position. Even this left us open to a terrible fire, and many men fell here. Just before we changed, NICHOLS was slightly wounded, and went

to the rear, leaving me in command. After a while we received orders to fall back on a line with the other regiments of our brigade. Here we staid till every other regiment had left the ground, and then we fell slowly back about a quarter of a mile. Here we halted, and this time the rebels did not follow us. They had been severely punished, and been taught to have some respect for the One Hundred and Eighteenth New York. We formed in line and remained here till late in the afternoon, and the enemy shelled us, but did not do us much harm. Thus ended the battle of Drury's Bluff, in which fell, of Union forces, nearly five thousand men, all newspaper reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Our regiment lost one hundred and ninety-six men and thirteen officers—a little more than half of all the men engaged!"

The modesty with which he here alludes to his own position at this time, and the utter absence of all attempt to magnify the important part he took in this engagement, is certainly very noticeable. Of the regiment—his "brave boys"—he was proud, and could speak in terms of unbounded approbation; but of *self*, not a word. *His* courage and patriotism were *proved*, not *professed*. And certainly they were most conspicuous in this instance, when it is remembered that he was, at this time, in a very suffering and precarious state of health.

The second day after this battle he was compelled to yield. The excitement of the battle, the responsibility of commanding, which he deeply felt, and the severe and exhausting labors, brought on a violent attack of heart disease, and he was taken to the hospital for the first time since he had entered the army. His great danger was apparent to every one, and the surgeons at once told him "it was his duty to resign, and that he could not possibly endure the excitement and fatigue of the army." He would not for a moment indulge the thought of resignation, and insisted upon returning to the regiment after only eight days' rest.

About this time there was evidently a great change in his religious feelings. His letters indicated a depth of spiritual feeling, and a desire for *entire* consecration to the will and service of God such as he had not manifested before. The Holy Spirit made the

death of his associates and his own precarious state, the means of impressing upon his mind the uncertainty of life, and he was brought to a very sweet and earnest submission of himself and all his interests to the will of God.

While in the hospital he wrote several letters, from which we make a few extracts :

“ For the first time I am in hospital, but don't be alarmed. I am not *very* sick. The trouble is, just as soon as the long marches and fatigue attending them comes on, and the excitement of battle, then my old complaint comes back. All I need is rest and quiet, and it goes off again. I sometimes wish I could get detailed for a few months, and I think I could be entirely cured. But I hate to express such a thought even to *you*, for it is not right to wish to be away at such a time as this; nor would I do it, were it not that I know I am driving nails in my own coffin by staying in this constant excitement. *I will not resign*—that I have made up my mind to; but I have often, as I have been lying here, thought if I could be detailed to take charge of the Albany barracks, what a windfall it would be. But, then, I have put away the thought as unworthy. A soldier in the field has no right to be looking out for ‘*soft places*.’ I am going back to camp to-morrow any way, for I can't stay here in a crowded hospital with wounded and dying men around. It is enough to make a well person sick.”

On the 31st of May, the Eighteenth Army Corps reinforced the Army of the Potomac, and were engaged in the battle of Coal Harbor on the 1st, 2d and 3d of June. When the regiment was drawn up in line of battle, the first day of this engagement, Major PRUYN made an address to his men, which was said by some of the officers who listened to him, to be one of the most stirring speeches ever uttered; expressing the loftiest patriotism, and the purest, deepest religious sentiments.

In a letter written to his mother the day before, while on the transport, he said : “ I have given up all speculations upon our movements and prospects. I begin to see clearly that we are in God's hands, and we must accomplish his purposes. Where we are going, and what is before us, I know not, but I am happy

and contented. I have committed myself *fully* to the God of battles and I know he will do just what is right for me." Again, "We are all in the keeping of the great Creator, and when He sees fit this "cruel war" will end, and peace be restored to our land. I pray God that the time may soon come. It is my desire and purpose, if my life is spared, to remain in the army till the close of the war. But *three years* is a long time, and I do fervently pray that this year may bring peace."

During the first day's engagement at Coal Harbor, his horse was wounded and disabled; and on the second day, he received a wound in the foot; a ball passing directly through it. At the time this occurred the regiment was prepared to make a fearful charge. He went to the rear, had his wound hastily dressed, sprang upon his horse, rode as far back as possible, and then walked the rest of the way to the regiment. As he passed headquarters, Gen. SMITH, who commanded the corps, saw him limping, and supposing he had just been wounded, sent an orderly to assist him to the ambulance. Major PRUYN thanked him, but told him he was on his way *back* to his men; he could not leave at that crisis. The orderly left, but in a moment returned with a glass of brandy, saying, "Major Gen. SMITH sent this to you, and says you are a brave officer."

While he was at the rear, the General commanding seeing the hopelessness of the charge, had countermanded the order, but this was not known to Major PRUYN till he reached the regiment. Surely the history of the war does not furnish an instance of more deliberate and determined abnegation of self! Who can withhold his warmest admiration!

By night his wound became so painful that he was obliged to yield and go to the field hospital. He was now urged very strongly to resign. His heart difficulty was greatly aggravated, and being disabled by a wound, it was argued that he had no *right* to remain any longer in the army. But no argument could convince him, neither could he be induced to remain in the hospital but a few days. Unable to be on duty, and yet determined to be near the regiment, he went back, and for a few days longer staid in the chaplain's tent. Of this period the chaplain writes:

"We tented together for a short time, and I am glad I had this opportunity to converse so freely with him as I did. For sometime there was a visible change in him—more thoughtful, more ready to converse on religious subjects. He often spoke of you, and your prayers for him; of the Sabbath school, and his early impressions there. I frequently found him reading his Bible, and he read very attentively the little book, 'The Victory Now,' which you sent him. One night, after we had prayed together, he remarked, that he had never lain down to sleep since he came into the army without prayer."

While in the hospital he wrote: "I write you from this hospital to-day, but I expect to leave it to-morrow. The doctor says it will be several weeks before my foot is well, and I cannot think of staying away from the regiment so long. I am needed there, and must go back."

He returned to the regiment on the 8th, and after staying with the chaplain two days, he resumed the command. On the 11th he wrote the following letter, the last he ever penned:

IN THE RIFLE PITS, *June 11, 1864.*

My dear Mother—I received a few lines from you this A. M.
* * * * I joined the regiment yesterday. My foot is not well, but I cannot stay back. It seems wrong for me to do so, especially as the doctors tell me it will be four or five weeks before it is entirely healed; but it is only a flesh wound, and if it was on my face or hand, would heal in a short time; but a wound in the foot, no matter how slight, always takes a long time to heal, as the circulation in that part of the body is so slow.

My general health is tolerable. Of course, I don't feel as well as if I was at home, and could get my sleep and meals regularly, and where I would not have the care and responsibilities which the commanding officer of a regiment always has, especially a young man like me, entrusted with the lives of more than two hundred men. But I do not mean to complain, but rather thank God that he has kept me alive, and from being severely wounded, as so many have been in this terrible struggle.

We had one poor fellow killed yesterday, our only casualty during the day. Our regiment has now been in the rifle pits, under constant fire, ever since we came here, ten days. Of course, we are protected by the breastworks, but "familiarity breeds contempt," and the men become so accustomed to it that they get careless, and in this way many lose their lives. Besides, it is impossible for them to stay in the pits all the time, they must leave once in a while.

I thank you, dearest mother, for writing to me so often. Even if it is only a few lines, it cheers me, and makes me feel better when I am thus constantly reminded that the dear ones at home think of me, and it seems to bring me near to you. As I lie on the ground at night and look up at the stars, I think those same stars are looking down on you, and I go to sleep, dreaming of *home* and *mother*. Don't think me romantic; the army is the last place for that; and although I do feel anxious that this dreadful war should end, and that I may be spared to return to you, yet I do not get *homesick*. I do not *allow* myself to do that. Love to all.

Your affectionate CHARLIE.

Yes, this was the last letter of the dear boy to his dear mother; the last "love to all" from him who indeed loved all, and was ever ready to sacrifice his own interests for the welfare of others. His hour was approaching; he had seen thousands die, and now the moment for him to die is coming. His purity, his love of home, his undying affection for his Christian mother, his ardent patriotism, his sense of honor, his noble and unsurpassed bravery, could not save him. During the whole war, his mother, who is as eminent for her pure and exalted piety as was her son for his exalted patriotism, did all in her power for the benefit of our soldiers, with the hope that God would return to her, her own dear boy. Daily did she pray for his protection. Every moment he was on her heart. Every night she retired anxious what tidings the morning would bring; but she could leave him with God. She knew, by a blissful experience, the "secret place of the Most High," and she could trust her Heavenly Father.

It will require but a few words to describe the last scene.

On the 13th of June the regiment re-embarked for Bermuda Hundreds, and were immediately on their arrival ordered to march upon and assault Petersburg. On the 15th of June, 1864, Major PRUYN's regiment was ordered to make a charge on one of the most formidable works before the place. While preparing for the advance, the young Major stood erect before his men, his countenance radiant with hope, and his eye flashing with enthusiasm. Surveying the ranks, he uttered, in a clear and ringing voice, the words, "Attention, Battalion!" He was the next instant about to give the order, "Charge;" but, before the word had escaped his lips, a shell struck him on the breast and exploded. He uttered a single exclamation, "Oh," and instantly expired. His body was terribly mangled, and, as his comrades gathered around the lifeless remains, they wept like children.

The sad tidings fell upon the devoted mother like a thunderbolt, and for a time she seemed crushed. All the past, the days of his childhood, the period of his enlistment, his affectionate and graphic letters, his heroic deeds, came rushing upon her memory and overwhelmed her. But her Heavenly Father has graciously sustained her; and all loyal men and women throughout the land, all who love liberty and hate slavery, will thank her for giving to the American Republic such a son. History will perpetuate his memory, and posterity will applaud the name of CHARLES ELISHA PRUYN.

The precious body was embalmed and brought to his home. On Monday, June 27th, 1864, it was my privilege to participate in his funeral services, and in the presence of a vast concourse of weeping friends, to bear testimony to his ardent piety, his noble patriotism, and his eminent services rendered to his country. His venerable pastor, the Rev. Dr. WYKOFF, offered an appropriate and fervent prayer, and, from his own warm and sympathetic heart, commended the bereaved relatives to Him who alone could give consolation adequate to the hour. The remains were borne to their last resting place in the Albany Rural

Cemetery, under the escort of his former companions, the Zouave Cadets.

The numerous letters received after he fell, bear most touching testimony to the grief his death occasioned; and it was a proof of the maturity and excellence of his character, that those who loved and mourned him most, were the oldest and best men, not only of his own regiment, but of the whole brigade.

One of the officers of the regiment, Capt. R. W. LIVINGSTON, whose opinion, from the dignity and excellence of his own character, was particularly valuable, writes thus: "Though we were so nearly at the extremes, he being almost the youngest and I quite the oldest officer of the regiment, I very early learned to admire his capacity as an officer, and esteem his virtues as a man; and, notwithstanding the disparity of our years, was proud of his friendship. I do not attempt to write words of consolation. While I have lost a dear young friend, you have lost a most dearly loved son—a son who deserved all your love, and fully justified your pride. His memory must be tenderly cherished."

Rev. Dr. VAN SANTVOORD wrote thus to his mother:

"I met one of your sons several times in Washington, but am not positive whether it was CHARLES or not; but this matters little, as I learn from various sources the character of your deceased boy for truth, honor, and all manly qualities, and the deservedly high estimate in which he was held by all who knew him, and that the path which he loved and strove to walk in, was that which the Master pointed out and His own blessed footsteps trod. To lose a son of whom this may be said, is a loss only in name. To one fitted for heaven it is gain to die, and it were hardly wise or well for us to mourn the entrance of our loved ones, on the possession and full enjoyment of the heavenly treasure."

Nor were these the sentiments only of such as had known him in manhood, and after the development of his character. One of his earliest companions speaks thus of him:

"My Dear Mrs. PRUYN—The valuable gift which you have so kindly sent me moves me more than I can tell. CHARLIE'S sword

I feel unworthy of; and yet to no one out of your own family could you have confided it to whom it would be more precious. I shall cherish it as a memorial of one of the warmest friends of my youth; of one with whom I have passed many happy hours, and of one whose early death crowns a career so honorable, so noble, and so patriotic, that I feel proud in having been for many years his associate.

It seems but a few days since CHARLIE exchanged the oar of our pastime for the sword of the soldier; and the same earnestness and faithfulness that characterized the enthusiastic boy, honored and distinguished the career of the well-loved man.

As I look at the sword, I shall ever think of the bravery and patriotism of my former companion; and with the remembrance shall be linked appreciation of the regard that thinks me not unworthy to be the recipient of so precious a boon.

Deeply sensible of your consideration,

I remain, truly and gratefully yours,

JOHN E. McELROY.

The excellent officer who succeeded him in the regiment writes :

"I feel honored to occupy *his* position, and it is my highest ambition to emulate his noble, Christian patriotism. Oh, that he could have been spared to see the termination of this fearful struggle! No heart would have rejoiced more truly, for none served their country more unselfishly than he did."

Another writes :

"Major PRUYN'S life cannot be measured by length of days, for there are few among us, hoary with age, who have such a record of duty and patriotism. The score of years and the early death completes his life better than a century of mere existence. To have been a noble boy, a dutiful, exemplary son, a Christian man, and a zealous patriot, throws a halo of glory around the sad, untimely death."

Soon after his death, the following tribute to his memory was received :

HEADQUARTERS, 118TH N. Y. S. V. }
 IN THE TRENCHES, BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., }
July 20th, 1864.

Mrs. MARY PRUYN, Albany, N. Y.:

Madam—Enclosed I send you extract from General Orders No. 80, Headquarters Department Virginia and North Carolina, just received at these headquarters.

It will assure you that the name of your lamented son is still identified with the struggle, towards the success of which he contributed his young life. The nobly fallen have not been forgotten—their memory has been most fittingly honored.

Along our outer lines their names have been set—gems of encouragement to ourselves—signs of warning to the foe.

It shall be our effort to emulate the brightness of their example—their devotion—that their sacrifices may prove to have been in behalf of a cause as gloriously successful, as it is gloriously righteous.

I am, Madam, most respectfully,

J. L. CUNNINGHAM,

Captain Commanding 118th N. Y. V.

[*Official.*]

HEAD QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA }
 AND NORTH CAROLINA, IN THE FIELD, VA., * }
July 15th, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 80. In honor of the memory of some of the gallant dead of this army, who have fallen in this campaign, the redoubts and batteries on the lines will hereafter be known as follows, viz:— * * * * *

Battery No. 6 is named Battery Pruyn, after Major CHARLES E. PRUYN, One hundred and Eighteenth New York Volunteers. * *

By command of Major General B. F. BUTLER.

(Signed)

R. S. DAVIS.

Major and Assistant Adjutant General.

Referring to this, an officer writes: “Yesterday I visited the battery which bears his name. It is one of the finest and most complete batteries on this whole line. It is the centre and salient

battery, and in a very important position. At the point occupied by this, ours and the enemy's lines are the closest together. A very neat board marked "Battery Pruyn" has been placed over the entrance to the work. I am glad I was able to visit this place, but you may believe I had many sad thoughts and memories, caused by the visit. CHARLIE was more to me then, than I thought him in life."

But these testimonials received, are too numerous to be further alluded to. Seldom has a young man died of whom less of evil could be spoken, or who was more affectionately remembered by a larger circle of sorrowing friends. With a mind stored with useful knowledge, with principles pure and unyielding; with a power for influence, and a capacity for command rarely seen in one so young; and, above all, with a heart fired with the truest patriotism, he was eminently fitted for the times, and seemed destined to fill a higher position than he was permitted to attain.

But his young life has been freely given, with the many precious sacrifices this fearful war has demanded.

At a regular meeting of the Washington Lodge, No. 85, F. and A. M., held at Masonic Hall, September 24th, 1864, it was unanimously

Resolved, That the tidings of the untimely death of our lamented brother, CHARLES E. PRUYN, Major One Hundred and Eighteenth Regiment New York Volunteers, while in the discharge of his sacred duty, have caused feelings of the deepest sorrow. We mourn that a patriot so brave, so true to his country and just to his God; a soldier so valiant, a son and brother so devoted, so faithful and so beloved, should thus early be called from a sphere of hope and usefulness.

Resolved, That in his death, a link in the chain of our brotherhood is broken, and his memory will ever be revered by his afflicted brethren and associates, as a devoted, ardent and faithful brother, and warm friend and supporter of our institution.

Resolved, That we tender to the afflicted family of our deceased brother, our heartfelt sympathy, and assure them of our high appreciation of his noble qualities; and, while we bow in humble submission to the chastening rod, we remember that it is an act

of that mysterious yet all-wise Providence which "doeth all things well," and, though removed from his earthly labor, our brother is called to higher service and angelic duties in that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

W. E. MILBANKS, *Secretary*.

Mr. PRUYN inherited from his father a decided military taste, and he was glad to join the Albany Zouave Cadets, soon after their organization, as an amusement, never imagining that the knowledge thus acquired would ever be brought into requisition for any higher or more important purpose.

He enjoyed his connections with this company, and was ever ready to make any sacrifice to promote its interests.

The following resolutions, passed by the company after his death, express their estimation of him:

ARMORY ALBANY ZOUAVE CADETS, }
CO. "A," TENTH REGIMENT, N. G. N. Y. }

At a special meeting of this company, held at their rooms on Friday evening, June 24th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

The tidings from the battle field before Petersburg, Va., brings to us the painful intelligence of the death of our former associate, CHARLES E. PRUYN, Major of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Regiment N. Y. S. V., who fell while bravely discharging his duty in the service of his country; therefore it is

Resolved, That in the sacrifice of this noble young life, our Nation has lost a brave man and a devoted patriot, and this company, of which he was an honored member, a friend and comrade who was endeared to us by many ties of affection.

Resolved, That, though we have been called to grieve over his untimely end, we still have the consolation of knowing his death was the Christian's, his sacrifice the hero's, and that he yielded up his life in the holy cause of defending the rights of his country.

Resolved, That we tender to the officers of his regiment our heartfelt sympathies for the loss they have sustained by the death of their gallant officer.

Resolved, That, though we feel the insufficiency of human sympathy, we offer to the family of our departed comrade our sincere condolence in their dark hour of trial.

Resolved, That desiring to pay a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of our departed friend, we will attend his funeral obsequies in such a manner as may be acceptable to the bereaved family.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, properly engrossed, be tendered to the family of the deceased; that a copy be forwarded to the officers of his regiment, and that they also be published in the daily papers of this city.

L. U. LENOX, *Captain*.

W. N. S. SANDERS, *Secretary*.

Other testimonials were received, equally earnest and flattering, with those already given, which our limits will not allow us to insert.

But higher than all human praise, is the approbation of that God whom our hero so faithfully served, and the love and welcome of the Saviour, in whom he placed his trust, and his hope of immortal glory.

XVII.

MAJOR GEORGE S. DAWSON.

GEORGE SEWARD DAWSON was born in Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1838. After having acquired a thorough business education, he entered the printing office of Weed, Parsons & Co. (of which firm his father is a member) as an apprentice, and, having served out his time, was engaged in the office at the outbreak of the rebellion. For a few months preceding the fall of Sumter, he was a member of Company B, Tenth Regiment National Guards, and from the happening of that event, he became fixed in his purpose to take part in the contest. He offered himself as a volunteer in the first regiments raised in Albany, N. Y., but owing to the loss of vision in one of his eyes, caused by an accident in his early boyhood, he could not pass examination. Grieved that he was thus precluded from taking his place as a private in the ranks, he resolved, with the cordial acquiescence of his parents, to solicit a commission, as the only mode of carrying out his patriotic purpose. A commission of First Lieutenant was readily secured for him in the Second Regiment of New York Volunteer Artillery.

On the 6th of November, 1861, he joined his command, which was rendezvoused on Staten Island, and the next day moved with it to Washington, marching directly to Fort Ward, in the immediate vicinity of Fairfax Seminary, south of the Potomac. His own company was detailed for Fort Ellsworth, and subsequently, at different times, for two years, garrisoned Forts Worth, Reno, Ward and Cochrane.

In February, 1862, the Captain of his company (F) having resigned, the Lieutenant was promoted to the vacancy, which position he held until he received the wound which resulted in his death.

The first active field service assigned the regiment was in 1863, during the famous but unfortunate campaign of General POPE. It was ordered to proceed to Manassas, and vicinity, to aid in protecting the trains running to that point. It was a weary march for a regiment which had been strictly confined to garrison duty for nearly two years, and which had had no experience in the rougher work of war. But the order was received with cheers, and the regiment went to its assigned duty with alacrity, anxious to escape the monotony of garrison life, and to share in the dangers and glory of the field. Before, however, it had reached its point of ultimate destination, and while marching cheerily forward, without the slightest suspicion that the enemy was in the neighborhood in force, it was startled by a heavy discharge of artillery in front and on either flank, as if it had been purposely permitted to enter a *cul-de-sac* before being warned of its danger. It was the regiment's first experience of the iron realities of war, and although the shot and shell came thick and fast, there was, at first, neither panic nor alarm. No enemy was visible, and there was no evidence of his proximity, except what was furnished by these iron missiles. It soon became apparent, however, that they were nearly surrounded by a largely superior force—at least ten to one, as was afterwards ascertained. But for the impression that the regiment was merely the skirmish line of a large force in the rear, it would have been captured, as it might have been easily. This impression, however, saved it from so sad a fate; and the officer in command, Col. WAGGONER, though illy qualified to take care of his men in such an emergency, had the sagacity to see that his only safety was in retreat—which he was enabled to effect for a time, in good order. But when the retreat began, and the enemy discovered that they had been approached by a single regiment, without support—which they were slow to believe, as it indicated a want of foresight wholly incomprehensible—they sallied out of their earth works, with cavalry and artillery, determined to punish the "impudent Yankees," who had, in such insignificant numbers, bearded them in their stronghold.

For a while they were held in check by the timely arrival of

a section of the Eleventh (Havelock) Battery, which had been surprised and routed, a few hours previously, by a superior force. The two guns thus brought away in the retreat were pressed into service, and were used effectively against the advancing enemy. But it was soon found impracticable to make a stand, and the retreat finally became a rout.

Capt. DAWSON's company was given the post of honor, the rear, in the retreat, and was for a time held well in hand; but the rapid approach of a large force of cavalry rendered it apparent that resistance would be useless, and soon every man was on the look out for himself. Unfortunately the Captain had been, a few days previously, lamed by a severe kick from a horse, and suffered greatly from this injury during the entire march. It soon became evident to him that, however anxious he might be to escape, a rapid retreat was impossible. Thus crippled, he was soon left far in the rear, accompanied by a few of his faithful men, who refused to leave him. With the rebel cavalry in full sight, and only kept back by their pursuit of stragglers in the woods, the Captain, unable to drag himself farther, sat down by the roadside with no other expectation than immediate capture. To be taken prisoner is anything but a pleasant prospect at any time, but at this particular juncture it was scarcely less to be dreaded than death, for an order had just been issued, by the rebels, threatening all captured officers serving under PORE, with "chains and dungeons," in retaliation for that General's order to "live upon the enemy."

But there was no alternative. He could not, to save his life, proceed farther, and ordering his men to leave him and seek their own safety, he prepared to surrender whenever his pursuers should so order. But at this crisis unexpected succor reached him. Hospital Steward HEALD, of the Eleventh Battery, rode up at full speed on a horse which he had cut from one of the caissons left upon the field in the rout of that battery, and discovering the Captain, whom he knew, and whose helplessness was made known to him in a word, he magnanimously leaped from his horse, forced the Captain into the saddle, in spite of his protest against availing himself of this mode of

escape at the expense of the safety of his generous friend. The only response was: "You certainly will be taken if you remain. You are crippled and cannot escape. I am in full strength, and know every foot of these woods for miles. Don't fear for me, I can elude the rebels." Without another word, the generous fellow disappeared, and successfully eluded the enemy. Finding himself thus providentially saved from the dreaded fate which he supposed awaited him, the Captain made all haste to escape, and was soon within the lines drawn up at Centreville, in sufficient force to keep back the enemy. The Captain and his friends at home had frequent opportunities afterwards to evince their gratitude for this generous act.

In this escapade only two or three of the regiment were killed, and forty or fifty taken prisoners. The incompetency exhibited by the Colonel on this occasion and subsequently, led to his dismissal from the service.

The regiment rendezvoused at its old quarters, and continued to garrison the forts south of the Potomac, until Gen. GRANT entered upon his final and triumphant campaign in the spring of 1864. It then numbered over eighteen hundred men, and the order to march was received with rejoicing, any change being preferred to the monotony to which it had been so long subjected. Most of the officers and men had entered the service from motives of pure patriotism, having, with few exceptions, enlisted before the offer of the large tempting bounties which were subsequently paid; and they longed to share in the glory which they believed awaited those who should distinguish themselves in the deadly strife, which they knew was inevitable. But, alas! how few of all these eighteen hundred strong men live to-day to wear the laurels which they coveted. Company F numbered one hundred and forty-seven men when it left Fort Cochrane, on the morning of the 15th of May, and every man responded to his name at the first roll call in the "Wilderness." But in less than thirty days, and before their captain received his fatal wound at Petersburg, it had more than once gone into battle with less than fifty, and on one occasion only twenty-five were able, either because of

death, wounds or excessive fatigue, to follow their leader into "the imminent deadly breach."

The Captain's first real experience of a close and sanguinary encounter, was in the Wilderness, when the artillery brigade was led against the enemy. It was in the night. The rebels were approaching in unknown force from an unknown quarter. Some of the commanding officers were as unused to the work as those who cheerfully followed them, and in this night attack there was more confusion than execution. It was no matter of surprise, therefore, in the rapid marching and counter-marching to find the enemy, that friends were often mistaken for foes, and that our own regiments sometimes fired into each other, thus, in many instances, creating a panic and inextricable confusion. The Second found itself in this dilemma, being fired into from the rear, by the Seventh Artillery while pressing the enemy in front. While no stampede was produced by this untoward event, several of the Second were killed, and there followed a great deal of confusion and innumerable conflicting commands.

When the enemy was repulsed, and something like order was restored, Captain DAWSON found himself with the colors of the regiment and eighteen men, waiting orders. Communicating with Col. WHISTLER, then in command of the regiment, the reply was: "Hold your position until I rally the regiment around the flag." Although, in this first test battle, the Captain evinced no more courage than the mass of the officers and men of the regiment, the coolness and thoughtfulness which he exhibited attracted to him the especial attention of his Colonel, who highly complimented him, and who ever afterwards leaned upon him with the most implicit confidence, as one who could be depended upon in the most trying emergency. This confidence was not misplaced, and Col. WHISTLER afterwards remarked: "He never failed me. I could always trust him. He was ever ready, on every alarm, as if waiting for it; and at every call to arms, at whatever hour, his was always the first company in line, himself at the head of it."

The reader will remember the thrilling records of the exploits of "the Artillery Brigade" in the battles of "the Wilderness,"

while under the command of Gen. TYLER. It was, on all occasions, given the post of danger, and took a conspicuous part in all the terrible combats which will ever render "the Wilderness" memorable in the annals of the war. Wherever that brigade fought, the Second Regiment did its duty, and no company of that regiment received higher praise than company F.

When the Artillery Brigade was broken up, as it was at Spottsylvania, to give greater efficiency to the several corps, the Second Regiment was placed in the famous Second Corps, Gen. HANCOCK; in the First Division, Gen. BARLOW; and in the First Brigade, Gen. MILES—names associated with all that is chivalric, heroic and daring in that ever memorable, bloody and triumphant campaign.

It is not the purpose of this sketch to follow its subject through all the minutia of his marchings and fightings and sufferings in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, the North Anna, the Tolopotomy, and so on to Coal Harbor and Petersburg. It is sufficient that he did his duty in all emergencies, and upon all occasions. When his father went to visit him at Coal Harbor, after the fearful battle, he met the Adjutant of the regiment in the regimental tent hospital, in the rear of the army, and on inquiring for GEORGE, the Adjutant replied: "He is well, and when you hear what the Colonel will tell you of his bearing in battle, you will be proud of him." It was, indeed, pleasant to his father to hear his son thus spoken of by a fellow-officer; but it was inexpressibly gratifying to see his men manifesting the tenderest affection for him, and to hear them speak of him as their "brave Captain." They seemed unable to say enough in praise of him. "He always goes with us," said they, "and we are never hungry so long as he has a crust in his own haversack, or a sixpence to divide with us."

The Colonel, on the same occasion, said: "GEORGE, as a soldier and gentleman, is all you could desire him to be. In battle he is calm, deliberate, and brave as a lion. I can depend upon him, and he has already earned his promotion." On another occasion the Colonel said: "The sound of the first cannon, and his first encounter with the enemy, seemed to change his whole

character, and to transform him at once from youth to manhood. I sometimes," said the Colonel, "when in garrison, had occasion to hold him in check. The monotony of garrison life seemed unbearable to him, and the duties assigned him there, while seldom neglected, were evidently not what he coveted. He was constantly longing for some more active service; and since that active service has come, he has proven his fitness for it. He rose with the occasion, and there is nothing within the range of his duty in which I cannot implicitly trust him." This, coming from an old soldier, a graduate of West Point, who had grown up in the army, as his father and grandfather had done before him, was certainly high praise. The promotion which his Colonel said he had "earned" was conferred upon him, but the commission (of Major) did not reach him until after he was disabled at Petersburg. The promotion was asked for by the Colonel as a reward for his gallantry in the field, and its reception was a source of satisfaction and pleasure to him in his subsequent weeks and months of suffering.

The retreat of the rebel army from Coal Harbor, enabled Gen. GRANT to move at once across the James River, and against Petersburg. The Second Corps was in the advance in this movement, and was hurried forward to open the campaign in this new field, where, after many months of fighting, the war was to be brought to a successful termination. It was expected that the Second Corps would have been up in time to take part in the first movement upon Petersburg; but the guide, either unwittingly or intentionally, took the wrong road, and kept back the corps until after the attack had been made and abandoned. It is painful to reflect upon the consequences of this mistake. If the proper effort had been made, it is believed that the attack would have been successful, even with the force employed. But with the Second Corps in addition, there is no doubt that Petersburg would then have fallen. For Gen. WISE afterwards boasted that the city was defended by raw troops, composed mostly of clerks, mechanics, and other civilians of the place and vicinity, who could not have withstood a determined and persistent attack. And this boast was apparently confirmed by the fact that KUNTZ'S

cavalry penetrated the town, and it was believed that he could have held it if he had been properly supported by a single division.

This failure gave the rebels time to reinforce from Richmond, and when, on the 16th, the Second Corps moved against the enemy, it was met by a formidable force, and encountered earthworks which prevented a rapid advance.

On the afternoon of the 16th, the First Brigade of the Second Corps was ordered to advance upon a series of earthworks which had proved exceedingly annoying through the day. The Second Artillery was given a conspicuous position in this attack, and was moving briskly to the charge when, on reaching the crest of a hill within close range, it encountered a shower of shot and shell which compelled a halt. The havoc had been severe in the ranks of the regiment, and the men were lying down to escape the death-hail, when Capt. DAWSON was directed by the Colonel to assist in concentrating a company (not his own) which had become "mixed up."

He was engaged in this work, not legitimately belonging to him, but necessary for the protection of the flank of the line, when he received his wound. He was within a few feet of the Colonel, who heard the peculiar *thud* which indicated the lodgement of a Minnie ball, and seeing the Captain waver, said: "Captain, are you hit?" The reply was: "Yes, sir, I believe I am;" and, before falling, he walked a few paces to a stump, which he took hold of and slowly let himself down behind it, as a shelter. Instantly, a number of his men, forgetful of their own safety in their anxiety and affection for him, rose from their reclining position and offered to bear him from the field. But, aware of the almost certain death which would result to them if they should be permitted to do what they desired, thanking them for their kindness, he declined their offer and ordered them back to their places in the ranks, where they would be partially sheltered from the fire of the enemy, which was so hot and impetuous that it was impossible for the stretcher-bearers to render any assistance to the wounded. Such relief as could be extemporized was extended to them by those in their immediate proximity,

but surgical aid could not be hoped for until after dark. A hasty examination showed that a Minnie ball had penetrated the Captain's leg just above the left knee, glancing downwards, proving that the shot had been fired by a sharpshooter from the elevated position of the earth-work which the regiment was facing. But it was deemed a mere flesh wound, and the only remark it elicited from the Captain was made to a wounded officer near him: "This books me for a thirty days' furlough."

It was soon ascertained that other Albanians had suffered. Near him lay the lamented Adjutant McDONALD, of the Sixty-first, mortally wounded, and Acting Lieutenant MAHAR, also of the Sixty-first, with his leg shattered. The Adjutant lived but a few days. The Lieutenant suffered amputation, and for a time seemed getting along finely; but his constitution was too greatly shattered, and he died at home in October.

It was late in the night—six hours after he had received his wound—before Captain DAWSON could be removed. Those were terrible hours; not so much from the pain experienced, as because of the anxiety endured. The shot and shell were flying incessantly over the heads of the wounded, most of whom had been carried or had crawled over the brow of the hill. The insatiable thirst, which is the universal accompaniment of battle wounds, caused incessant appeals for water. But, as the scene was described, there were no murmurings nor outcries. On the contrary, there was more of mirth than of grief manifested—each seemingly anxious to cheer the others in their common sufferings. The master anxiety during these trying hours was the fear that our troops might be overpowered, and the wounded thereby fall into the hands of the rebels. But while our brave fellows did not, during that night, accomplish their purpose, they held their ground, and under cover of the darkness, the wounded were borne to the field hospitals of their several regiments. The surgeons of his regiment did what they could to ascertain the nature and extent of the Captain's wound, and to guard against future mischief. They decided, as did also the surgeons of the brigade and division, that the hurt, though severe, would not compel amputation. In twenty-four hours after receiving his wound, he

was forwarded to the Second Corps hospital at City Point, with strength enough to hold in his lap the head of a poor fellow who had lost a leg. But whether because of the ride in an ambulance for twelve miles over a rough road, or because the wound was really worse than had been supposed, or because of an error in judgment of the Corps surgeons, in twenty-four hours after he reached the Corps hospital, it was decided, on consultation, that the knee was so much injured that amputation was necessary. The announcement was made to the Captain, and his only reply was: "I am ready for whatever operation you may deem necessary." Amputation of the left leg immediately followed—the saddest reflection being that, although within twelve miles of his own regiment, no friend or acquaintance was with him to comfort him in this hour of sorrow and suffering. Those, however, who witnessed his bearing before, during, and after the operation, said that no one ever evinced greater fortitude or passed through the ordeal more cheerfully or unflinchingly. Only Divine aid could have so greatly sustained him during this first great sorrow of his life, and through the months of anguish which followed, before he passed away to his final rest.

Within a few hours after the operation, he was placed on board the hospital steamer to be conveyed, with hundreds of others of the wounded, to Washington. Although the trip was made in the usual time, when he reached Armory Square Hospital gangrene had set in, and the most unfavorable indications were developed. His parents reached the hospital a few hours after he did, and they were surprised at his apparent strength and cheerfulness. Anxious to have the opinion of the best surgeons in Washington, a council was held, and the decision reached that the case was "almost hopeless." Fortunately he fell into good hands, and although gangrene persistently returned at intervals, at the end of four months his parents were permitted to bear him home, with the assurance that "there was not a surgeon in the State so unskillful as to prevent a favorable result." And so, for several weeks, it seemed. He grew strong, was frequently able to ride out, and looked forward with confidence and hope to the time when he could take his place again with his

regiment, on horseback, and be "in at the death of the rebellion." But it was not so to be. As was ascertained on a *post mortem* examination, but not dreamed of before, the bone of the amputated limb was so diseased, even at the time of highest hope, that recovery was impossible; and, in spite of the best professional skill and the most unwearied care, the young soldier died on the 6th of December, aged twenty-six years—five months and twenty days after receiving the wound.

Although his friends are reluctant to lift the curtain which encircled the death bed of their son and brother, his last hours bore such beautiful fruit that, for the good of others, they consent that some of the pleasant incidents which preceded his death may be given.

During his entire illness he had been thoughtful; and one of his first remarks, after his friends met him at Washington, was: "Oh! this is hard to bear; but, Heavenly Father, thy will be done." And when, after his removal to private rooms in Washington, where the family could be together, he was never willing to go to sleep in the evening, until after family worship, often asking if it were not time for the service. When he was formally told that he could not probably live over twenty-four hours, he received the announcement with perfect composure. He spoke to his friends cheerfully, and informed his father, minutely, as to the condition of his company papers. "You will find them all arranged perfectly," said he, "with but a single receipt wanting, of clothing issued on the eve of battle at Coal Harbor; and in regard to that, you will find full memoranda." Death seemed to have for him no terrors whatever. The secret of this calmness was revealed when his father said to him, "George, can you now trust the Saviour?" His reply was: "Can I trust the Saviour! Oh! yes, with my whole heart and soul."

During his last night, and eighteen hours after he had been informed that he could not recover, he said to a friend who was sitting with him: "This has been the happiest day of my life, and you may say this to all my friends." And this was said by one whose whole life had been full of sunshine, and to whom the future of life was full of unclouded hope. The remark was

a gratifying assurance that he "knew in whom he had believed," and that he deemed death but a messenger sent to open to him the portals of a brighter and happier home.

His last hours were so full of serenity and peace that the tears shed around his bedside were rather tears of joy than of sorrow, and the prayers offered rather the expressions of thanksgiving than of grief. While, at his request, the beautiful hymn,

"Nearer, my God, to thee,"

was being sung his countenance beamed with the enthusiasm of holy worship; and when he became unable to repeat audibly the words of the hymn, his lips moved in unison with the measure of the music. A few moments before his voice failed him, he whispered: "O, sing to me of Heaven;" and that touching hymn, which he had years before printed for the Sabbath school with which he was connected, was sung, and he was enabled to join in its singing to the close.

Requesting all but his parents to leave the room for a moment, he again referred minutely to his company papers, yet unadjusted, but which he had carefully arranged, and giving a few parting directions, he seemed to have nothing more to say, and commenced singing, in a clear voice:

"Nearer, my God, to thee."

He sang through the words:

"E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,"

when his voice failed him, and soon after, whispering the single word, "HIGHER!" he sank to rest, as if in a quiet slumber.

However much his parents and friends might regret that one so loved should be so early called away from them, there could be no real grief in the hallowed presence of such a death bed. It will be forever a blessed memory. His patriotism and bravery are a precious legacy. The uncomplaining patience which he exhibited during his months of suffering, can never be forgotten. The fact that he gave his young life to perpetuate the Union

and to secure freedom to the enslaved, will ever be a proud boast with those who bear his name. But his trusting faith and his happy death will constitute the brightest and pleasantest recollection of his brief life.

When the intelligence of his death reached his regiment, deep grief filled every heart, and this grief found but feeble expression in the following resolutions, adopted on the field of battle, near the spot where he had received his fatal wound:

HEAD QUARTERS SECOND NEW YORK ARTILLERY.

At a meeting of the officers and privates of Company F, Second New York Artillery, held at camp near Petersburg, Va., on the evening of December 9th, 1864, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It would indeed be difficult to imagine anything calculated to diffuse or cast a deeper gloom amongst us, than the intelligence of the death of our late company commander, Maj. GEORGE S. DAWSON, long our associate in arms. In his skill and integrity, our confidence was implicit. Ever ready to alleviate our sufferings and contribute to our comfort, he nobly stood as the champion of our rights and the defender of our honor. On many a well contested field (ever in the van), he has shared our dangers and participated in our glory. In him we have lost an able and efficient officer, whose military skill and courage has won our confidence and admiration. Our loss is irreparable, inasmuch as, by long association, he became blended in our welfare. The noble and refined bearing which he at all times practiced towards us, made us feel toward and look to him as a companion, rather than as a superior: Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to take from us our late commander, GEORGE S. DAWSON, it is unanimously

Resolved, That his memory shall live within us. It will be nourished by the recollection of his virtues, and his valor shall ever be held as a pattern worthy of imitation.

Resolved, That we fully concur in the sentiment of our Colonel, that the Second New York Artillery has, by the death of GEORGE S. DAWSON, lost one of its best and bravest officers.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be duly forwarded to family of deceased.

(Signed) Lieut. JAMES CHICHESTER and others,
Members of Company F.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE 2D N. Y. VOL. ARTILLERY.

HEAD QUARTERS 2D N. Y. ARTILLERY, }
BEFORE PETERSBURG, *Jan. 14, 1865.* }

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in His Providence, to call from this scene of war and strife to a far better and more peaceful land, our beloved companion, Major GEORGE S. DAWSON, we cannot refrain from pouring out our sympathy with his afflicted family and country.

In him the country lost a pure patriot and a brave soldier, the regiment and his company a noble officer and a true friend. The loss to his family we cannot estimate. We can only, while realizing, next to themselves, his loss, offer to them our heartiest sympathy and regard, and promise them that through the short remainder of our own lives, we will ever cherish, as a precious relic, the memory of our well beloved and departed brother.

GEO. HOGG, *Major, Com'd'g.*

HUGH FITZSIMMONS, *Lieut.*

RESOLUTIONS OF THE TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At a meeting of Albany Typographical Union No. 4, held on Wednesday evening, December 7th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Our Almighty Father, who ordereth all things according to the counsels of his own will, hath been pleased, in his inscrutable Providence, to take unto himself our fellow craftsman, GEORGE S. DAWSON, Major of Second Artillery, New York State Volunteers, who had endeared himself unto us by his social virtues and manly qualities, and who had won our admiration by his talents and heroic bravery on the field, where, while gallantly leading his men in a charge upon the enemy

before Petersburg, on the 16th of June last, he received the wound which, despite long and patient watch and care, resulted in his death, on the 6th of December instant; therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby express the deep sorrow his decease has occasioned in our hearts, and convey to his family our sympathy with them in their bereavement.

Resolved, That in token of our appreciation of our loss, the Charter of this Union be draped in mourning for thirty days, and that we attend his funeral in a body.

GEO. W. QUACKENBUSH, *President*.

G. BAKER, *Secretary*.

RESOLUTIONS OF COMPANY B, 10TH REGT.

At a special meeting of Washington Continental Company B, held at their Armory, Wednesday evening, December 7th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, In the inscrutable providence of God, this company has again been called upon to mourn the loss of one of its members, Major GEORGE S. DAWSON, Second New York Artillery, in the death of whom the ties that bound us together have now been severed: a sincere friend, an active soldier and a true patriot—one who has laid his life down on his country's altar, has, we trust, ere this been the recipient of an everlasting crown of never-fading glory in the mansions of the skies; therefore,

Resolved, That we tender to the family and relatives of the deceased our sincere condolence and heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of affliction.

Resolved, That this dispensation of Divine Providence will remind us that we, too, must die, and of the certain decay of all earthly greatness, and that "in the midst of life we are in death."

Resolved, That we are most impressed with the fact that "death loves a shining mark," as is fully exemplified in the instance at hand. It has taken away from us one of the best members of our organization, one whose association with us developed those qualities which are the attributes of an honest,

upright and generous man, one whose memory will linger with us until we, too, are summoned to pass through the "dark valley of the shadow of death."

Resolved, That the members of this company attend the funeral of our deceased comrade, in uniform.

Resolved, That the foregoing preamble and resolutions be signed by the President and Secretary, and a copy transmitted to the family of the deceased, and published in the "Morning Express" and "Evening Journal."

W. G. THORBURN, *President*.

J. A. FASSETT, *Secretary*.

The following beautiful tribute is from the pen of ALFRED B. STREET, Esq.:

GEORGE SEWARD DAWSON,

MAJOR SECOND NEW YORK ARTILLERY, DIED FROM WOUNDS RECEIVED BEFORE
PETERSBURG, JUNE 16, 1865.

One more true hero perished ! once again

We mourn our vernal flowers ! oh, fatal strife !

Our best and bravest crowd the battle-plain !

Carnage holds carnival ! the sword bears reign !

Peace droops in tears ! but not, but not in vain

The woe ! upon it hangs our nation's life !

For this the living ramparts rise, for this

The floods of living fire that wrathful dart

From the volcano of the nation's heart !

And those who act their stern but holy part,

Feel it is bliss to strive, to perish, bliss.

And he we mourn was one of those ; he sprang

When in his ear the land's loud war cry rang ;

Sprang from the joys of home, the opening flowers,

The gladdening songs that make the hovering hours

So heavenly to the young ; with one brave bound

He finds the battle's front ; a fiery flood

Pours on his scanty band ; the waves whirl round

Our youthful Brave,—a maelstrom, seething blood,—

But firm he stands ; he breasts the dashing fire

Until the surges pile so fierce their ire

They hurl him back, but facing still the flow

With brow unquailing and unfailing blow.

Thy field, Manassas, saw no brave deeds done

Brighter than his ! and there his first green wreath he won !

And thou, O, red and trophed Wilderness !
 Didst see him in thy midnight depths the same
 In valiant strength; again fierce numbers press,
 A legion, a vast legion breathing flame.
 And he with not a score; Old Glory streams,
 With scarce a guard; to it he, burning, leaps,
 His heart its guard; once more its splendor gleams,
 Poised on that heart; the living torrent sweeps
 Upon the grand Old Banner, but he rears
 Its radiance still; in vain that torrent heaps
 Its fury, still its starry blazon cheers
 The few brave souls around him; from his post
 His leader, "Stand, until my rallied host
 Shall come !" and stand he did, and strike with heart and hand.

All through the crimsoned Wilderness he went,
 With strength untiring and with soul unbent.
 All through, all through, the same young Brave, the same !
 Through the fierce hurricane of blood and flame !

But thou, O Petersburg ! oh, scene of dread,
 Oh, scene of dread and woe, thou saw'st him fall !
 Death rode triumphant on the fated ball;
 Its fiery finger searched his life ! outspread
 The healing-portals, healing not for him !
 Oh ! many were the hours, long, dreary, dim,
 He saw; and at his home, his shrouded home !
 Hope now would smile, then painful doubt would roam
 Around his lingering, suffering couch, while there
 He lay with cheerful, meek, and patient air,
 Resigned to all. Death slowly came at last,—
 "It is my Saviour's will !" he said; then murmured, Sing
 "Nearer, my God, to Thee;" and as he passed
 "Higher !" he said, and high, "higher" flew his heavenward wing.

Such was our youthful Brave ! and such as he
 Boasts our fair land; no marvel she is free !
 Free as the lightning round the mountain's peak !
 Free as the air that fans Old Ocean's cheek !
 And with a grateful, full, though bleeding heart,
 She crowns with wreaths her every hero's brow !
 Death, conquering death, how blunted droops his dart
 To such, oh, gallant friend, oh, youthful Brave, as THOU !

HIIS BURIAL.

The following is taken from an Albany paper of the day on which the last remains of the young soldier were conveyed to the tomb:

BURIAL OF MAJOR GEORGE S. DAWSON.—The last sad tribute of respect and love was paid, this afternoon, to this gallant young soldier and officer. Under a military escort, consisting of a detachment of the Tenth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., and another from the Veteran Corps, the battalion under the command of Major STILES, his remains were taken to their last resting place.

The scene was solemn and imposing. As the cortege passed along the crowded streets, the notes of the shrill fife and the muffled rolling drum, sadly and solemnly announced to the casual observer that another brave spirit had been yielded up upon the altar of his country.

The coffin was enshrouded with the flag he so much loved, and for which he perished. The pall bearers were officers of rank in the Veteran Corps and the National Guard.

Besides the military, the funeral was largely attended by personal friends; and the members of the Printers' Union, who knew him well, united in paying the last tribute to the memory of a beloved companion and true friend.

BREVET (IN MEMORIAM) OF LIEUTENANT COLONEL.

STATE OF NEW YORK, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, }
ALBANY, *October 24, 1865.* }

Dear Sir—I am directed by his Excellency, Gov. FENTON, to forward to you a brevet commission—*In Memoriam*—for your departed son, GEORGE S. DAWSON, as Brevet Lieutenant Colonel New York State Volunteers, for gallant and meritorious conduct before Petersburg, Va.

The Governor has learned of the good conduct of your son, and takes pleasure in thus recognizing the valuable services he rendered the country in the severe trial to which it was exposed.

Very respectfully,

M. J. FARRELL, *Col. & A. D. C.*

GEORGE DAWSON, Esq., *Albany, N. Y.*

XVIII.

MAJOR EDWARD A. SPRINGSTEED.

EDWARD A. SPRINGSTEED, son of D. SPRINGSTEED, M. D., was born in the city of Albany on the 31st day of January, 1840. He was commissioned as First Lieutenant in the Forty-third Regiment New York Volunteers, on the 17th day of August, 1861, under command of Col. FRANCIS E. VINTON. He was in the Army of the Potomac, First Brigade, First Division, Gen. W. S. SMITH, Sixth Army Corps, under Gen. FRANKLIN. He participated in several skirmishes, and in the battle of Lee's Mills and Williamsburg; and in the seven days' fight, at Golden Farm, Savage's Station, White Oak Swamp and Malvern Hill.

When the troops arrived at Harrison's Landing, it was found that his regiment had been reduced to less than half its number. He, with other officers of the regiment, were mustered out as supernumerary, and he received an honorable discharge.

Soon after his arrival home, he volunteered his services again, and was commissioned Captain in the One Hundred and Thirteenth (Albany county) Regiment, under the command of Col. LEWIS O. MORRIS. The regiment was mustered into the service of the United States Aug. 19th, 1862. Col. MORRIS, who had so soon noticed Capt. SPRINGSTEED's military qualifications, recommended him and he was promoted to the position of Major.

The regiment left for the seat of war on the 19th, and arrived at Washington, District of Columbia, on the 23d of August, and was ordered to garrison the forts in the vicinity. Major SPRINGSTEED was assigned to the command at Fort Kearney. On Dec. 12th, 1862, the One Hundred and Thirteenth was, by an order of the Secretary of War, changed from infantry to heavy artillery. Major SPRINGSTEED was then placed in command at Fort

De Russy, which command he held for several months, when he was again returned to Fort Kearney and appointed Brigade Inspector. This position he held until the departure of the regiment for the Army of the Potomac, May 16th, 1864. He was then placed in command of the Second Battalion of the regiment. This command he held in the battles of Lauren's Hill, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Coal Harbor, Milford Station, and until the charge of the First Division, Second Army Corps, under Major General W. S. HANCOCK, on the defences of Petersburg, made June 16th, 1864. At that time, he was wounded and only escaped capture by his courage and coolness.

Major SPRINGSTEED gives an account of the battle and of his wound, in the following interesting letter to his father:

NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *June 17, 1864.*

Dear Father—I suppose that before you get this letter, you will have heard that I am wounded, and of course you will be very anxious to know how badly. I got a very painful, although slight wound in the small of the back. The bullet came from the right side of me, and struck my belt, cutting my pistol off and going into the flesh slightly. The ring on my belt almost stopped the ball, or else it would have struck the spine, in which case I should probably not have been writing this letter now. I am at the hospital and I think I shall be all right again in a few days; in a week at the farthest. About all I require at present, is rest and quiet. I was with my battalion for about an hour after I was struck.

I suppose you would like to know something of our movements for the last few days. We left Gaines' Hill on the night of the same day on which I wrote you last, and after marching all night, crossed the Chickahominy the next morning, and about six o'clock at night reached the James River at a point below Harrison's Landing. We laid there all the next day, and crossed the river at night. At one o'clock the next day, we marched again, and reached here on the next morning, that is, yesterday. We formed into line and advanced towards the enemy's works, under the fire of two batteries. No harm was done, however.

We took up a position about one thousand five hundred yards from the works, and remained there until six o'clock, when we were ordered to advance and take the enemy's works. We advanced under a terrible fire from the batteries. When we got near the works, part of the line gave way, and our regiment and one or two others, were left alone. We advanced to within fifty yards of the work, when we were obliged to stop. We halted in a ditch which sheltered us from the enemy's fire. Soon after we got into the ditch, I was standing up looking at the enemy's works, when I was struck. I supposed at first that it was from one of our own men in the rear trying *to fire over us*, but I soon found out that the enemy had got around our right flank, and were firing at us from the rear. The enemy ordered us to surrender, but we held out for nearly an hour; when seeing that it was impossible to get away, I did not see anything else to do. I was the senior officer then, but did not want to give up. The enemy again ordered us to surrender, and told the men to throw down their arms and come in and they would not fire on them. I ordered the men to stay where they were, but some of them threw down their arms and went in, and the rest soon followed. I stayed there until nearly all the men were gone; when I thought it better to risk the enemy's bullets than a prison. So I made a dash through a space which the rebel line did not cover, and succeeded in getting away under a heavy fire. I am very thankful that I did get away, and that I am wounded no more. Col. BEAVER, the brigade commander, was wounded, and the next commander killed. Col. HASTINGS is now in command of what there is left of the brigade. One hundred and fifty men and about ten officers, are all of the regiment that can be got together this morning. Maj. MURPHY is in command. Major PRYX is missing, and I think is either killed or wounded. It was a terrible day for our regiment. We lost very heavily in crossing the field, but the men behaved splendidly. I have no doubt but that we should have taken the works if it had not been for stopping where we did, in consequence of some of the lines giving away.

I hope you will get this letter soon, so as to relieve your mind in regard to my wound. Your affectionate son, EDWARD.

He, with others, was taken to the army hospital at Washington. Not having been home for a long time, he obtained a furlough for thirty days. A few days after his arrival home, he learned that Lieutenant Colonel HASTINGS had resigned. Although he had not recovered from his wound, he took leave of his friends to join his regiment, two days before his furlough expired. When he arrived at Washington, the National Capital was threatened by the rebels, and he was detained by Gen. AUGUR, and placed in command of a brigade to defend the city. As soon as the danger had passed, he asked to be relieved of his brigade command that he might return to his regiment. His request was granted, not, however, until he was made the recipient of a complimentary order, for the manner in which he had conducted his command.

After having left Washington, Major SPRINGSTEED wrote home the following letter:

CAMP NEAR SPOTTSYLVANIA, *May 20, 1864.*

We left Washington Sunday, and arrived at Belle Plain the same day. The next morning I started with a part of the regiment for the army; arrived the next day. The rest of the regiment came up that evening. The next morning we expected a battle, but it ended in a skirmish, in which we took no prisoners. A few shells fell near us, doing no damage.

We are in the Second Corps (HANCOCK'S), and TYLER'S Division. Col. MORRIS commanded the brigade.

The regiment is divided into two battalions, of which I command one, and Lieut. Col. HASTINGS the other.

We were ordered out this afternoon, expecting to march about dark for some point at a considerable distance, but a little after four o'clock we were double-quickened to the right of the turnpike, where the enemy had attacked our line. We advanced through a piece of thick woods, and soon met the enemy. They made a hasty retreat before our advance, and we drove them nearly half a mile. Then they turned on us, and we had a sharp fight, in which I lost Capt. MORRIS and McCULLOCH killed, and Capt. BELL wounded in the leg, which has since been amputated. I

also lost a number of men. In Col. HASTINGS battalion, Lieut. KRANK was wounded in the head. The loss of men and officers in my battalion was the greatest. Total loss, four officers and forty-three men killed and wounded. As soon as this brush was over, we fell back a quarter of a mile, to the crest of another hill, and formed line again, our brigade having the right, and Col. TANNAT's the left of our division line. My battalion was in a very strong position.

We had scarcely got in position before Col. TANNAT's brigade was attacked, and had a severe fight at very close range. Although my left joined his right, the rebels did not attack us, except to drive in our skirmishers. We were relieved on this line about half past ten, and went farther to the right, remaining until daylight. The First Maine lost fourteen officers, and four hundred and sixty-one men.

Maj. SPRINGSTEED, while in command of his regiment, bravely and nobly leading his men at the battle of Ream's Station, on the 25th of August, 1864, received a wound from which he died a few minutes after. He had been promoted first to Lieutenant, and a few days after to Colonel, but neither of these commissions ever reached him. He therefore never knew that his services had been thus rewarded.

The following letters relate to these commissions:

HEAD QUARTERS 7TH N. Y. V. ARTILLERY, CAMP {
NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., Aug. 1st, 1864. }

To his Excellency HORATIO SEYMOUR,

Governor of the State of New York:

Sir—The Colonelcy and Lieutenant Colonelcy of this regiment have become vacant. I have the honor to apply to you for the position of Colonel. Being the senior officer of the regiment, I naturally feel very desirous for the promotion. Believing that the appointment would give general satisfaction to the officers and men of the regiment, I respectfully urge that my request be granted. Your ob't serv't, E. A. SPRINGSTEED,

Major 7th N. Y. V. Art., Comdg.

If the Colonel is taken from the regiment, I think Major SPRINGSTEED should be the selection, being the senior since the discharge of Colonel HASTINGS, and the recommendations by Col. BEAVER and Gen. MILES, his brigade and division commanders, being such as are entitled to great weight.

Respectfully,

W. S. HANCOCK,

August 1st, 1864.

Maj. Gen. Comdg. Second Corps.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
ALBANY, *May 10th, 1866.* }

I do hereby certify that the preceding is a true copy of the original on file in this office.

J. B. STONEHOUSE, *A. A. General*

HOSPITAL FIRST DIVISION SECOND CORPS, }
1st August, 1864. }

Major SPRINGSTEED having been under my command for some time, and particularly at the first assault upon Petersburg, I take pleasure in testifying to his gallantry, coolness and capacity as a commander.

He was wounded at Petersburg. I believe his appointment will be a benefit to the service and to his regiment.

JAMES A. BEAVER, *Col. 148th P. V.*

HEAD QUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, }
August 1st, 1864. }

Respectfully forwarded. I endorse the recommendation of Colonel Beaver.

NELSON A. MILES, *Brig. Gen. Comdg.*

HEAD QUARTERS DEPT. OF WASHINGTON, 22D ARMY }
CORPS, WASHINGTON, D. C., *Aug. 4th, 1864.* }

This is to certify that I have known Major E. A. SPRINGSTEED of the Seventh New York Artillery, about eighteen months, during which time he was under my command in the defences of Washington. He proved himself a good officer, one of the very best in the command. Always faithful in the performance

of his duty, sober, industrious and always attentive. I do not hesitate to recommend him for promotion to the Coloneley of his regiment.

J. A. HASKINS, *Lt. Col.,*
A. D. C., Chief of Artillery, late Comdg. Div.

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE, }
ALBANY, *May 10th, 1866.* }

I do hereby certify that the preceding is a true copy of the original on file in this office.

J. B. STONEHUSE, *A. A. General.*

XIX.

MAJOR JAMES HENRY BOGART.

JAMES HENRY BOGART was born in the city of Albany on the 24th day of March, 1839. He was the son of JOHN HENRY BOGART, who now resides in the city of New York. His ancestors were prominent citizens of Albany for more than two centuries, and during this long period they had been identified with the social circles and general interests of the city. In the perilous days of the American Revolution, they discharged their duty to their country with patriotic ardor and with signal success.

JAMES inherited the virtues of his ancestors, and commenced life with a high standard of moral integrity, and of intellectual attainment before him. He was a dutiful son, a diligent scholar, and a faithful friend. He was educated at the Albany Academy, an institution that can boast of many men of high worth and eminent distinction among its graduates. On entering upon manhood, he engaged in the business of engineering in company with his brother, now a valuable officer in the service of the United States Government, at Fortress Monroe. He devoted himself with energy to his business, and accepted with cheerfulness the cares and toils of life.

As years advanced, his high integrity and appreciated character called him to a trust more responsible, and he was placed in charge of one of the desks at the Assorting House; at that time an office in Albany involving each day the management of vast sums of money.

In his leisure hours he sought recreation in drilling with a company of young associates, little dreaming then of the approaching stern realities of war. Just at that time the discipline and

achievements of the Zouaves excited great enthusiasm among the young men of Albany, and a company was organized. Of that joyous band who sought at first only manly exercise, but who nobly responded to their country's call, the sepulchre of battle has received a fearful proportion.

Mr. BOGART, besides being a youth of great promise and ardent patriotism, was a follower of the Saviour of the world. Attached to the services of the Episcopal church, he became a member as well as an attendant, and throughout life retained his fellowship with that church. Those who knew him intimately, reflect now with great satisfaction upon the fact, that the even tenor of his life flowed on with his Christian principles, and that the church recognized him as one of those who gave a living testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus.

But when the cry of war was heard, the heart of Mr. BOGART responded to the call. He believed in the life of a soldier, and as he had shared in the pageant, he accepted the reality.

So highly were his character and qualifications appreciated, that he was at once commissioned as Adjutant in Col. VINTON'S Regiment. Several of our prominent citizens presented him with a beautiful sword and other tokens of their warm, personal friendship. The following correspondence passed between these friends and Major BOGART :

To Major JAMES H. BOGART :

In this time of our country's sorest need, we feel an especial pride and joy in those of our own citizens, who have been swift to fly to her defence and to lay their noblest offerings upon her altar. We cannot forget those who, having cheerfully borne the exposure of the camp and the perils of the battle-field, are ready still, with unfaltering courage, to go where other trials and other sacrifice await them.

And in presenting to you this sword, and other tokens of our personal friendship, as well as appreciation of past services, we would express our earnest hope that, under the guidance of the God of Battles, the future may be still more glorious than the

past; and that whether by an active life or in an honorable death, the name of JAS. H. BOGART may be like that of the heroes of old, "without fear and without reproach."

GIDEON HAWLEY,
J. H. TEN EYCK,
PETER GANSEVOORT,
MARIA PUMPELLY,
C. M. SANDERS,
MATILDA F. VAN RENSSELAER,
SARAH LANSING,
A. CRAWFORD,
F. TUCKER.

ALBANY, *October 8, 1862.*

HON. GIDEON HAWLEY *and others* :

Hon. and Respected Sir—Accept my grateful acknowledgments for the honor bestowed in presenting me with those beautiful emblems of your esteem and confidence, and may they ever be consecrated to the cause of Freedom, Justice, and Humanity. With earnest devotion, may this glittering weapon be wielded in defence of our glorious Union, and may the time soon arrive when the nation shall know war no more.

Through you, permit me to return thanks to other kind friends for this high personal favor.

With sentiments of deep respect,

Sincerely yours,

JAMES H. BOGART,

Major 3d Metropolitan Guard, 162d N. Y. V.

NEW YORK, *October 11, 1862.*

After having faithfully served his country in connection with this regiment, and passed through the hardships of the Virginia campaign, he resigned his position as Adjutant. Soon, however, he was again in the service as Major in Col. BENEDICT's regiment, a body of men whose valor and achievements reflected great honor upon the sons of Albany.

The regiment was ordered to Louisiana, a State that had been

singularly fatal to his immediate kindred, as one relative after another had gone there, and met the last summons.

In the fierce siege of Port Hudson, Mr. BOGART was one of those on whom fell the heat of that terrible series of battles.

The enemy, in their powerful entrenchments, sustained by the hope that Vicksburg could not be conquered, made this siege a work of destruction. Their fire swept the plain, and the record of each day's progress was written in the sad sacrifice of human life.

On Sunday, the 14th of June, 1863, a day when at least pious and God-fearing soldiers are most reluctant to fight, except in self-defence, Maj. BOGART was ordered to advance against the enemy. He marched across the plain, where showers of shot were falling, and was struck by a shell, which tore away his sword hilt, and carried it through his left hip. He felt that the assault was well nigh desperate, and all his feelings revolted against a Sabbath day attack upon that stronghold. But obedience and courage are the duties of a soldier, and in no breast did they burn with a purer flame than in that which was now heaving with its last breath. Far from a Christian home, and dear relatives and friends, at eleven o'clock on that Sabbath, dies Maj. JAMES BOGART, of Albany, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

When sixteen years of age, he united with the church of Christ, and ever lived faithful to his Christian vows. As a boy, JAMES was pure minded, truthful, affectionate and obedient. He loved his home, loved his parents and devoted relatives. But he also loved his country; and at the first tidings of rebellion, the spirit of patriotism awoke in his breast, and he consecrated himself to the protection and welfare of his country. His remains lie in the Albany Rural Cemetery, by the side of other heroes, waiting the last trumpet's peal, when to all believers in Jesus, this corruptible will put on incorruption, and this mortal be clothed with immortality.

The following account of his funeral appeared in the "Albany Journal," under date of March 22d, 1864.

"The funeral of Major JAMES H. BOGART, of the One Hundred and Sixty-second Regiment, took place from St. Peter's Church

this afternoon. The services at the church were conducted by the Rectors, Rev. Messrs. WILSON and TATLOCK.

"The funeral escort consisted of a detachment of volunteers from the Barracks, under command of Major VAN SLYCK, preceded by SCHREIBER's band.

"The bearers were all officers in the service, Messrs. WATSON, RAYMOND, GREEN, GROSS, LENNOX, RUSSELL, THOMAS and GREGORY.

"The cortege passed down State street to Broadway, about four o'clock, on its way to the cemetery."

The following notices of the deceased appeared in the papers:

"His friends have till this morning rather hoped than dared to believe that there might, in the confused rumors of war, be some doubt of his death. But the confirmation, as the first tidings, comes from a source too sure and careful for error. There is no eulogy born of the grave, even of a battle grave, to be uttered of this young soldier, which would not have been spoken of him while in the flush of life. It is not through the curtain of the shroud that the truth of virtue is clearest seen. His life was that of a pure and true hearted man. When the first breath of war reached us, his heart gave its impulses to his country, and believing in the right and chivalry of the struggle, he was one of those who went to arms with a thought that understood the hour and had the heart to meet it. His kindred saw in his nature that which was true, earnest, sanguine. They gave him up to his country's service with the consciousness that the camp and the battle field work their dread results most deeply, into genial and generous hearts as his was.

"He won our love by that which, in a young heart, always attaches men for its rarity—the devotion to home, the attachment to parents, the determination for independence, and that which rises from the memories of the grave, like the Angel of the Resurrection—the clothing of a young heart in the bosses and with the promises of the Gospel.

"Grief has but a limited vocabulary. The words are few and broken in which the heart tells its lamentation. Solitude and sorrow blend their shadows. He shall have the never-forgotten

memory of an unfeigned love, and that will not obtrude itself: but he has in this city, amidst his associates, in the assemblage of the young, in the association of his church, those who know that the holocaust which these days are offering, includes no worthier name than of him who thus died in his duty.

SENTINEL."

"Killed in the attack upon Port Hudson, June 14, JAMES H. BOGART, of Albany, Major of the One Hundred and Sixty-second Regiment New York State Volunteers, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

"The spirit of a gallant soldier, and, nobler name, of a Christian man, passed away when this young officer fell. Death came to him in an assault which he felt to be well nigh desperate; another offering to the demon of war made on the day sacred to the Prince of Peace. Has it ever occurred to those responsible for this bloody fight that the time chosen for it might have something to do with its ill-success? From the age of sixteen Major BOGART was a communicant of the Church, and was faithful to his Christian vows. There are consolations, thus, for those who mourn his departure. They can, with good reason, believe that the natural body sown in his far-off lonely grave, will be raised a spiritual body, in the awakening of the dead in Christ."

XX.

MAJOR WILLIAM WALLACE.

MAJOR WALLACE was the son of CHRISTOPHER WALLACE and CATHARINE DINNEN, and born in the city of Albany January 8th, 1835. His parents were natives of Ireland, and have been respected citizens of Albany for the last forty years. The subject of this sketch received his education in a district school in this city, where he made great proficiency in his studies. He was a bright, active, mannerly boy, obedient and respectful to parents and teachers, and grew up to manhood having the same traits prominent in his character. At an early age he entered the job printing office of Messrs. WEED, PARSONS & Co., in this city, where he served successively as apprentice, journeyman and foreman of that extensive establishment; and with the exception of a few months, continued his connection with that firm up to the day he resigned, for the purpose of raising a company of volunteers for the Army of the Union. In doing this, he was actuated wholly by patriotism, and a sense of the duty that he owed his country, in preserving her institutions.

Perhaps the only act of disobedience he committed towards his parents in his whole life, was in giving up his situation, and leaving his wife and only child, to assume the hardships and risk of a military life in a time of war, which, as they apprehended, lost to them a son, to his wife, a loving, kind, dutiful husband, and left his only child (a promising boy), an orphan.

He commenced and was not long in raising a company of volunteers in Albany; and, being very popular among firemen, printers, and indeed every class of young men in the city, he was not long in raising the number required to entitle him to the commission of Captain, which he obtained in September, 1862.

His company was known as Company F, and, at the time of his leaving Albany for the seat of war, consisted of eighty-four men, only five or six of whom were left to return to Albany and relate their experience of the war. Four other Albanians, namely, VISSCHER, NEWMAN, MITCHELL and BURHANS started at the time he did to raise each a company of volunteers, but WALLACE raised his in the quickest time, and by that means became the senior of those captains in the regiment.

After joining the Army of the Potomac, his first engagement with the enemy was at Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, and the second at the same place in May, 1863. Here he was taken prisoner, and marched to Richmond, where he was confined a prisoner of war, in Libby prison, for more than six weeks, and until an exchange of prisoners was effected by the commanders of the two armies. On the march to Richmond, and while confined in the Libby prison, he suffered great hardship and privation. After rejoining his regiment, he soon after engaged in the battle of Gettysburg, July, 1863. Shortly after this, he was ordered to Elmira, N. Y., upon recruiting service, in which he proved quite successful. After serving at Elmira for several months, he was ordered to join his regiment, which he did at Brandy Station, Va., where he remained during the winter, and until the opening of the spring campaign, with Gen. GRANT in command of the Army of the Potomac.

Early in the month of April, 1864, he received the commission of Major from Gov. SEYMOUR, to take rank from the 1st February before.

It will be recollected that on the memorable 4th May, 1864, the Army of the Potomac, under Gen. GRANT, crossed the Rappahannock. As soon as it was fairly across the river, and before Gen. GRANT had time to put his army in fighting position, he was opposed by Gen. LEE, and a heavy column under LONGSTREET. A desperate and bloody fight was the consequence, thousands of lives being lost, and thousands of prisoners taken on both sides.

On the night between the 5th and 6th of May, Maj. WALLACE was in charge of a line of pickets, extending between the two

armies, and by some mistake or blunder, a New Jersey regiment, supposing them the enemy, opened a heavy fire upon the line.

Maj. W., in his endeavors to correct the fatal mistake (fatal to others), and save himself and his command from total destruction, had a most providential and narrow escape. Several of his men were shot down by their friends, and the full extent of loss by this blunder has never been ascertained.

On the day following, the battle of the "Wilderness" raged in its full fury, and thousands of the Union army lay dead and dying on the ensanguined field. On the afternoon of 6th May, while in front of his command, and leading them on to death or glory, poor Major W. met his fate. He was killed by a gun shot wound in the head, and is not known to have uttered a word afterwards. The senior field officers of the regiment, Col. WILSON and Lieut. Col. FRYER, also Albanians, had previously been carried from the field mortally wounded. The Forty-third Regiment was distinguished for the gallantry of its officers and men, and had been frequently selected for posts of extra hazard and danger, by which means it became decimated, whilst other regiments escaped the peril. Not long previous to Colonel WILSON being carried from the field, he, Lieut. Col. FRYER and Major WALLACE were noticed lunching together under the shadow of a tree. This was the last repast either of the brave men ever partook of, in this world.

Major W., as has already been said, was, from his childhood, moral and sedate. Reticent in manner, he was, nevertheless, witty, genial and agreeable in company. He had read a great deal, and was well informed on most ordinary subjects. His taste for reading, combined with his occupation of printer, gave him facilities for improvement not possessed by other young mechanics. He was brought up in the Catholic religion, and was a zealous, sincere Catholic Christian throughout his whole life; giving proof of the sincerity of his faith, by a strict observance of the doctrine and discipline of that church, down to the day of his death. The Catholic Chaplain of General MEAGHER'S Brigade frequently was the guest of Major W. in camp. Owing to the location, and the circumstances attendant

upon the great battle of the "Wilderness" (the rebels retaining for a long time, the possession of the field within their lines), it was impossible for his friends to recover the body of the deceased at that time. It has since been ascertained that his remains, with those of other brave Union men, and rebels, were buried, promiscuously, on the field, leaving no mark or trace by which his grave could be discovered, or his person identified.

Major WALLACE was a prominent leading member of the Typographical Society of Albany, and, at one time, President. He was also a delegate from that body to a National Convention of Printers, composed of delegates from a large number of the States of the Union. He was, besides, an active, energetic member of the fire department of the city for several years, having served in Hook & Ladder No. 2, and was Secretary and Foreman of that association at different periods.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by different bodies, expressive of the high esteem in which our hero was held by his fellow citizens:

ALBANY COMMON COUNCIL.

MONDAY EVENING, *May 30th*, 1864.

Alderman JOHNSON, from the committee heretofore appointed on the subject, offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Common Council on behalf of the citizens of Albany, deem it their duty to place upon record a memorial of their grief and respect for the gallant and patriotic Major WILLIAM WALLACE, who fell fighting for his country in the battle of the "Wilderness," on the 6th May inst.

Born in our city, on the outbreak of the war he raised a company for the Forty-third Regiment N. Y. S. V., being then twenty-seven years of age, and was among the first to march to the field. He encountered not only the dangers of battle but endured the horrors and privations of the Libby prison. He had just attained the rank of Major when he gave his life to his country, on the dark and bloody ground of the "Wilderness."

Resolved, That in the estimation of this Common Council, the youthful hero, whose public life presents so noble a record, and whose personal career was virtuous and honorable, deserves the highest honors which a grateful people can offer to its patriot dead. His body is buried on the distant battle field, but his memory is cherished in the hearts of our people.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of the Common Council, and printed, and that copies be sent to the family of the deceased, and to his surviving comrades in his regiment.

JAMES I. JOHNSON,
LEGRAND BANCROFT,
JOHN KENNEDY, JR.,
Committee.

ALBANY TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION.

At the first regular meeting (June 2) of Albany Typographical Union, held since the sad intelligence was received of the death of Major Wallace, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted :

Whereas, We have learned with deep sorrow of the death of our former President, Major WILLIAM WALLACE, who was killed whilst in the performance of his duty, during the recent brilliant movements of the Army of the Potomac : therefore

Resolved, That the lamented deceased was endeared to us by the purity and gentleness of his character, respected for his unobtrusive talents, and admired for his unselfish patriotism.

Resolved, That by his death our country has lost an ardent defender—our city a public spirited and honorable citizen, and our society an energetic and useful member.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the widow and relatives of our deceased friend in their great affliction—trusting that the nobleness of his death in defence of his country may, in a measure, alleviate their sorrow.

Resolved, That the Charter of this Union be draped in mourning for the usual period: and that these resolutions be trans-

mitted to the family of deceased, and duly spread upon the minutes.

GEORGE W. QUACKENBUSH,

President.

JAMES O'SULLIVAN, *Recording Secretary.*

HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY, NO. 2.

At a special meeting of "Red Jacket" Company, Hook and Ladder No. 2, held at their house on the 19th day of May, 1864, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That we have heard, with deep regret, of the death of Major WILLIAM WALLACE, former Foreman, and Honorary member of this company, who was killed while marching with his regiment on to victory, in the late battles in Virginia.

Resolved, That in the death of Major WALLACE, this company has lost a warm and kind friend; his wife a loving and dutiful husband; his son a loving father; his parents a faithful son; the country a true and faithful servant.

Resolved, That our former intercourse with him, as an officer and member, is full of pleasant recollections; and that while we cherish his memory and mourn his fate, our sorrows are mingled with pride, that he laid down his life in defence of our beloved country.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with his family, parents and relatives of the deceased, and trust that to the condolence of earthly friends, there may be added the Heavenly consolations of Him "who giveth and taketh away," for his wise, though inscrutable purposes.

Resolved, That the foregoing resolutions be engrossed, and presented to the widow of the deceased; and that this house be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days.

(Signed.)

M. A. SHEHAN, *Foreman.*

N. A. FINNEGAN, *Secretary.*

XXI.

MAJOR MILES McDONALD.

This officer was born in the city of Albany, on the first day of March, 1840. He was the son of JAMES and MARY McDONALD, who came to this city from Ireland. His father died when he was a child. From his boyhood till his entry into the service in 1861, he was employed in the telegraph office, at a small salary, with which he assisted his widowed mother to support the younger children.

He joined Company K, Sixty-third Regiment New York Volunteers, as a private, in September, 1861, and proceeded at once with his regiment to Virginia. He followed its fortunes through the Peninsula campaign, under Gen. McCLELLAN, and also fought at Antietam. He was promoted first to Corporal, then to First Sergeant, and, after Antietam, to a Second Lieutenancy, for valor in that great battle. He fought at Fredericksburg, and was wounded on the 17th of December, 1862, in that action. He remained with the Army of the Potomac after being promoted to First Lieutenant and Adjutant, and was a second time wounded at Spottsylvania. On the 17th of June, 1864, he died from wounds received the day before, in charging the enemy's works in front of Petersburg.

On the 11th of June, 1864, he was commissioned Major of his regiment; but his commission had not reached him at the time of his death.

The following account of Major McDONALD appeared in the Albany "Morning Express," on Tuesday, June 21st, 1864:

DEATH OF ADJUTANT MILES McDONALD.

We have become so accustomed to hear of the death of friends in the army, that it would almost seem that the frequent receipt

of such painful intelligence would, to a certain extent, blunt our sensibilities, and fail to excite those emotions of sympathy and sorrow that, in the ordinary course of life, follow the decease of those we have known and loved. And yet, whenever the swift electric messenger communicates to us that another brave fellow has sacrificed his life upon the altar of his country, how painfully sad are the reflections that arise. Death loses none of its terrors to those who are far away from the field of desolation and carnage, even though day after day we receive intelligence of the inevitable results of desperate and bloody conflicts. The loss of a relative or friend, whenever it may occur, must always cast a cloud over the brightest vision, bringing in its train woe and mourning.

MILES McDONALD is dead! So the telegraph announced to us at an early hour Monday morning. And he died while battling with the enemies of his country and liberty. Yes, he, too, has fallen a victim to the accursed rebellion that has swept away so many of the best and bravest of our people. While engaged with the enemy in the battle before Petersburg, Thursday last, he fell mortally wounded, and subsequently his bright spirit sped its way to that Great Ruler from whence it came. He was a noble fellow, and as pure a patriot as ever offered up his life in defence of the liberties of the people. When the Sixty-third Regiment was organized, full of the enthusiasm and ardor that distinguished his devotion to his country, he enlisted as a private, and marched to the battle field.

It was in October, 1861, he enrolled his name as a member of Capt. BRANAGAN's company, and when he left us the best wishes and earnest prayers of hosts of friends, that he might be preserved from the perils and dangers of a soldier's life, went with him. There was no truer man in the ranks of that gallant regiment. His many noble traits of character soon made him a universal favorite, and for his gallantry and heroic bravery at the battle of Antietam, he was promoted to a second Lieutenancy. His promotion excited the most profound satisfaction among his comrades, who had learned to love him as a brother. At the first battle of Fredericksburg he was wounded, and soon after

was promoted to a first Lieutenancy, as a reward for meritorious conduct. Subsequently, he was assigned to the Adjutancy of the regiment; and it was while acting in this capacity, before Petersburg, he was killed. He was but twenty-four years of age, and yet he was a most skillful and accomplished officer; and, had his life been spared, would probably have very soon been appointed Major of the regiment. When a boy, he entered the service of the New York, Albany and Buffalo Telegraph Company as a messenger, and retained that position for several years, winning for himself the good opinion of the officers of the company, and of the patrons of the line with whom he was brought in contact. After surrendering this situation, he went to New York and accepted a clerkship, which he held until a short time previous to his enlistment in the Sixty-third Regiment. Although he never enjoyed the advantage of a high school education, he was possessed of fine natural talents, and his letters to us show him to have been gifted with more than ordinary ability. His last epistle to us was published by us on the 2d inst., and will be remembered by all our readers, as one of the most interesting communications that ever appeared in our columns.

How peculiarly painful is the following paragraph, clipped from that last letter:

“If then the brave are mourned so deeply by their comrades in battle, who can paint the feelings of anguish and woe experienced by their families and friends at home, when the dread news appear in the public print, with the short but fatal word, ‘killed,’ placed after the name of a husband, father, son or brother. No more will the light tread of the departed cross the threshold, watching with bounding heart the delight of the fire-side group, eager to welcome the returning soldier. In place of joyous meetings, we find nothing but lonely graves, in some sunny spot of this once beautiful State, where it is affecting to mark with what simple kindness the surviving soldier buries his fallen comrade, selecting with nice care a favorite spot, as if to allure the first bright light of the rising sun, to kiss the grassy mounds, before its pure rays should rest upon any other object. There is something beautiful in a soldier’s grave. From its sim-

plicity alone, it is more beautiful. The rustic head board, hastily penciled, speaks more of patriotism and love of country than all the monuments of cold marble, chiseled into most majestic form, by the skillful hands of the artist."

Those were the sentiments of MILES McDONALD, the true-hearted soldier and noble patriot. He now fills a soldier's grave, and may "the bright light of a rising sun ever kiss the grassy mound before its pure rays rest upon any other object," is the heartfelt wish of one who knew him from childhood, and has watched, with pride and pleasure, his advancement in life.

It was but yesterday morning his mother received a letter from him, and while a brother was perusing its welcome pages, the anxious mother, carefully scrutinizing the columns of the "Express," discovered that short but fatal word, "killed," in connection with the name of her dearly beloved child. The agony of that discovery no tongue can tell. Let us draw a veil over the sorrow-stricken home of the dead hero, and pray God that the heart-broken mother, and those now bowed down with grief, may receive that consolation which he who afflicts can alone afford.

Lines on the Death of MILES McDONALD, ADJUTANT SIXTY-THIRD
REGIMENT N. Y. S. VOLUNTEERS.

BY DR. LAWRENCE, SURGEON OF THE REGIMENT.

Adjutant McDONALD, says Dr. REYNOLDS, was with the Army of the Potomac in every battle from Yorktown, under General GEO. B. McCLELLAN, to Petersburg, under Gen. U. S. GRANT. He was wounded twice previous to his death wound—at Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and at Spottsylvania, May, 1864. He died eight hours after he was wounded, and his last words were, when told by the surgeon that he could not survive: "I am satisfied; God's will be done!"

Toll the bell sadly, the young and the beautiful
Now lies a pale corpse in the scenes he held dear;
Toll the bell sadly, the brave and the dutiful,
War's victim, before us, is stretched on the bier.

The face that we looked on with pride and with pleasure,
From the eyes that admired it, full soon will be gone,
And that form, late the shrine of the world's best treasure,
A bold loyal spirit is lifeless and wan.

Toll the bell sadly, and toll the bell loudly !

The wailings to drown of the friends of the brave—
Who pictured his pathway to glory so proudly,
But who weep that fame's pathway led him to the grave.

Friends of his youth, and his manhood, round standing,
On him through your tears come now look your last,
On that mouth, once so smiling, that brow so commanding,
Ah! that eye by the signet of death is sealed fast.

Sad are your hearts—sad the sisters, the brothers,
The fond ones he lived for, he doated upon;
But what is their grief to the grief of his mother,
Who weeps o'er the corpse of her young gallant son ?

Weep, he was worthy your pride and your mourning,
Weep, though your tears are as painful as vain;
Weep, for no more from war's perils returning,
Will he rush to your arms and embrace you again.

McDONALD, when life-blood in torrents was flowing,
Was first in the charge of our loud-cheering band;
On our lines, when their shells the foemen were throwing
Impulsively brave, and unconsciously grand!

Yet was he gentle, and kind as a maiden,
Full of frolic and mirth, generous-hearted and free,
And many a heart that with trouble was laden,
Grew bright in his sunshine, and glad in his glee.

There hang the green flags he gaily marched under,
There is the cap—there his belt and his sash,
And there is the sword which when bellowed war's thunder,
In the hand that's now lifeless, would quiver and flash!

Yes, scatter sweet flowers where valor reposes,
They are trophies becoming the brave soldier's bier;
And freshen your lilies and brighten your roses
With love's liquid gem, with affection's sad tear.

Well, he was worthy our praise and our sorrow,
His country's remembrance and friendship's sad sigh,
Only from this, some relief can we borrow,
The spirit survives though the body must die.

He has stamped on our bosom love's unfaded token,
And time will but make his remembrance more dear,
Whenever we meet his loved name shall be spoken,
When alone, we shall think of his worth with a tear.

Yes, when marble shall crumble and carved work be rotten,
That repels passers-by from the haughty man's clay,
Good MILES McDONALD shall not be forgotten,
His name and his virtues shall not pass away.

This country, when crushed shall be this sad rebellion,
His name shall enroll 'mid her bravest and best,
And his soul in the bosom of God shall be dwelling,
Where sorrow is soothed and the weary have rest.

Toll the bell sadly, the crowd is now moving
That bears to his last home the corpse of the brave
Then let the pen of the poet, and the living,
Inscribe these true lines on the patriot's grave :

“ Here lies McDONALD, a soldier true hearted
As ever for freedom the battle-field trod ;
Here lies a Christian, who calmly departed
And un murmuring gave his young spirit to God ! ”

IN CAMP, NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *July 9, 1864.*

XXII.

MAJOR GEORGE WASHINGTON STACKHOUSE.

GEORGE W. STACKHOUSE was the son of JOHN B. STACKHOUSE, and, in the spring of 1861, enlisted as Second Lieutenant in Company A, Twenty-fifth New York Regiment. He was afterwards made Captain, and in March, 1863, for his gallantry and efficiency, was promoted to the position of Major, in the Ninety-first Regiment New York Volunteers. He was with General BANKS, and fought with great bravery in the battles at Irish Bend, Gonzales' Plantation, and in the three general battles at Port Hudson. On the 27th of May, 1863, he was shot in both thighs, and lingered until June 19th, 1863, when he died. He leaves fond parents, and a wife and four little children to mourn his loss.

Major STACKHOUSE was a faithful and earnest patriot, and an honest man. His soldiers placed the greatest confidence in him, and entrusted him with their money to send home. He sent tens of thousands of dollars to his father, who kindly distributed the same to the families of the soldiers. When the war closed, the veterans who returned presented to the father, Mr. JOHN B. STACKHOUSE, a valuable and beautiful watch, as a token of their gratitude for his faithful services.

Major STACKHOUSE had two brothers in the army, JAMES and WILLIAM. They were in the battles with him at Port Hudson, and, on June 19th, 1863, JAMES was badly wounded in the head, but recovered from his wound.

I regret that I have been unable to obtain fuller information in regard to this patriotic family, for they certainly deserve a more extended sketch than this. But in the name of our city, our State and our Nation, we tender to the survivors our heartfelt thanks, for their noble contributions to our country's honor and prosperity.

XXIII.

ADJUTANT RICHARD MARVIN STRONG.

FROM ABRAHAM LANSING, Esq.

RICHARD MARVIN STRONG was the second son of ANTHONY M. and SARAH M. STRONG. He was born in the city of Albany, June 10th, 1835, and died in the military service of the United States, at Bonnet Carré, La., May 12th, 1863.

He received the elements of his education at the Albany Academy, which he entered at an early age, while it was yet under the supervision of the late Dr. T. ROMEYN BECK, and remaining there during the succeeding administration of Dr. WILLIAM H. CAMPBELL, and for a short time under Prof. G. H. COOK.

When, in 1851, Dr. CAMPBELL resigned his charge in Albany, RICHARD had made most valuable progress in his academic course, and was nearly fitted for college. Few connected with the Academy at that time will fail to remember the class of young men, well advanced in study—the senior class of the school—which the Doctor had gathered under his especial care, and particularly instructed in the classics and belles lettres. Undoubtedly the instruction thus received by those young men, who daily went before their principal with unfeigned alacrity, and with the esteem and affection of children towards a father, exerted an important influence upon their moral, as well as their intellectual characters. Certain it is that there is not an instance in which the subsequent life of any member of the class has put to the blush its moral training. Its majority are still reaping the earthly benefit of its admirable discipline, and delight to recall its pleasant associations. As a member of that class, RICHARD'S standing was second to none. The impressions he then received, and the habits then formed, partially furnish the explanation of his remarkably pure and upright life, and of the

accuracy, industry and thoroughness which distinguished him in all his relations.

In 1851, he received from the Academy for his proficiency in mathematics, the CALDWELL gold medal, and at the same time his friend and companion, CHARLES BOYD, received the VAN RENSSELAER classical medal. These rewards of scholarship were presented by the principal (Dr. CAMPBELL) at the anniversary exhibition, with evident pride and satisfaction. "These young gentlemen," said he, as they stood before him on the stage, "have never given me a moment's uneasiness throughout all their academic course." They both entered the junior class, at the college of New Jersey, at Princeton, in 1852, and as they had graduated from the preparatory school with the highest honors, so they took at once the rank of the first scholars in their class. They became members of the same literary society, were room-mates together, and in 1854 graduated together; the one pronouncing the valedictory, the other the mathematical oration, the first and third honors of a large and intelligent class.

As a student Mr. STRONG endeared himself to his class-mates by his companionable and social qualities, as well as won their admiration by his ability as a scholar. Prof. STEPHEN ALEXANDER, of Princeton College, says of him, in a recent letter:

"He greatly distinguished himself by his attainments in scholarship while a member of this institution. The college records exhibit his final standing (at his graduation) to have been third in his large class, and within the veriest fraction of the second position. Those who knew his previous history as an academy boy, will not be surprised to learn that the honorary oration assigned to him was the *mathematical*. Of his unexceptionable conduct and his kind and genial manners, I have still a lively recollection."

During his senior vacation he was invited by Prof. ALEXANDER, who was acting in connection with a large committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, to accompany him to Ogdensburgh as an assistant in an observation of the annular eclipse of the sun in May, 1854, and accompanied him

together with Mr. WILLIAM J. GIBSON, to assist in those important observations. Prof. ALEXANDER, in his report, says:

“I was assisted in my observations by two of my former pupils in the college of New Jersey, Messrs. WILLIAM J. GIBSON and RICHARD M. STRONG, both of Albany, New York. Their presence with me, was not only a matter of sincere personal gratification, but was important also, as we were together enabled to note some phenomena which might otherwise have escaped me, and they by their aid contributed not a little to the accurate observation of those which I might have noted if alone.”

A single incident of the college life of Adjutant STRONG, will serve to illustrate the force and fearlessness of his character, even at that early age. He had been one of the founders of the Kappa Alpha, a secret society in the college, and besides having a strong attachment for the society itself, and for its individual members—an attachment which lasted throughout his life—he had been an applicant to existing chapters in other colleges for authority to establish a branch at Princeton, and he felt in a measure responsible for its success and prosperity. The faculty had concluded to suppress the secret societies, and, among others, RICHARD STRONG was summoned before the President to sign a pledge not to attend the meetings of any such society, and to dissolve his connection therewith, so long as he remained a member of the institution. He replied substantially to the demand, that his obligations to his society were contracted when there was nothing in the college rules preventing him from assuming them, and that the standing and reputation of its members were ample proof of its harmlessness. He begged the President not to insist upon that which he should be obliged to refuse, and declared that greatly as he deprecated the consequences, he should prefer rather to suffer them, than commit himself to such a pledge. A further interview was appointed with him at an unspecified future time, and the fact that he was not afterwards called upon to sever his connection with the society, or to sign the pledge proposed, shows the appreciation in which the worthy President of the college held the character of the young man

who preferred rather to suffer detriment to himself, than prove false to a trust confided to his care.

Though he had few superiors as a classical scholar, Mr. STRONG was naturally inclined to the study of mathematics, and the natural sciences, and his early preferences were towards those pursuits as a profession. At one time he had determined to become a civil engineer, but though his constitution could not be called feeble, he was led to abandon this choice from a belief that he was not sufficiently robust, to endure the hardships and exposures sometimes attendant upon that mode of life. His next choice was the law, and soon after leaving college he entered the office of REYNOLDS, COCHRANE & REYNOLDS in Albany, and became at the same time a student of the law department of the Albany University. He brought to the study a mind naturally excellent, improved by careful training. He pursued his studies with diligence, and the results were satisfactory to himself and his instructors, giving promise of usefulness and distinction in after life. His studies were interrupted for several months which he passed in visiting Europe, traveling in Great Britain and on the continent, and resumed again on his return. In 1856 he was admitted to the bar. His connection through relatives with important mercantile interests in Albany, threw him at once into practice, and his zeal and ability soon gained for him an extensive business.

About a year after his admission to the bar, he formed a partnership with FREDERICK TOWNSEND, now Major of the Eighteenth United States Infantry, and WILLIAM A. JACKSON, afterwards Colonel of the Eighteenth Regiment New York Volunteers, now deceased, and upon the dissolution of the firm by the withdrawal of those gentlemen to positions in the service of the Government, he became associated with Mr. GEORGE L. STEDMAN, with whom he was connected in business at the time of his decease. The firm of STEDMAN & STRONG having succeeded to the extensive business of the firm of SHEPARD & BANCROFT, Mr STRONG was enjoying the emoluments of a handsome practice when he gave his services to his country. His ability as a lawyer was marked and decided. He was accurate in his conclusions, and rapid in

reaching them. He analyzed facts with thoroughness, and arranged them with method. His counsel was clear and reliable. It was always the deliberate conviction of his judgment after careful investigation of the facts, and was often sought and followed in preference to that of others of longer standing in the profession. He presented an argument to the court with a terseness, completeness, and ingenuity which always commanded attention. With the members of the Albany bar he was a general favorite, as he was among all who knew him. Fond of social enjoyments, cultivated and interesting in conversation, he was welcome everywhere, and often gave himself to the social gatherings of the city. As a companion and friend, he was true and unselfish. He was cordial with all, and where his affections were enlisted, he was warm and enthusiastic. In countenance he was genial and joyous, but there was an earnestness in his expression as in his manner, which was the index of his character.

Mr. STRONG's professional career was varied by attention to other interests of a more public character. He possessed an activity of mind, and a readiness of perception and execution, which enabled him to attend faithfully and successfully to numerous diverse matters without neglecting his professional duties. His industry was remarkable. He wasted no time, and it was surprising to see one so young, so zealous, and so constantly employed. In the truest sense of the term, he was public-spirited—not from ostentation, but from love of well doing and natural energy of disposition. He was connected with many important enterprises in his native city, and the assurance that he was actively engaged in any project was almost a guaranty of its success.

Not long after the commencement of his professional life, he became a member of the First Presbyterian church of Albany, Rev. Dr. JOHN N. CAMPBELL's. He was a faithful, earnest, and exemplary Christian, ever mindful of the obligations of his religious profession, and living the life of one whose actions were prompted and guided by the purest faith. When the project of erecting a new Presbyterian church on State street, in Albany, was canvassed among the members of his denomination, he en-

tered warmly into it and became a leading spirit in its accomplishment. In November, 1859, he became one of a committee of fifteen appointed from the different Presbyterian churches of the city to carry forward the enterprise, and afterwards was secretary of the committee.

Under his legal counsel and conduct the church was incorporated, the land was purchased, the edifice erected and the pulpit supplied. In each step he not only performed his part as a lawyer but as an enthusiastic lover of the work, and with a refined taste and excellent judgment gave valuable advice in the manner and economy of construction, and rendered efficient services in the accumulation and management of the funds. He was made a trustee of the church and remained one until the time of his death. He entered the Sunday school, taking charge of an important class of advanced scholars, composed of two classes which he had previously instructed, every Sunday, and which showed its confidence in its instructor by volunteering unanimously in his regiment, and going with him to the war. The committee to whose management this church enterprise was given, threw the legal responsibility of the proceedings entirely upon his shoulders. With characteristic energy he entered into the law of the subject and in a few weeks had at his command not only the statute law applicable, but its sources and history. It was afterwards suggested to him that a volume on the subject would have both a historic and practical interest, and he was urged to undertake its compilation, and is supposed to have had it in contemplation.

The rebellion of 1861 made hurried calls upon the time and services of the efficient young men of the North. The Albany Barracks were placed under the command of Brigadier General JOHN F. RATHBONE. Mr. STRONG was then his aid-de-camp, and took an important part in organizing the regiments formed there. These barracks were the rendezvous of thousands of volunteer recruits, who came without discipline, without organization and utterly unaccustomed to the rigor and restraints of camp life. There were frequently at one time from four to five thousand, and the position of aid was no sinecure. Mr. STRONG was not

unequal to the task; he had had military experience as a member of the Albany Burgesses Corps and the Albany Zouave Cadets, and in those model organizations had become proficient in the drill of the company; he soon acquired the experience of a general officer. When Gen. RATHBONE was relieved of his command at the barracks, Mr. STRONG received the appointment on his staff of Judge Advocate of the Ninth Brigade New York National Guards. His duties at the barracks ceased with the departure of the troops for the field, and, the General Government having, as it was supposed, sufficient for its purposes, he returned to the practice of his profession impressed, however, as he stated, with a sense of obligation to the country, and a determination to give his services, should the occasion seem to make a demand upon them. On the organization of the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment New York Volunteers, formerly the Tenth Regiment National Guard of the State, he accepted the laborious position of Adjutant, and turned his attention, with his accustomed energy, to placing it on a war footing. On the eve of departure, he addressed the regiment, publicly congratulating the officers and men upon their unwearied and at length successful efforts, to organize for the war.

They left Albany in December, 1862, with the "BANKS' expedition," landed at New Orleans, and were thence sent to Bonnet Carré, La., an important post on the Mississippi river, being one of the main defences of New Orleans. Large numbers of the unacclimated men of the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh were soon prostrated with diseases peculiar to the country and to camp life; and Adjutant STRONG, besides being the acknowledged friend of the individual members of the regiment, became an unwearied attendant upon the wants of the sick. His assistance was freely bestowed on all sides, regardless of danger from infection, and the strain upon his strength. With a rare skill and a joyous and genial manner peculiar to himself, he watched with and assisted in the care of the sick, and administered to the dying the consolations of that religion he had himself experienced. His labors in this respect, while attending punctiliously to the duties of his position, rendered him liable, through loss of

strength, to take the fever, to which he has fallen a victim. In a letter from Bonnet Carré, written on the day after his death, full of tenderness and affection, addressed to the father of Adj. STRONG, Dr. O. H. YOUNG, assistant surgeon of the regiment, says: "The tenderness of his heart and his unresting desire for usefulness, prompted him to visit the hospital often, in the hope of adding to the welfare of the sick soldier, and many will remember the kind solicitude which made him their constant visitor, and the cheerful words which infused new hope into their drooping spirits. Indeed, the frequency with which RICHARD made these visits, had more than once attracted our attention, and creating some solicitude for his health, had made it incumbent on us, as medical officers, to advise him not to spend too much time among the sick and dying. * * * * * On Sunday, April 26, he and I sat together on a bench in front of my tent listening to divine service. * * * * * Directly after these exercises he complained of headache, and asked me for professional advice, which was given, on condition that he immediately abandon all official duties which rendered exposure to the sun's heat necessary."

This headache, spoken of by Dr. YOUNG, was the approach of the fever, which soon assumed a typhoid form, and terminated his life. In speaking of his last sickness, Dr. YOUNG informed his parents that it was not attended with physical pain. During his last moments his physical prostration was too great to permit his articulating, but his response to the question, whether he desired to be remembered to his father and family at home, was audible and intelligent. He answered, said Dr. YOUNG, distinctly "yes," and a few moments after, with his brother's name upon his lips, expired. His remains were encased in a metallic coffin, and deposited in Greenwood Cemetery at New Orleans, to await their conveyance to Albany.

Thus has another valuable life surrendered itself a voluntary offering to the institutions of our country, freely given in the morning of usefulness, with bright promises for the future unfulfilled. The misgivings as to his physical endurance, which in earlier years had swerved him from the pursuits of the studies which he

loved, had no power to influence his action when he felt his services were valuable to the country, but he freely gave himself to the risks of the field of battle, and the exposures of camp life, and in doing so, none who knew him will say he was otherwise actuated than by a sense of duty, and a desire to be of service to his country, in whose institutions he had an unshaken faith. To that faith he has borne testimony with the seal of his life—a life full of the brightest promise, and endeared to him by the tenderest family affections, and throughout which, with all the opportunities and successes which attended him, there is not one moment over which his friends would desire to draw a veil. The memory of his chaste and noble nature, like the lingering rays of the setting sun, remains to soften the gloom his death has caused, and is the assurance of a triumphant future. Sweetly he sleeps the sleep of death among those,

“Qui fuerunt, sed nunc ad astra.”

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ALBANY BAR.

At a meeting of the Albany Bar, convened in the Mayor's Court Room, in the City Hall of Albany, to take action regarding the death of Adjutant RICHARD M. STRONG, on motion of Mr. C. M. JENKINS, Mr. J. I. WERNER was called to the Chair. On motion of Mr. J. B. STURTEVANT, Mr. WILLIAM LANSING was appointed Secretary.

On motion, the Chair appointed the following committee on resolutions: MESSRS. WILLIAM A. YOUNG, JOHN C. McCLURE, HAMILTON HARRIS, J. HOWARD KING and GEORGE WOLFORD.

Hon. JOHN H. REYNOLDS then addressed the meeting as follows:

One by one, and in rapid succession, those who for a time travel with us on the highway of life, drop down and are seen no more. At short intervals of time, some, that we have known and who have in some sort been our associates, disappear, and we know them no longer. At a little greater interval, those with whom we have been more intimate, fall by the way side, and then we pause a moment and perhaps shed a few tears, and

pass on, intent only upon reaching the end of our own travels, and a season of repose which never comes. We find but little time to linger beside those who falter, and less to stand around the graves of the fallen. As we move onward, at intervals which seem to grow less and less in duration, we are compelled to pause, from time to time, for the reason that our most intimate associates can no longer keep us company, but leave us to continue our progress as best we may. It is then that we tarry a little longer, and feel it a duty to give some expression to our regret and regard. We have met to-day to perform this duty, in respect to one of our professional brethren, who, under circumstances of painful interest, has, in the very morning of life, left us forever. It is not long since that, under like circumstances, we were assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of another of our brethren, who in obedience to the call of his country, left home and friends, and wore out his life, in defence of the flag, which an army of traitors seek to trample in the dust. And now, after a little while, we meet again, to pay a like tribute of regard to one of gentle nature and of high promise, who more recently gave up the pursuits of an honorable profession, and severed the tenderest ties that bind our common humanity, to brave all the privations and dangers that attend the patriotic citizen and soldier, who takes up arms in defence of the insulted flag of his country. It is fitting that this mournful event should not pass unnoticed by those who were bound to him in the ties of professional brotherhood, who knew him intimately, and loved him well in life, and whose early death falls with crushing weight upon so many hearts.

At the early age of twenty-eight, RICHARD M. STRONG died, far away from home and kindred. We knew but little of his days of sickness and suffering, or of the last hours of his life, save that an unrelenting disease, in an ungenial clime, wasted him away; and in his last moments his thoughts were turned to loved ones at home, and his lips faintly murmured a brother's name; and with this last effort of affection, his spirit passed to "God who gave it."

The story of his life is brief and simple. It is not marked by uncommon incidents, which will attract the attention of the great world. He did not live long enough to achieve the high honors of the profession to which his life was to have been devoted, and which his talents, his industry, his manly and modest deportment, his spotless character, his love of truth and justice, entitled those who knew him best to predict for his career. So much of professional life as he was permitted to pursue, gave assurance that all which would have followed could not have

“Unbeseemed the promise of his spring.”

He began the study of the law in an office with which I was connected; and I shall always remember him with affection as a devoted, industrious, intelligent and faithful student; full of hope, and earnest in the pursuit of all that learning which marks the progress of a true lawyer, and gives dignity to a noble profession. He brought to that pursuit a mind capable of reaching a high rank among men, who never fail to appreciate learning, to reverence intellect, and to love and cherish all the higher qualities which adorn human nature. His early training, where his superiority had always been acknowledged, fitted him to commence his professional career under circumstances more favorable to success than is common to most who enter upon a pursuit where real merit is seldom unrewarded, and where few ever attain a permanent position without severe labor and solid acquirements. His practice at the bar, although not of long duration or extensive in its character, illustrated the qualities of mind and heart which commanded the respect and regard of all his brethren, and which step by step, would have led him to high honors.

In early life he was frail and delicate, and he was nurtured with tenderest affection. At school he was patient, and diligent; and not only won the regard of his associates, but attained a position of acknowledged merit; and when his schoolboy and college days were over, he left behind him the marks of a superior mind, and the remembrance of an exemplary character. To this, all his early friends bear willing testimony. He sought our profession as best adapted to his tastes and talents, and entered

upon it with all the enthusiasm of youth, and with all the hope and confidence which youth and conscious talents inspire. Surrounded by every comfort which wealth and affection can give, stimulated by every motive of honorable ambition, he saw the future bright before him, and, with just reliance upon himself, looked forward to a useful and an honorable career in the profession of his choice. But an imperiled country called him to other duties. He was among the first, when the sound of conflict reached us, to lay down the profession of the law, and assume the profession of arms; and he has followed it with fidelity to the same end to which we are all hastening. With the brave men who have gone to the field of strife he sought danger as a duty; and, if opportunity had presented, he would have proved himself as brave in battle as he was patient and submissive when disease wasted his life away. He was a Christian gentleman and a Christian soldier. He followed with unfaltering trust, the path of duty to his God, to his country, to his kindred and his friends. He leaves no enemy behind him. All who knew him loved him; for his nature was gentle and genial. He was firm in honest purposes, quick to discern and defend the right, and incapable of wrong. When such men die early or late in life, there is a melancholy pleasure in bearing testimony to what they were; and to do so is a sacred duty to the living and the dead.

The circumstances under which our deceased brother closed his brief but honorable career, are peculiarly painful and impressive, although death now meets us in so many startling forms that we scarcely notice it until it comes very near. The stories of blood and battle, of suffering and death, are daily brought to our view, and yet scarcely arrest our attention. We look with interest to scenes of conflict and carnage, where brave men struggle and die amid the roar of cannon and the shouts of victory, but scarcely remember the unhappy patriots who, in a distant clime, struggle with relentless disease, and who, upon beds of suffering, turn once more to their early homes and kindred in all the agony of loneliness and desolation. They are far beyond all those consolations which attend the dying when sur-

rounded by the endearments of home. Death is always a merciless visitor; but to one suffering amid strangers, in a strange land, becomes robed in his most ghastly form—terrible to the victim, and agonizing to those who are nearest and dearest to him. We cannot turn aside the veil that hides the grief of the afflicted household in which our lamented brother grew up to manhood. The father's, the mother's, the brother's and the sister's agony is all their own. We may sympathize but cannot alleviate. We may speak a word of kindness, and drop a tear of sympathy, but we only add our sorrow to theirs. God grant that this household, and the many others that have, in these unhappy days, suffered a like bereavement, may find consolation from the only source that can give lasting comfort to the afflicted.

And let us who here grieve over the early dead, be ever mindful of the admonitions which these mournful occasions give us. Death meets us in all forms, in all conditions of age and station, and on all occasions.

“Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither in the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but *all*—
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, oh Death!”

This tribute of the Hon. Mr. REYNOLDS was followed by other addresses, also most appropriate and eloquent, from the Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN, Mr. RUFUS W. PECKHAM Jr., Hon. DEODATUS WRIGHT, Gen. JOHN MEREDITH READ Jr., and Mr. ORLANDO MEADS.

WILLIAM A. YOUNG, Esq., offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted :

Another member of the Albany County Bar has died in the military service of the country. RICHARD MARVIN STRONG, a gentleman of much professional ability, of amiable manners and strict integrity, beloved by his companions in arms, and by all who were associated with him in the pursuits of civil life, in the flower of his age, has gone from among us forever. His worth as a citizen and a lawyer, his valor and patriotism, have conse-

erated his name and his memory in the hearts of his brothers of the bar. In view of this mournful dispensation.

Resolved, That while contemplating with admiration and pride the example furnished by the deceased, of conscientious devotion to the Union and the supremacy of the laws, we deeply lament the too early death of one whose cultivated mind and pure character gave promise of so much usefulness and distinction. His intercourse with his brethren of the bar was marked, at all times, by kindness and courtesy. Among his fellow-citizens, his daily life was eminent for that uprightness and manly bearing which are the outward manifestations of a heart imbued with the principles of justice and right. His literary attainments and scholar-like tastes were the graceful and fitting ornaments of his virtues. Knowing the magnitude of the sacrifices at which he entered upon the career of arms, we venerate the heroism and constancy of one who was capable, when his country demanded his services, of exchanging the delights of a home, where he had ever been an object of the tenderest affection, the charms of study and the rewards of professional industry, for the hardships, the perils, and the sufferings of the camp and the field.

Resolved, That we tender to the parents and friends of the deceased our heartfelt sympathies in the affliction which this melancholy event has brought upon them; and that we invoke in their behalf the consolations which enabled our departed brother to meet death with Christian fortitude and resignation.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the newspapers of the city, and that a copy, signed by the officers of this meeting, be presented to the family of the deceased.

In an eloquent sermon commemorative of ADJT. STRONG, the Rev. A. S. TWOMBLY, his pastor, spoke as follows:

“In the prime of manhood, God has taken him away. With many earthly hopes yet unfulfilled—a thousand manly aspirations all unmet—just as the promise of his early culture ripens towards its fruit—before life gives its best rewards—he dies! But who will say that life in him, in any sense, was incomplete? Who will say that death has broken from the stem a life whose summer time has not yet come? This church, which owes much

of its strength and its success to him whose name alone is left to it, may seem all incomplete without him. We, his associates and friends, among whom he appeared pre-eminent for genial goodness, strength of judgment, and simplicity of character, may be obliged to leave unfinished his share in the work which we together had assumed. The Sabbath school—his pride and care—that class which he took with him to the war, may never find a substitute for the place he occupied. And in the private circle of his dearest friends, the years he would have filled with happiness for them, may seem all incomplete and vacant; even as to all whose lives and interests his peculiar qualities seemed to supply that which *he* only could supply, his career may seem but the fragment of an earthly course. And why God called this useful servant home so soon, why all this ripening power for good should be so soon dissolved in death, we cannot tell; but this one thing we know, in him, when God's eye searched, it found the full condition of a finished mortal life.

“The earthly dates that limit his career between the times of birth and death, are not God's boundaries; and the meanness of our human computations, God makes manifest, in giving a far grander finish than that of years or circumstances to his life.

“For although on all life's ordinary relationships, his memory sheds a fragrant beauty, yet our thoughts invest him with far richer usefulness, and his name will have far greater eloquence for good, because religion lent her lustre to the fair graces which adorned his life. That his life was rich in things that win the hearts of friends, and touch the finer springs of feeling, none who witness the universal lamentation at his death can doubt.

“The touching reminiscences preserved of him at home; the lonesome feeling there without him, together with the last word on his dying lips (his brother's name), tell well enough of him as son and brother. While for that trying relationship, existing so seldom in perfection between a young church member and his careless friends, let those to whom his presence was an admonition, and at the same time a delight, bear witness. Let the power of his life and death on them attest his genial, unobtrusive, but consistent character as a friend.

“So, too, the record of his business life, for thoroughness, fairness and ability, may challenge scrutiny. This, the resolutions published by his associates of the bar full well attest. And let our own church records show the value of his professional advice. Let this goodly edifice, in which to-night we worship, speak, not only from the accuracy of all its financial formulæ, of his legal skill, but also from its chaste adornments, of his care and taste; thus proving that while apt and able in professional acquirements, he was likewise talented and tasteful in all other branches of a liberal culture.

“But above all signs like these, who to his record *as a Christian* would wish to add more signs of full-orbed life? who most anxious for assurance, could desire more signs of faith, humility and sacrifice by which the Christian’s earthly state is made complete? Not that all possible signs appear in him; but that enough appear, to show that by God’s grace the germ of true Christianity was in his soul, who that has heard him pray, who that has watched his manly, Christian life; who that has heard of his pure motives in responding to his country’s call, can for a moment doubt? Are not these outward indications of completeness, clustered over and about his memory like flowers that tell of a prolific soil? And were all other indications wanting, would not the last great witness of his life; would not the counting of his life a willing offering, be sufficient testimony to the full completion of this trial-epoch of his soul?

“His fellow soldiers send back loving messages of his devotion to the sick and suffering in that dreary hospital beneath the southern palm, thus telling us where the seeds of his own fatal malady were sown. They tell us how he sympathized with others in their sorrow; how in camp he talked and prayed with men (some of them from his old Sabbath class), when to indite a prayer or sing a psalm, cost something more than time or talent.*

* A touching incident occurred to-day, in connection with this class. A pupil who had volunteered for two years in another regiment, being at home on a short furlough, entered the school and asked the superintendent for his former teacher, not knowing that the class had all enlisted, and that their teacher was no more. What could more forcibly illustrate our beloved brother’s influence and power as a faithful teacher in the Sabbath School?

They tell us that the "Cross at any time in his deportment could be seen;" so that we needed not to hear the tidings of his death, to know assuredly that life was not accounted dear to him, if that he might complete his course with joy. If therefore in addition to the Christian impulse by which he was hurried to the field; if anything above that sense of Christian duty, for which he gave our land his life, were wanting to attest the fullness and completeness of his earthly course, these last days with the sick and the disabled—his last words, all of which were breathed, not for himself but for another, would announce with unmistakable authority how truly he had counted all things loss, that he might win the crown.

"When we think of him, let not our eyes be dim with tears—but let our hearts rejoice that God has made him able, thus to finish his career with joy. Let his memory seem to us like some perfected crystal formed from the agitated cooling of the ore; each side reflects its own peculiar lustre, while together all the rays perfect a starlike form, whose gleams conceal all imperfections; and within whose heart a crystal germ of purity waits but the master hand to be made fit for coronets of kings.

"But yesterday our friend was like ourselves, imperfect, frail and liable to temptation; upon his life the finishing touch had not yet come. To-day, by Jesus's handling, he is shining in perfection in the diadem of God! His mortal life was gladly given for this end; then why should we begrudge it! Everything was laid for this at Jesus's feet; and why should we be sorry for the sacrifice! A joyous home, great hopes, strong friendships, happy ties,—all counted loss, so that he might end his course with joy! These are the signs of its completion, what can we ask for more!

"Not merely do the tears of all true patriots fall upon his tomb; not only does a star-lit and perfected manhood shine from heaven upon us to inspire with hope; but as a spirit, leaving in its flight sure signs of its redemption, his memory sheds a glad assurance down. With Paul, his strength on earth through Christ, was in the words: 'I count not *life* dear unto me, so that I finish my career with joy,' and with the Apostle he has proved

those words sincere; therefore to-day, with all the ransomed hosts above, he finds ecstatic pleasure in that song of songs :
'The Lamb was slain.'

"My fellow-Christians of this church, he for whose loss these tears of mingled grief and joy are falling, was, as you know, one of the first enrolled among our members. He is among the first to leave this membership for the Church Triumphant in the skies. He who greeted me so cordially one year ago when first I came to live among you as your pastor, will extend to me and you no further proofs of his affection; he can offer now no further acts of love; but may he not still live about us, radiant upon us from that upper sphere? May not his death be like a cheerful light upon our way, revealing to us what the Christian has to suffer and to dare, and showing us the glorious crown he hopes to wear? May not this early gift of life to God nerve us as worthily to finish our career? Assisted by him, to look beyond him to a greater sufferer, may we not in holy emulation also strive to leave behind us equal proof, that Jesus will present our souls upon His bleeding heart before the throne? Then shall the name of him who has departed become a sacred memory within our souls; our loved and honored dead will touch us from the past, and fill us with an ever-present and inspiring joy! He was ours once in full companionship; he may be ours forevermore in that far higher intimacy which death and a divine communion can establish between kindred souls. Although his worthiness makes our immediate loss the heavier, yet for this very reason is his gain and ours the greater. He has finished his career with joy—we in that completion may find all we need; may find the very impulse that we lacked for giving up our life in true surrender unto God. Draw near, then, ye that mourn and be ye comforted. We have no cause for grief; and surely he whose requiem we chant needs not our tears!

"In that resplendent lustre of perfected souls, the spirits of the just made perfect seem to listen as I speak! I seem to speak of one among them, as if he heard me still! His voice comes gently, like an echo from the skies, entreating us to get our lives

in readiness to come. He tells us of the rest above; he chants the glory of his now perfected life.

“Thus would he hush our murmurs, quiet all our fears, and draw us sweetly to the love of Him whose life was freely given, that whosoever loseth life for His sake on the earth may find it unto everlasting joy.”

The following hymn (a favorite with Adj. STRONG, among the songs of the Sabbath School), was sung by request on the evening of the delivery of this discourse :

Come sing to me of heaven
When I'm about to die;
Sing songs of holy ecstasy
To waft my soul on high.

When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Break forth in songs of joyfulness,
Let heaven begin below.

When the last moments come,
Oh, watch my dying face
To catch the bright seraphic glow
Which in each feature plays.

Then to my raptured ear
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth
And greet me first in heaven.

Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest,
And clasp my cold and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

When round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love—
Then sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above

XXIV.

ADJUTANT JOHN H. RUSSELL.

From Rev. A. A. FARR, late Chaplain of Eighteenth N. Y. Regiment.

Adjutant JOHN H. RUSSELL was the son of Mr. WILLIAM and Mrs. CATHERINE A. RUSSELL, and was born in the city of Albany, on the 21st day of July, 1836. His name is remembered by hundreds here, who lamented his early death while they honored him for his love for his country, and his devotion to her cause, in the time of her great peril. On the breaking out of the rebellion, in 1861, he was one of the first to offer his services to the government, and was ready to leave home and friends, if he could do something towards rolling back the dark cloud that hung over the land, and threatened us with the loss of all our cherished institutions.

When the Eighteenth Regiment of N. Y. State Volunteers was organized, on the 14th day of May, 1861, he was unanimously elected the Adjutant of the regiment; and on the 17th of the same month, was mustered into the service of the United States. By applying himself to the work, he soon became an accomplished officer. He was, in many respects, a model Adjutant. Being a good scholar and a very fine penman, and withal very particular that every thing should be just right, he succeeded in securing the commendation of officers high in command.

Adjutant RUSSELL was rather retiring in his manners, and had but few intimate friends; yet, such was his general conduct, that he commanded the respect of all.

He had never made a public profession of religion, yet he was a firm believer in the doctrines of Christianity. He used often

to speak of his mother as a woman of deep piety, and he believes she was at rest in a better world.

In the month of April, 1862, we were ordered to the Peninsula to join Gen. McCLELLAN. Soon after we arrived there, Mr. RUSSELL began to feel the effects of that climate, in impairing his health. And for some weeks before his leaving the field, he was much of the time really unfit for duty. Yet he was unwilling to give up and be called a sick man, and, under these unfavorable circumstances, he continued to do his duty. As I was, at that time, occupying the same tent with him, I know how much he suffered.

The battle of Gaines' Mills was fought on the 27th day of June, 1862. Our regiment, with others, was formed in line of battle about twelve o'clock, noon, and soon after we were ordered to cross the Chickahominy, with the expectation of going into the fight, which had already commenced. We crossed the river, according to orders, and were soon in sight of the contending forces. At about five P. M. we were ordered into the battle, at double quick. Adjutant RUSSELL was at his post, and without flinching did his duty. But he was not permitted to remain long with his comrades. He was wounded in the ankle by a Minnie ball, yet it was probably a spent shot, as it did not break the ankle. He was ordered to the rear, when the surgeon extracted the ball, and thought the wound was so slight that he would soon be at his post again. That night, about twelve o'clock, the regiment was ordered back to our camp, and, as we were returning, we overtook Mr. RUSSELL, as he was being carried back to his tent. He was very cheerful, and thought he would soon be in active service again. I took care of him for the rest of the night, and he was very comfortable. The next morning, as we were expecting another battle, the Adjutant, with other wounded and sick men, were sent to Savage's Station, where they might be more secure, and receive proper attention. On Sabbath morning, June 29, we commenced our retrograde movement, and when we arrived at Savage's Station all the sick and wounded that could be moved were put into ambulances and sent over to the James river. Mr. RUSSELL was of course one of the number. After putting him into the ambulance with Capt. MONTGOMERY,

of Gen. NEWTON's staff, I saw no more of him until the next Tuesday. Then I found him at Carter's Landing, on the James river; and this proved to be our last meeting. At this time he was in good spirits, though very much fatigued, having remained in the ambulance for two days, and the most of that time they had been on the move. From this place he was taken to Harrison's Landing, where he was put on board one of the transports and sent to the north. He thought if he could get home, where proper attention could be secured, he would soon be well again. But, when he arrived at Philadelphia, he was so much exhausted that he could go no further. He was taken to the house of Capt. MONTGOMERY, his fellow sufferer, where everything was done for him that human kindness could suggest. But his system had become so much debilitated by disease that he did not rally, but continued to fail, till the 28th day of July, 1862, he passed away from earth—just one month and one day from the time that he received his wound. Thus lived and died JOHN H. RUSSELL, Adjutant Eighteenth N. Y. Vols.

XXV.

CAPTAIN JOHN DEPEYSTER DOUW.

JOHN DEPEYSTER DOUW was born in Albany, on the 10th of March, 1837, and was the son of VOLCKERT P. and HELEN L. DOUW. Reared amid the influences of refinement, intelligence and Christian culture, he early developed traits that endeared him to all with whom he was associated. He early manifested a frank and generous spirit, and was a respectful and dutiful son, a kind brother, and a warm hearted friend.

In entering the army, he was actuated by the purest and loftiest feelings of patriotism, and his course was perfectly in accordance with the wishes of his parents, who desired the family to be represented in the recent eventful period of our National history.

His military career, the valor with which he fought for his country, and the hope that ever inspired his soul, may be learnt from the following statements, furnished to his father by a distinguished officer, who knew and loved the departed hero:

Capt. DOUW joined the One Hundred and Twenty-first Regiment N. Y. S. Volunteers when that regiment first entered the service, the 23d of August, 1862, at Camp Schuyler, Herkimer county, N. Y., as first Lieutenant of Company "I." He served in that capacity until shortly after the battle of Antietam, when his soldierly bearing and attention to duty attracted the notice of Maj. Gen. SLOCUM, commanding First Division, Sixth Army Corps. The General at once placed Lieut. DOUW on his staff as ordnance officer, which arduous and responsible position he filled with credit, until shortly after the first Fredericksburg battle, when he left his staff appointment to accept the Captaincy of Company "K" in his own regiment, a promotion justly earned. He took command of his company, and led it in the terrible battle



Your affect. Luv
John D. P. Darrow

of Salem Chapel, May 3d, 1863. All who are conversant with the history of that engagement, know of the fearful loss of life in the One Hundred and Twenty-first—the total loss being two hundred and seventy men out of four hundred who entered the fight, a greater loss than any other regiment has ever experienced in one battle. Capt. Douw particularly distinguished himself at this time. He passed through the fiery ordeal unhurt.

He commanded his company during the memorable Maryland campaign, that culminated in the glorious victory of Gettysburg. He participated in all the various skirmishes after that battle until the rebels were driven across the Potomac.

Again at Rappahannock Station Nov. 7th, 1863, he led his company. The One Hundred and Twenty-first, about three hundred strong, captured twelve hundred prisoners and four stands of colors. Captain Douw received great praise from his commanding officer for his gallantry. This, with the exception of the short campaign known as the Mine Run Expedition, closed the operations of this portion of the army for 1863.

The winter of 1863 and 1864 was passed by the Captain in fitting himself and company for the prominent part they were destined to play in the great campaign of 1864. He was in every battle of this campaign; the fierce struggle in the Wilderness, and the desperate charges at Spottsylvania Court House. In the last engagement he was one of that band of heroes who made the famous charge of May 10th. The charging party consisted of twelve regiments, three front and four deep. The One Hundred and Twenty-first was in the first line and on the right, the post of honor and danger. Their advance was irresistible. Three lines of works were carried, fifteen hundred prisoners were captured, the enemy's centre was broken and the victory almost won. But the supports did not do their duty and the column, surrounded, was forced to retire. The slaughter was awful. Captain Douw came out of the fight uninjured, and in command of his regiment; the field officers being both wounded and one a prisoner. He commanded the regiment gallantly at Coal Harbor, and during the early battles in front of Petersburg. At this

time Major GALPIN, having recovered from his wounds, resumed his command.

The rebels again made a raid into Maryland and even the Capital was in danger. The Sixth Corps was ordered to Washington to repel the invasion. The enemy retreated and then ensued long and weary marches. Captain Douw, always cheerful, was the life of his regiment.

The sun rose clear and bright on the 19th of September. This was the first of the many glorious days of victory, that cleared away the cloud of defeat that so long had darkened "Freedom's Banner" in the valley of Virginia, and that placed the "crown of victory" on the stars and stripes.

The battle of Fisher's Hill quickly followed, and during both of these battles, the Captain was always in the front rank, encouraging and animating his men by his example. Strange that one so regardless of personal danger, should have so long passed unharmed. But his time was yet to come. The eventful 19th of October dawned, the last and most complete, the crowning glory of the campaign. But what a sacrifice it cost. Alas, how many of those who immortalized themselves that day, did it at the expense of their lives.

Captain Douw was struck about nine o'clock, A. M., by a bullet in the right leg. The bone was shattered, and he laid on the field until late in the afternoon, when, the troops returning, he was taken to a temporary hospital at New Town, whence he was removed to Winchester, where his limb was amputated. He lingered until six o'clock, P. M., October 26th, when he quietly slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Thus passed away one of the noblest spirits this war has destroyed. In battle, brave even to rashness; on the march, cheerful; gentle, manly and social, kind and considerate to all—qualities that made all who knew him love him. His memory will be cherished by his companions in arms as long as they live.

The Major of the One Hundred and Twenty-first Regiment thus speaks of his habit of daily reading the Scriptures:

"I have known Captain Douw since the regiment was first organized at Camp Schuyler, as I was the First Sergeant in the

company of which he was the First Lieutenant. During our term last winter in quarters at Brandy Station we were together a great deal, and became quite intimate. When the campaign opened in the spring, we entered into a 'mess' by ourselves, slept under the same blankets, and endured the same hardships until September 20th, when I was detailed at headquarters of the division. We each carried a pocket testament, and it was our custom every day after the campaign opened, to each read a chapter alternately on arriving in camp, if not by the wayside while resting from our march. We had shared each other's comforts, and more than once had expressed a hope that we might outlive this devouring war, and see tranquility reinstated, and meet each other in quiet life, to relate and discuss the past events in our military history."

The same officer gives the following account of Captain Douw after he was wounded:

"We were repulsed immediately after he was wounded, and thereby he fell into the enemy's hands. He was in their hands about eight hours, and while with them was treated both kindly and unkindly. He had in his pocket about one hundred and sixty dollars. Before the enemy came to pillage him, he cut the seam in his vest and placed nearly all of his money inside. But the rebels were not content with the few dollars they found, and made a more minute search, and succeeded in finding the whole of it.

"About four P. M. the enemy was driven back, and he was immediately carried to a house near by, which was occupied as General WHEATON's headquarters. I was at that time serving upon the staff of General WHEATON, and while at the house I know he received every attention. He was somewhat depressed in consequence of exhaustion. He told me he thought he should get well, and asked me to write to his father and uncle, which I did at once. It was on the 19th that he was carried to the house, and on the morning of the 20th he was removed to New Town, and thence to Winchester. I assisted in placing him comfortably in the ambulance, and after bidding him 'good-bye' he was driven away, and I did not see him again.

“Dr. BENEDICT was with him at the time he died, and says a few moments before he expired he asked him ‘if he were not dying.’ BENEDICT told him ‘he was.’ He then asked him to say the Lord’s Prayer, which he did, and the Captain repeated it until he breathed his last. After he could not articulate aloud, he repeated it in a faint whisper until he passed from this life.”

The following particulars of the wound and death of Capt. Douw have been kindly furnished by the surgeon who attended him:

I saw and conversed with Capt. Douw on the morning of the attack, October 19th, and we hoped at the time our regiment would not be ordered out. He wished, if it were, to give me his valuables for safe keeping. They were ordered in line almost immediately after, and I was ordered to the Division hospital in New Town.

Capt. Douw was wounded early in the action, eight o’clock A. M., and remained on the field some eight hours, during which time the enemy held the ground, and robbed him of his money, &c. Judging from the nature of the wound, he must have been resting in a sitting posture, on his left knee and right foot. The ball entered the right knee joint, traversing and shattering the femur or thigh bone nearly the whole length, and, after death, was extracted from the groin.

He was completely chilled when found by our men. The limb was temporarily dressed, and he was brought to our hospital about five o’clock P. M.

He was cold and almost pulseless on his arrival, and it was evident to the most casual observer that his system had received a shock which must prove fatal. I examined the limb sufficiently to learn that an operation was his only chance for life, and our whole attention was given to stimulating the system, and bringing on reaction sufficient to amputate. But we did not succeed till he was removed to Winchester, fifteen miles. I put the limb in a box, and placed him in an ambulance on a feather bed, and he suffered no inconvenience from moving. I felt it to be my duty to tell him his true condition, and did so, as gently as possible, advising him to have his father telegraphed for. He

replied that he was confident he should recover, but would send for an uncle in Philadelphia if he grew worse.

This was the morning of the 21st. I never saw him after, but have conversed with the surgeons into whose hands he fell, and can assure his friends he received every attention possible, and everything was done that could be done under the circumstances. He rallied on the 22d sufficiently to undergo the operation, and bore up under it well.

So much time had elapsed that the limb was much swollen, and it was not till after the operation that the course of the ball, and the full extent of the injury, was known.

The tremendous shock to the system had been noticed and commented upon by all; but when the injury was fully known, his great depression was accounted for, and not, as before, attributed to his exposure on the field.

He was cheerful and confident after the operation,—was at times delirious,—was anxious to have his vote prepared and forwarded, although he had already sent his vote about the 17th or 18th.

I came to this regiment from the One Hundred and Twenty-second, July 1st, 1863, a stranger; but soon made the acquaintance of Captain Douw, as many in Syracuse were our mutual friends.

He was respected and esteemed by officers and men, and his friends have the sympathy of the whole regiment.

I found him a noble-hearted, true man, and wish no better evidence of his goodness of heart, than the love and affection he had for his family. How repeatedly has he shown me photographs of his parents, brothers and sisters, and would speak of each in a manner, which in some measure enables me to imagine how great is their loss.

LETTER FROM THE COLONEL OF THE REGIMENT.

CHERRY VALLEY, *June 15th*, 1866.

My Dear Mrs. Douw—Lieutenant Douw, a few days after his regiment had taken the field in September 1862, was selected

by General SLOCUM, as division ordnance officer, a position of great responsibility. He was called upon to take the entire charge of the arms and ammunition of the division, and to issue and receipt for the same; in fact the efficiency of the division in this most important particular depended almost entirely upon his energy and activity. He filled this post to the satisfaction of the commanding officer of the division and all concerned; conducting his trains with great skill and prudence from Bakersville to Fredericksburg, Va., through the engagements which followed; and on the unfortunate "mud-march." That he should have accomplished this in the manner he did, is conclusive proof how earnest and sincere he was in the discharge of his duties. In the spring of 1863, just before the campaign opened, the proposition was made to Lieut. DOUW by Col. UPTON, at that time commanding the One Hundred and Twenty-first N. Y. Vols., that if he would return to his company he should be promoted to Captain. The Colonel also expressed his great desire to have Lieut. DOUW with the command during the campaign.

The position held by Lieut. DOUW on Gen. SLOCUM's staff, was in many respects to be preferred to that offered by Col. UPTON. It brought him into intimate relations with the general officers of the division; it gave him privileges of which an infantry officer knew well the value; it ensured him daily comforts. Head-quarter wagons are the first up; head-quarter tents the first pitched; headquarters monopolizes the best camping ground; headquarters guards the deepest well and the coolest spring—and headquarters is best supplied by the commissary. The proposition therefore, to come back to his regiment and serve in his company, was one which very few officers would have accepted. Indeed, I know of but one case, where an officer having a staff appointment, returned of his own accord to serve with the company. That is the case of Lieut. DOUW. Many times have I felt the need of officers on staff duty, and offered them promotion, and endeavored to excite their ambition by showing that on the staff there was little hope of advancement, but all in vain. "I cannot give up the social position—the comforts, the privileges I enjoy on the staff, for the sake of commanding a company—to

march in the mud and dust, with but a soldier's fare and a shelter tent to sleep under." Lieut. Douw gave up all these advantages and voluntarily returned to his regiment, thinking it his duty to be with the men, whom he had originally received a commission to command, and to share with them their dangers and privations.

Capt. Douw's relations with his company were of the most pleasant character. Although a good disciplinarian, he was a favorite with his men—a favoritism not gained by that familiarity which was the misfortune of many volunteer officers, but obtained by his strong love of justice, his anxiety that his men should not be imposed upon, and his correct ideas of duty. Capt. Douw, under the most discouraging circumstances, was always cheerful. He bore the privations and fatigues of the most trying campaign with a light-heartedness rarely seen in the service, and was proof against its demoralizing influences. A strong attachment to his home, of which he was ever fond of speaking, appeared to be a shield which, constantly reminding him of all he held most dear, at the same time turned away all temptations to dissipation. The influence of the home circle was ever upon him, and distance and danger only served to strengthen it.

From the battle of Salem Chapel, May 3d, 1863, in which action his company suffered more than any in the regiment, until the battle of Cedar Creek, October 19th, 1864, where he received his mortal wound, Capt. Douw was constantly with his command in every battle, skirmish or reconnoissance in which it was engaged.

In conclusion, I would add that I never knew an officer who, during his whole service, more conscientiously performed his duties. He was a good officer and a brave man.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

EGBERT OLCOTT,

Late Colonel One Hundred and Twenty-first New York.

Extract from a letter from Sergeant STEVENS to Mrs. Douw:

"I never had any talk, on religious subjects, with your son, but I always considered him a most exemplary young man. I thought

nothing strange of his not talking with me on serious matters at the time I was with the regiment, for I was not then a professor. When we had preaching in our camp, the Captain always attended. I had a very good opportunity, while I was with my company, to become acquainted with him.

“Your son commanded the company to which I had the honor to belong. I held the position of First Sergeant in the company until I was compelled, from wounds received in the battle of the Wilderness, to leave for the hospital. I helped him to prepare all of the company pay rolls, and clothing rolls; in fact, I assisted him about all the company writing.

“In his death, the company sustained a great loss. We regarded him with something more than the respect which is due from a soldier to a superior; we looked up to him as an elder brother; one who took an interest in his men, very zealous of their rights, and prompt to have all wrongs redressed. He was exceedingly affable to his men, willing to listen to and advise the most illiterate or degraded of them.

“Upon the march, as well as in camp, he seemed to have the interest of his men at heart. If there chanced to be one who was slightly unwell, or who began to manifest signs of great weariness, the Captain would shoulder his musket, give him some words of cheer, and assist him in every way in his power. I have been an object of his tender compassion on several occasions. While the army was on the march from Warrenton to the Rapidan river, I, from some unknown cause, had a very painful swelling on my ankle; I could not wear my boots, and was compelled to march in this condition. The Captain took my musket at once, and carried it until we halted for the night.

“Until noon of the following day, I marched in the same manner, when we halted for a short time to prepare dinner. By this time my ankle was swollen fearfully and pained me terribly.

“The sight of this aroused the indignation (a thing which we seldom saw) of the Captain, towards the doctors, for not allowing me to ride in an ambulance. He arose from his dinner exclaiming, ‘*I will* not have my men march in that condition,’

went to the Doctor and told him so, and that afternoon I rode. I seldom saw him on the march without a musket on his shoulder.

"After I was wounded the first time, at the battle of Salem Church, our field hospital was on the Potomac creek, near where the army was encamped, and the Captain came frequently to see "his wounded boys," and talk with and cheer us. He visited each tent to inquire after and ascertain the condition of all of the men. Thus it was he became the much loved Captain Douw. He was always willing to share the hardship of his men, always cheerful and always at his post.

"Your affliction is indeed great, but you have the heartfelt sympathies of the surviving members of company K. Long will they cherish the memory of your son and their Captain."

His remains were brought home, and, on the 3d day of November, buried in the Albany Cemetery.

The following lines were written in memory of Capt. JOHN DEP. DOUW, One Hundred and Twenty-first Regiment N. Y. S. V., died October 26, 1864:

I.

A sad and melancholy year,
 The year just past !
 Hope feebly struggling on—and darksome fear,
 Too oft, at last,
 Cringing beneath the tempest, through whose rifts,
 No sunlight flickers, while the black mass drifts,
 Whirling along the battle glare,
 Onward, to worse despair !

II.

A dismal and a bitter year,
 The year just gone !
 The sepulchres of those we hold most dear
 Lie thick; and thorn
 The hearts that swelled to hear of brave deeds done,
 Of ramparts carried, and of standards won,
 By those of whom, the next hushed breath
 Of rumor, told the death.

III.

We cannot laugh as gaily now,
 As once we did;
 When, with the New Year garlands on our brow
 No low voice chid

Our merriment, or bade us hold our peace,
And think of some who evermore would cease
From joining in the carol gay
With which we hailed the day.

IV.

For now we see a vacant place
Beside the board;—
And there we sadly miss a much loved face.
While memory, stored
With thoughts of other days, when, with us here,
He shared our sorrow and he shared our cheer,
Forbids that we should hope relief
From present bitter grief.

V.

But let us not too much rebel,
Though he is dead.
'Twas for his country's honor that he fell.
And though his head
Rests low beside the sword he so well drew,
His spirit, now in Heaven, waits to view
That lasting peace on earth begin,
He nobly helped to win.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1865.

XXVI.

CAPTAIN THEODORE C. ROGERS.

THEODORE CALDWELL ROGERS was born at Fairfield, Conn., December 3d, 1839. He was the oldest child of Rev. EBENEZER P. and ELIZABETH ROGERS. He was educated principally at the High School in Philadelphia, and at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, where he fitted himself for the profession of a civil engineer. He was a youth of ardent and generous feelings, of brilliant mind, refined sensibilities and cultivated and winning manners. In person he was tall, well formed and athletic, excelling in all manly exercises, of more than ordinary vigor, and a fine specimen of physical symmetry and strength. His mind was well cultivated; he wrote in an easy and graceful style, was a good speaker, and in all those qualities of person, mind and character which give great promise of excellence and usefulness, was unusually gifted.

After leaving the institution at Troy, he was engaged for some time in civil engineering, with much success. He afterwards received overtures from a prominent commercial house in Albany, where his parents then resided, to become connected with them, which he accepted, and the breaking out of the rebellion found him just admitted to a partnership, with bright prospects of mercantile success.

But the call of President LINCOLN for volunteers to defend the insulted flag of his country, awoke in the breast of young ROGERS a desire and determination to offer his services to his country in her hour of peril. It was not the mere love of adventure, or the passion for military glory which prompted his resolution. He looked at the whole subject as a Christian as well as a patriot, and having asked direction from God as to his course, he came to the deliberate conviction that it was his duty to volunteer his

services to the Government in the struggle for national life and unity which was impending. He gave up at once his business engagements, relinquished all his prospects of fortune, and engaged at once in earnest efforts to enlist men for the service. He received, in May, 1861, from Gov. MORGAN, a commission as First Lieutenant in the Eighteenth Regiment New York Volunteers, then under the command of the late lamented Col. WILLIAM A. JACKSON, and entered at once upon the duties of his station.

The course of Mr. ROGERS, in thus promptly offering himself upon the altar of his country, called out the warmest approbation of his friends. Kindly offers of aid were tendered him on all sides. The ladies of his father's congregation sent him a handsome sum towards the expenses of his outfit. A number of the most prominent and respected merchants of Albany, members of the Board of Trade, gave him a public reception, and presented him with a purse containing five hundred dollars in gold. The following account of the proceedings appeared in the Albany daily papers of that date.

PRESENTATION TO LIEUT. THEODORE C. ROGERS.

There was an unusually large attendance at the Rooms of the Board of Trade this morning, and among the attendance a large number of ladies—relatives and friends of Lieut. ROGERS, who had been attracted thither to witness the presentation of a purse, containing gold coin to the amount of five hundred dollars to that gentleman, from his friends and members of the Board of Trade.

Just at the close of the business hour, the President of the Board, JAMES N. RING, Esq., called the meeting to order, and after stating the object introduced JEREMIAH WATERMAN Esq., to Lieut. THEODORE C. ROGERS, when the former addressed the latter as follows :

“Lieut. ROGERS—I have been requested, on the part of your friends, members of the Board of Trade, to present you with a purse of gold as an expression of their regard to you personally, and of their appreciation of the devotion and loyalty which have

prompted you to offer yourself as a soldier in these times of our country's peril.

"For the sake of the land which we love, you have cheerfully sacrificed a position of great promise, which you filled with so much credit to yourself, and in which you have gathered around you the respect and attachment of those who have known you the best.

"You have given up at the call of your country the enjoyments of your home, the society of your kindred and friends, the pleasant intercourse with those of us who have been associated with you in business, and you have laid upon the altar of our beloved land the best and noblest gift which the heart of a patriot could give.

"You go from among us to encounter the privations and perils of the field of battle, and to stand up for the cause which we believe to be the cause of God, and truth, and justice; to preserve from the hand of the traitor, the noblest form of government which ever blest the world. But you go not alone—the prayers and benedictions of your loving and beloved parents, who have not withheld the best gift of their eldest son—the blessings of the church with which you are connected, and our best wishes, which we tender you at this time—these associations, which you cannot and would not forget, will strengthen you in the path of duty which you have chosen.

"We shall miss your presence in the places where we have long and pleasantly been associated; but we shall rejoice that we have so good a representative in other scenes, where the battles of our country are to be fought, and where, we trust, the standard of our country shall wave in triumph.

"We are well enough acquainted with you to know that you will do your whole duty manfully and fearlessly.

"The sacrifices you have made—the devotion to your country which we have witnessed—tell us what we may expect, as we shall follow you wherever your lot shall be cast in these times of conflict.

"Here, as in other places, you will be remembered. We will welcome you with joy and cordial affection, when, as we trust,

you will return again with honor from the field of battle, or if we shall hear the sad tidings that you have fallen in the conflict, rest assured that in our heart of hearts we shall ever cherish the memory of your devotion and loyalty."

During the remarks of Mr. WATERMAN, quietness pervaded the rooms, and upon concluding, Lieut. ROGERS, with apparent feelings of deep emotion, replied:

"MR. WATERMAN, *and Gentlemen of the Board of Trade*:

"It is utterly impossible for me to express to you the feelings which fill my heart on this occasion. That I should have received from the honorable body which you so worthily represent, such a manifestation of regard and approbation, is an honor which is alike unexpected and undeserved. I have never doubted for a moment, that in obeying the call of our country to sustain her government and defend her flag, I was simply discharging my duty. You have been pleased to allude to sacrifices of a pecuniary and social character which this step has involved. Had they been tenfold greater, this expression of approbation from so many of our best citizens, men whom my daily intercourse with them has taught me to love and honor, would amply repay me. The feelings to which you, sir, have given such eloquent expression, are more precious to me than gold. In every danger to which I may be exposed, in every duty to which I may be called, next to the blessing of God, the consciousness of the regard of this Board will be a source of strength and courage. It is my prayer, it shall be my endeavor, that wherever I may go, I may prove myself worthy of their confidence and affection. I thank you, sir. I thank the Board of Trade, who have honored themselves and me in selecting you as their organ, for the sentiments they have expressed, and the substantial deeds of kindness which they have done. I assure you and them of my sincere gratitude, my profound respect, for their integrity, patriotism, and honorable character, as merchants and as citizens, my hope that they may all share in the richest benefactions of Heaven, and that we may be permitted to meet again in happier days, to exchange congratulations over the peace, unity, and prosperity of our beloved country."

The Board, thereupon adjourned, when a general mingling took place, and the respective parties were congratulated.

Among the attendants were the Rev. Dr. ROGERS and lady—the parents of Lieut. ROGERS and a large number of their personal friends and relatives. The affair was highly creditable to all.

A few days since, Lieut. ROGERS was the recipient of a sword, belt, sash, epaulettes and revolver, from his warm friend WM. P. IRWIN, Esq., of this city, and his full dress uniform from a portion of the younger members of the Board of Trade—his more intimate social associates.

In June, 1861, the Eighteenth was ordered to Washington, and went into camp near that city. Lieut. ROGERS marched with his company to the seat of war, and remained with them for more than thirteen months, with but a single furlough of ten days, in January, 1862, during which he was united in marriage to Miss ANNA VICTORIA DELONG, of Cazenovia, N. Y.

His deportment as an officer and a gentleman always won for him the respect of his brother officers, and he was a general favorite in the regiment. In the fall of 1861, he was promoted to a Captaincy. His regiment was attached to the Army of the Potomac, and participated in the varied fortunes of that army. It was a part of the reserve at the first battle of Bull Run, and was engaged in the battles of Williamsburg and West Point. In every field Capt. ROGERS maintained an unblemished reputation for bravery and coolness, was always at his post, and faithful to his duty. His letters home during his entire term of service breathe an exalted spirit of Christian patriotism and heroic devotion to his country's cause. In the bloody and unequal fight at Gaines' Mills, on the 27th of June, 1862, after three hours of desperate fighting, as he was rallying his men for a final stand against the advance of fresh troops, he was pierced with a bullet in the groin, and fell still gallantly cheering his men. His wound was mortal, and he survived but a few moments. It was at the close of the day; the battle was lost, and his men were obliged to retreat, leaving his body on the bloody field. It was months before his family and friends could learn any particulars as to his death, except the bare fact. But most

unexpectedly a friend, spending the winter at the island of Nassau, became acquainted with a Colonel of the Confederate army, who was at the island on his way to London, who was at the battle of Gaines' Mills, and gave her the particulars of Capt. ROGERS' death and burial. She communicated these to his father, then residing in New York, who at once addressed a letter to this Confederate officer, then at London, requesting him to communicate directly with him. The following is an exact copy of the reply, received nearly a year after the event occurred which it describes:

LONDON, *May 9th*, 1863.

Rev. Dr. ROGERS:

Sir—Your letter of February 25th, addressed to me at Nassau, has just reached me at this place. I know of no prohibition of duty to prevent my responding to the inquiries you address to me, relating to the death of your son, Capt. THEODORE C. ROGERS, who fell at the battle of Gaines' Mill, on the 27th of June last. And, although your son was engaged, at the time of his death, in that invasion which has brought desolation to our homes and affliction to all our families, I am not unmindful of the legitimate claims of the widow and mother, and my heart does not refuse its sympathy to a fallen foe, whose conduct was brave and heroic. Late in the afternoon of the 27th of June, on the extreme left of our line, in front of the extreme right of the Federal forces, and in the last charge of our lines, I was in command of a portion of Gen. GARLAND'S Brigade. The Federal force had already commenced to retire, and our advance was rapid and impetuous. At a point about one or two hundred yards in our front, a young man, who was recognized to be the Captain of a company, made an effort to rally his command, which was retiring. He had his sword drawn, and could be distinctly seen by us to appeal to his men to make a stand. He partially succeeded, and when his company halted, and faced to our lines, he was in the front some ten or twenty paces, and was thus thrown between the two fires. Our firing was very heavy, and it was plain to us that his fate was inevitable, and in a moment he fell. We were rapidly pursuing, but, as we passed by,

I caused this young officer, whose gallantry had attracted my attention, to be borne a few paces, and laid under a small tree, supposing him to be wounded. I learned afterwards, from the two men who carried him, that he died before reaching the spot I had indicated.

Capt. YOUNG, who resides at Henderson, Granville county, N. C., was commanding the regiment in front of which he fell, and he assumed the task of examining the body, to ascertain such articles of value as might be saved from the seizure of the soldiery. I can not be precise as to all the articles found, as so many like events have occurred since, but I remember a watch was among them, and three letters, one from yourself, one from his mother, and one from his wife. Those letters were read by Gen. GARLAND and myself, with a view to ascertain to whom his valuables might be sent, and all the articles, with the letters, were entrusted to Capt. YOUNG, who charged himself with their transmission to the relatives of the deceased. About daybreak the body of your son was buried, under my supervision, in the same manner in which our own officers were interred. I did not examine the body, which was covered when I saw it, and am therefore not able to inform you of the nature and locality of his wound. Nor do I know whether he ever spoke after receiving it. * * * I have thus endeavored, sir, to respond to your inquiries, and if there be any consolation derived by you from the testimony of those who, by his position, were made his enemies, this testimony to the brave and gallant conduct of your son is readily accorded by, Yours, sir, very respectfully,
D. N. McRAE.

The watch spoken of in the above was conveyed to his parents, after the close of the war, by Capt. YOUNG. His naked sword was carried from the field by one of his men, and forwarded to his father. These are all that is left to them, except the precious memory of a noble son, who was to them all that a son could be to his parents, and over whose heroic death as a Christian patriot they "sorrow not, even as those which have no hope."

XXVII.

CAPTAIN EUGENE VAN SANTVOORD.

THE subject of the following sketch was not a native of the county of Albany, and hence it does not come strictly within the limits prescribed in the design of this volume; yet, as his home was almost on the line separating Albany and Greene counties, and as his father, the Rev. STAATS VAN SANTVOORD, had served as a minister in the former county for upwards of twenty-five years, in connection with the Reformed Dutch Church of Onesquethaw, and of Jerusalem for ten years of this period, it is thought to be quite proper to embrace his name among the gallant men, whose services to the country find here a brief memorial.

EUGENE VAN SANTVOORD, son of the clergyman mentioned above, was born at New Baltimore, March 6, 1836. He enlisted in the One Hundred and Sixty-ninth Regiment N. Y. V. at Troy, September 16, 1862, and was duly mustered in on Staten Island, October 6, 1862. Starting as Sergeant Major, he was promoted, for his gallant bearing and devotion to the cause he had espoused, to the rank of Second Lieutenant, November 29, 1863; to that of First Lieutenant, August 13, 1864; and to that of Captain, March 21, 1865.

His regiment, commanded by Col. BUELL at the time, was at once ordered to Washington, and after being encamped for several weeks near Chain Bridge, was detailed to do provost guard duty in the city. On April 15, 1863, it was ordered to proceed to Norfolk, thence to Suffolk, and on the Edenton road, on the 24th, it first found itself in face of the enemy, and experienced the shock and collision of opposing forces. From this time till April, 1864, when the One Hundred and Sixty-ninth Regiment was ordered to proceed from Florida, where it then

was, to Yorktown, Va., to form part of the Army of the Potomac, and share in the grand, final struggle which was to result in the overthrow of the rebel confederacy, this regiment was constantly engaged in energetic and most efficient service. It made several expeditions up the Black river; was at White House Landing; at Hanover Junction; off Charleston Harbor, at Folly and Morris Islands—at the latter place acting as a guard to the men working in the trenches, and under a heavy artillery fire from Forts Sumter, Gregg, Johnson and Wagner.

After Gen. SEYMOUR's disaster at Olustree, they were ordered to Florida, where, with other reinforcements, they had a successful encounter with the enemy, driving him back with considerable loss. Thence proceeding to Virginia, the regiment, as already stated, became incorporated with the army under the immediate command of Gen. GRANT, and took part in that great series of conflicts which, in the end, dashed the rebellion to pieces, as with the crash of a thunderbolt.

The regiment to which Capt. VAN SANTVOORD belonged, was engaged in nineteen battles, besides several skirmishes, more or less bloody, during the three years of its service. After joining the Army of the Potomac, its record of actions in which it bore itself with distinguished and uniform gallantry, is as follows: Walthal Junction, May 7, 1864; Chester Station, Drewin's Bluff, Bermuda Hundred, Coal Harbor (where Capt. V. S. received a wound in the knee), Petersburg Heights, where, at the explosion of the mine, his regiment supported the advance; Petersburg, June 30th; Mine Hill, Dutch Gap, Strawberry Plain, New Market Heights, Fort Fisher and Wilmington, N. C.

At the taking of Fort Fisher, Capt. VAN SANTVOORD displayed conspicuous gallantry, for which he received the warm commendation of his commanding officer. By the blowing up of the magazine of the Fort, after its capture, Capt. VAN SANTVOORD and many of his regiment, who were nearest the scene of the frightful disaster, were completely buried in the masses of earth and ruins which were hurled upon them by the terrific energy of the explosion. Some seventy of his regiment, of whom four were officers, lost their lives by this horrible catastrophe.

Among those reported killed, the "Albany Evening Journal" included the name of Capt. VAN SANTVOORD, and for several days his family mourned him as among the victims, whom, having escaped the fire of battle, a more dreadful fire was permitted to slay. Shortly afterward, his friends were gladdened by letters from him, apprising them of his safety. Among these, is one to a female friend, giving an account of the horrors of the explosion, as well as of the capture of the Fort, some extracts from which will be found to possess more than ordinary interest:

FORT FISHER, FEDERAL POINT, *Jan. 20, 1864.*

Dear A.—You are no doubt anxiously looking for a letter, as you have by this time the accounts of the battle and victory at this place. I would have written a day or two ago, but I was so badly off from injuries received here, that I was scarcely able to scrawl a few lines to mother to assure her of my safety.

We made the charge about eleven o'clock of the 15th, and even after we had taken a portion of the fort, the fight was kept up inside till about six P. M., when the whole was surrendered. Never during the war do I think there was displayed such stern determination, and stubborn fighting on the part of our troops.

The ground we fought over was contested and yielded inch by inch, and the fort itself is, I think, one of the largest and strongest in America. The sea and land forces together extended nearly a mile, and at short intervals stood a bomb-proof that no shot or shell could knock down. The fort mounted between sixty and seventy guns of heaviest calibre, and contained also a great many light artillery pieces, great quantities of ammunition, and small arms. The prisoners captured amounted, as near as I could learn, to about twenty-five hundred, officers and men, among whom was Major General WHITING.

It is decidedly one of the most brilliant victories of the war, and no doubt one of the severest blows to the rebellion. The worn-out victors lay down to rest inside the fort, rejoicing over their hard-earned success. But great God! what a scene occurred the next morning at seven o'clock! I was sitting with the regiment and talking to one of our officers, when the ground trem-

bled under me as from the shock of an earthquake. This was followed by a most fearful explosion. I looked up and saw before me a huge column of earth, and the next moment found myself buried alive. I have faced death, dear A., in a great many forms, but never have I experienced before, or can I ever forget the horrors of that moment. The first thought that occurred was "have I escaped death in the battle yesterday to die in this horrid manner?" I attempted to dig the earth with my hands, but could accomplish nothing. I resigned myself to die, when the thought struck me that I might not be buried so deep, but that I could work my hand through to the surface. I tried and succeeded. I instantly dug a hole with that hand to my mouth, and oh what a thrill of joy I experienced, when I inhaled the draught of fresh air that rushed in. I cried out for help which was near at hand, and I was soon taken out with no bones broken, but my left arm badly injured, and my body much, though not seriously, bruised.

The officer to whom I was talking at the time of the explosion, had his arm broken. Our Colonel (now Gen. ALDEN), was blown a great distance, and injured so badly that the surgeons think it impossible for him to recover. Four of our officers were killed outright, and five others badly injured. Between sixty and seventy of our men were blown up, nearly all of whom were killed. They have been digging out the dead, and I don't think have found them all yet.

The sight the next day was horrible, to see the mangled remains of so many of our brave boys, who had fought so gallantly and survived the battle.

In the first part of the charge, we lost our brigade commander, Col. BELL, who was killed while leading his brigade. His term of service had expired the day previous; and he was urged not to go into the fight, but he did go and was killed. We all feel his loss most deeply, for he, as well as our Colonel, was beloved by all. Ever sincerely yours,

EUGENE.

In a letter written to his mother, from before Petersburg, after one of the bloody struggles which marked the expiring agonies of the rebellion, he writes thus:

“Knowing your anxiety to hear from me, now that we are in front of the enemy, I snatch space to write you a few lines, as there will be an opportunity to send them this evening. O, my dear mother, the scenes of blood and carnage I have passed through the last week, are fearful to look back upon. Last Saturday we were ordered out to attack the enemy, who were in large force on the Richmond and Petersburg railroad. After a fight of four hours we drove them away from the road, burnt the bridge, and tore up several miles of the track. Our loss in killed and wounded amounted to six hundred. Sunday and Monday we were permitted to rest. On Tuesday we were again ordered out on the Richmond turnpike, ten miles from the city. We were met by a large force of the enemy, and the battle commenced. I was placed on the extreme advance with my company, to support a battery, and was instructed to hold the position as long as possible. The rebels marched up in solid column to within about sixty yards, when they opened fire upon us. At the first volley I was hit by a glancing shot and struck to the ground; but my wound was slight, and I staggered to my feet again, and cheered the boys on. I shall never forget the pitiful looks of my poor brave men, as they fell killed and wounded on all sides of me.

We held the position until the Major came and ordered us to fall back, which we did, and were soon met by the Seventh Connecticut, who were coming upon the double quick. Being thus reinforced, we turned upon them again and drove them away from the guns they were in the act of taking off the field. I had out of my whole company, when the affair was over, only fifteen men left. Some have since come up, but the greater portion of my brave boys fell. I can scarcely keep back the tears as I think of it. Men whom I had drilled and been associated with so long, who loved and respected me, are now among the slain. My clothes were pierced with bullets and almost torn from my back; but all the injury I sustained was a slight scratch.

Dear mother, I feel thankful indeed to that Providence who watches over us all, for my miraculous escape. I have not slept

for the last three nights, and I am now on picket duty and obliged to be constantly on the alert to guard against an attack from the front.

Yours ever, EUGENE.

Such was the character of the service that, with his regiment, he was called to perform during the fearful months that ended so triumphantly for the national arms. In the toils, exposures and perils of that memorable campaign, he performed his part constantly and cheerfully, as a good and faithful soldier should, and was cheered by the frequent and hearty encomiums which his zeal and bravery won from those under whom he served. The following testimonial from General ALDEN, who was in command of his regiment, will serve to exhibit the estimate in which his character and services were held:

“I was, perhaps, as intimately acquainted with Captain EUGENE VAN SANTVOORD as with any of the officers of my late command, and the news of his accidental death, after safely passing through the terrible three years’ ordeal of fire and blood in his country’s service, occasioned no deeper sadness in the heart of any one than in my own, except, perhaps, among his own kindred. The Captain first entered the army with the One Hundred and Sixty-ninth Regiment New York Volunteers, September, 1862, with the rank of Sergeant-Major, and the facility with which he comprehended and discharged the duties of that office, gained the confidence and respect of his commanding officers; and his uniform courtesy and kindness won for him the respect and love of all the officers and men of the regiment.”

As a merited reward for the ability and fidelity with which he discharged his various military duties, the Captain was speedily promoted through all the intermediate grades to the rank which he was finally mustered out of the service. As an Acting Regimental Adjutant, as Company Commander, Captain VAN SANTVOORD served with distinguished gallantry in many hard-fought battles, in which he uniformly exhibited the sterling qualities of a brave and conscientious soldier.

Among the most prominent of Captain VAN SANTVOORD’s char-

acteristics as an officer, were extraordinary coolness and bravery in emergencies, and great perseverance and determination when surrounded with difficulties and dangers—characteristics which eminently fitted him for a successful military officer. While under the most destructive fire of the enemy, he never lost his self-command; and in the exercise of command over his company, he was stern, emphatic, and unimpassioned. As a tactician and disciplinarian, Captain VAN SANTVOORD was rarely surpassed, ready and prompt in the execution of all the commands of his commanding officers, sympathizing and vigilant in providing for the comfort of his men, and courteous and gentlemanly in all his intercourse with officers and men, his memory will long be cherished, and by none more than his late commander.

ALONZO ALDEN, *Brevet Brig. General,*
Late Colonel 169th N. Y. Vols.

The manners of Captain VAN SANTVOORD were frank and manly, his disposition kind and genial, his heart warm and sympathetic. These qualities made many attached friends in the army not only, but in the circle of the home community where he was longest and most intimately known. He was as generous as he was brave, and as ready to render acts of kindness to those needing them, as to face the enemy on a perilous field. Affectionate and dutiful as a son, his memory will remain green in parental hearts which his early loss has lacerated. Though not a member of the church, his training had been a Christian one, and its influence was felt and shown amid all the exciting scenes and turbulent transitions of his soldier life. In his communications to his friends, he acknowledges with deep gratitude that overruling Providence to which individuals as well as armies must owe safety and success, and which had mercifully preserved him amid imminent perils and fearfully frequent deaths.

While encamped at Folly Island, he aided in extemporizing a little chapel, wherein the worship of God might be statedly observed during their stay in that quarter. He had high regard for the Chaplain by whom the services were conducted, aiding to make his work pleasant and effective. And being fond of music

and skilled in its performance, he organized a choir of singers from his company, and himself led in that part of the stated devotions. His little testament, which was his close companion during the war, seemed nearly worn out with use, and various folds are found in its leaves to mark passages from which, as it appeared, he had drawn refreshment, or which had struck him as specially applicable to situations of difficulty or danger. Before entering on an engagement where the hazards to life looked most imminent, he was wont to put up an ejaculatory prayer to Him who holds the issues of all lives, and then felt strong and confident as he went forth to yield his life, if it were so ordered, a sacrifice on the altar of his country.

But he passed safely through the war, and rejoiced to greet rejoicing friends, the conflict ended and peace restored, in the loved home of his childhood. The joy and gratulations, however, were short-lived. Like Colonel BOWERS and Lieut. Col. McKEE, and many another brave spirit, he escaped all the perils of war and battle, only to be smitten down suddenly, when in the midst of perfect seeming security.

Captain VAN SANTVOORD was making his arrangements to go into business with a friend, near Savannah, Ga., and a few days from the time his death occurred they were to take their departure. On his way from New York, on the 13th of November, to his home, business detained him for a night at Newburgh. After retiring for the night, at his hotel, an alarm of fire was suddenly raised, when rushing as it is supposed from his room, in his haste and in the dark, he encountered and fell over the baluster, being precipitated to the floor below, receiving fatal injuries, the effect of which he survived only a few hours. His life was quenched almost as suddenly as if struck out amid the actual shock of the raging conflict. The pain of the blow had been less to survivors in the latter case, for where danger is looked for, and none are exempt, the mind is prepared for a result that is not unexpected. But the same Providence, wise and kind, controls death in whatever form it comes, and Faith, looking up trustingly to the infallible Disposer, finds consolation still, in uttering, "even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."

XXVIII.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM JAMES TEMPLE.

Our city has not given to the war a more brilliant intellect, or more splendid mental attainments than were possessed by this young hero. Though he died just as he was entering upon his twenty-first year, still he lived long enough to prove his power of thought, his capability of rapid acquisition in knowledge, and his ability to attain the highest rank in any profession or department of literature or science, to which he might devote his energies. His genius, too, seemed to shed its lustre and its refining influence upon his whole nature. Capt. TEMPLE was a gentleman of elegant and polished manners, winning address, and noble and generous impulses. He partook of the traits of his distinguished father, Col. TEMPLE, who was governed by a high sense of honor, as well as a pure patriotism.

He was born in Albany, March 29th, 1842, and was the son of Col. ROBERT EMMET TEMPLE and CATHARINE JAMES, daughter of the late WM. JAMES, of Albany. At an early age he was sent to a boarding school, and was successively under the care of Mr. WATSON, at Kinderhook, N. Y.; Dr. THOMAS READ, of Geneva; and Mr. A. N. SKINNER, of New Haven.

He entered Yale College, and left there in November, 1858. At the commencement of the war, Mr. TEMPLE was a student at Harvard College, and at the call of his Nation, he left all to serve her interests. He enlisted in the regular army in 1861, and he gave the fire of his genius, and ardor of his patriotic heart, to the work of subduing the rebellion. Though but nineteen years of age, he had the maturity of manhood, the skill of an experienced officer, and the bravery of a veteran in the service. Officers, who were associated with him, have said that they never

saw such coolness displayed upon the battle field as he manifested. He moved among cannons and exploding shells with as much ease and calmness as he would among a circle of friends in a drawing room. Had his life been spared, he would doubtless have dealt some heavy blows upon the monster that was seeking to tear out the vitals of our Republic, and the soul of liberty. But in the bloom of youth; in the dawn of his splendid genius and unconquerable bravery; at the moment the inspiration of a lofty patriotism filled his soul, he fell a martyr to the cause that represents to the world liberty, education, religion and all the elements that confer righteousness, peace and happiness upon a Nation.

He was killed at Chancellorsville May 1, 1863, by a shot through the heart, and was buried in the Albany Rural Cemetery on the 25th of May, 1863. His funeral took place from St. Peter's Church, and was attended by the Governor and his staff, several army officers, and a large number of relatives and friends.

We regret that we have not been able to obtain the materials for an extended sketch of this gifted, interesting and patriotic young officer, and one that would form a just tribute to his worth and valor; but after repeated and earnest efforts, we have been able to obtain only the limited information that we present in this brief article. We can only add the following extract of a letter from Capt. AUGUSTUS BARKER, relative to the death of our departed hero, and an article and a letter taken from our daily newspaper:

Capt. BARKER says:

‘It was only on my arrival from a Richmond prison, at Annapolis, where I met my father, that I first learned of the painful tidings of WILLIE TEMPLE’s sad fate. A brother’s death could not have had a more melancholy effect upon me, as I had known him so intimately, both at home and at school, and lastly at college. I knew him, not as a soldier, yet I have seen comrades of his, whose praise and admiration of him testify to his earnestness in his profession, his gallantry in action, his charms of mind and person, which so endeared him to all around him, even to his commander, Gen. DOUBLEDAY. I will mention the circum-

stances connected with his last moments, that can not fail to be interesting to his friends, as showing the true, brave-hearted WILL. TEMPLE. The battle was growing warm, and he was leading a detachment of his regiment as skirmishers, to ascertain the position of the enemy. On they went amidst the fire; coming to a fence, they hesitated; and he, leaping on top, sword in hand, encouraged and cheered his men onward, when the fatal bullet closed his life forever.

“A more shocking blow could not have befallen the family.”

The following appeared under date of May 6, 1863:

“Capt. TEMPLE was a young man of remarkably fine qualities, and with an intellect matured beyond his years. He possessed a brave heart and the truest personal courage, combined with gentle and polished manners, and, wherever he was known, was universally a favorite. In appearance he was strikingly handsome, with an expression of sternness or severity upon his brow, which seemed like the stamp of matured experience upon the fresh front of youth. His loss will be most sadly felt by near and dear friends, whose hopes and affections were thickly clustered around him.”

A correspondent, under the signature of T. W., wrote as follows:

“Captain WILLIAM JAMES TEMPLE, son of the late Colonel ROBERT E. TEMPLE, died of wounds received at the battle at Chancellorsville, aged twenty-two. Soon after the rebellion broke out, a modest, attractive youth introduced himself to me at Washington, as the son of the late Colonel TEMPLE, saying that he desired to adopt the profession of his father. I obtained for him a first Lieutenancy in the regular army, and he entered the service animated by the aspirations which make heroes and martyrs. When, a year afterward, I returned from Europe, I inquired of Adjutant General THOMAS, who had interested himself in securing commissions for several young men whom I recommended, if he knew anything of Lieutenant TEMPLE. He replied: “I have kept an eye upon your boys, being partly responsible for them. They are all doing well. Lieutenant TEMPLE is an excellent officer.” Some three weeks since I met

young TEMPLE again. He had been on a brief visit to Albany, and was returning to his regiment. He had been promoted to a Captaincy, and was then just twenty-one years of age. He was the same quiet, modest, gentlemanly person I first met two years ago, reminding me, in his manner and expression, of an estimable lady (his aunt, Mrs. TWEEDY) with whom his boy-days were happily associated, and whose good precepts and bright examples imparted to children all that is virtuous and graceful. Yesterday, upon entering the Hudson river baggage car, at New York, my eyes rested upon a square, ominously proportioned box, with 'Capt. WILLIAM J. TEMPLE, 17th U. S. Infantry, Albany,' inscribed upon its lid. And there, cold, inanimate and disfigured, lay all that remains of the gallant young officer who, with beaming eye, elastic step and buoyant spirit, I had so recently conversed with. It was a sad and startling transition, illustrating with appalling emphasis the uncertainty of life—the inevitable reality of death. He departed, in the glow of health, with an apparently bright and happy future, but a few days since; and now his lifeless remains, 'smear'd in dirt and blood,' are sent home in a rude box, for interment, where all inherit alike their 'body's length' of earth."

XXIX.

CAPTAIN AUGUSTUS I. BARKER.

AUGUSTUS I. BARKER was born in Albany on the 24th day of April, 1842. His mother, JEANNETTE JAMES, daughter of the late WILLIAM JAMES, Esq., died two weeks after his birth.

His early life was marked by no circumstances of peculiar interest. Like most young men who had the means to obtain a good education, he passed from one school to another, until he entered Harvard University in September, 1859. He remained in that institution until the year 1861, when he enlisted in the service of his country.

He first received a commission as Second Lieutenant in the Fifth Regiment New York Cavalry October 31, 1861.

His second commission as First Lieutenant, was dated May 3, 1862, and his third commission as Captain, October 24, 1862, all in the same regiment, and under the seal of Hon. E. D. MORGAN, Governor of the State of New York.

His promotion was quite rapid, from Second Lieutenant to Captain within twelve months, and all through his own merit, no influence having been brought to bear upon those in authority to advance him in the service.

Up to the time of his regiment's joining Gen. BANKS, it passed a somewhat inactive life, and without any particularly exciting incidents. But it was actively engaged in Gen. BANKS' corps, in his disastrous Virginia campaign, when he was so badly routed by STONEWALL JACKSON. The cavalry, in this instance, saved Gen. BANKS' army, they fighting the rebels in his rear, checking them, and thus enabling the General to retreat to a point somewhere on the Potomac. Very shortly after this disaster, about the 1st of August, 1862, Capt. BARKER was taken ill with

typhoid fever, and succeeded (in the saddle) in reaching within a mile of Culpepper Court House, Va., more than a day's ride from where he started, when he was obliged to alight, being unable to proceed any further. Having had a soldier detailed to escort him and assist him, he was placed under a tree by the road side, and was left alone until the soldier went into the town to get an ambulance, or other conveyance, (which was furnished after an entire day's delay,) to take him to the cars for Alexandria. As soon as his father heard of his illness, which was not until ten or twelve days, he proceeded at once to Alexandria, and found him in an extremely low condition, so much so that his physician informed him that there was no chance of his recovery. He was then at the Marshall House, where ELLSWORTH was killed, a most unsuitable place for a sick man, and his father took the responsibility of removing him, in his low condition, to Washington, having secured most excellent quarters in advance. To his great joy, his son began to rally at once, and he improved so rapidly that in a fortnight he was removed, by slow stages, to Lenox, Mass., among the Berkshire hills. His health was rapidly restored, and he rejoined his regiment the same year, 1862, November 16th, at Fort Scott, Virginia, near Washington.

On the 9th of March, 1863, he was taken prisoner at Fairfax Court House, and sent to Libby prison, Richmond. He was exchanged on the 6th of May following, and rejoined his regiment on the 27th of May.

In June, 1863, he wrote thus to a friend :

"At last I have entered the threshold of manhood and must depend upon myself; but I shall never, I now imagine, rely upon the profession of a soldier longer than the duration of the war. I do not want to shrink from my present position until the Union arms are victorious, North, South, East and West, and the Old Flag floats once more over an entire unanimous people."

In July he wrote thus to his father:

BIVOUAC FIFTH N. Y. CAVALRY, }
BOONSBORO, MD., *July 7, 1863.* }

My Dear Father—An hour ago we arrived here completely fatigued and worn out, having been in the saddle two weeks and

two days, without food for men or horses, and with not more than four hours' rest out of the forty-eight. I am now sitting upon a bundle of wheat, writing upon my knee, in haste, as the mail leaves in an hour; and after this day the Lord only knows when and where we may halt again. No longer are we under Gen. STAHL's command, as he was relieved at the same time as HOOKER; but Gen. KILPATRICK is our leader now, and we are as proud to be led by him as he told us in an address after the battle of Gettysburg, "he is proud to command *us*." No longer does the cavalry roam about the country, a small, timid, hesitating band, but it now comprises three grand divisions, under Major General's GREIG, BUFORD and KILPATRICK. They are so well organized and concentrated as to be irresistible, when manœuvered as they have been since the Northern invasion.

It would be utterly impossible for me here to give you any idea of our late doings, but as soon as the communications are established with the north, watch for KILPATRICK's reports and the correspondence from the command. Within three miles of Frederick city, General STAHL turned his command over; and, after a grand review of four thousand five hundred cavalry and six pieces of artillery, by General PLEASANTON, our chief, we were sent off on our mission, which thus far has been a too laborious one to last much longer. Out of the last seven days, we have been engaged six in desperate fighting, and that, too, against infantry; and, though we have accomplished our allotted task, we did it at the sacrifice of some of our noblest officers and men; our own regiment to-day, mustering one hundred and fifty fighting men, out of three hundred and fifty who started out with us two weeks ago. One officer killed, two wounded and six missing; just think of it! It would be impossible for me to tell you of our hair-breadth escapes, but, father, I assure you, that never before, since my enlistment in this war, have I sat so calmly upon my horse, resolved to fight and die honorably, if necessary, for my country.

Yesterday we arrived at Hagarstown, and there awaited the rebel army, in full retreat, anxious to save themselves by crossing the Potomac. It seemed a cruel fate, that made it a duty for

cavalry to oppose infantry, artillery and cavalry who were fighting for life itself. After holding them in check for three hours, we were compelled to yield gradually, (the only time thus far) as their forces coming up rapidly, outnumbered us five to one at the least. A sad and stubborn withdrawal was ours. Not to speak of other regiments, which lost equally, ours lost that day one hundred killed, wounded and missing. In my own company two sergeants had horses knocked from under them by shells, one wounded, and how many of the missing ones are wounded remains to be seen. I only had three men after the fight. I found a bullet in my blanket, which was rolled behind my saddle, and a round shot struck so near me as to spatter the dirt upon me. I have to be thankful that I was spared when so many fell.

At the battle of Gettysburg, we fought all day and, by keeping a whole division of the rebels in check, decided the day in our favor. Then swinging around to the extreme left we cut our way through the enemy, capturing three hundred wagons and fifteen hundred prisoners of war, and gaining his rear. Thus we inflicted a paralyzing blow upon the rebels and made them think again before a third attempt to trouble us. I could write much more but cannot.

Your affectionate son,

AUGUSTUS I. BARKER.

Captain BARKER was captured in the MOSEBY raid on Fairfax Court House, of which his father gives the following account:

"The facts are these: My son, at the time he made the effort to escape, was on a strange horse, without saddle, and surrounded by fifteen or twenty rebel cavalry. Watching his opportunity, he suddenly wheeled, and in the effort unhorsed several of the rebels and succeeded in getting clear of them. He pursued his course, with the rebels in full pursuit, and a dozen or more shots were fired at him without effect. Coming suddenly upon a rather formidable ditch, his horse bolted and threw him over his head without injury of consequence. The rebels were upon him in a moment, and knowing it was useless to resist he surrendered. But for this unfortunate *contretemps* he would undoubtedly have escaped."

In the following letter from Lieutenant A. B. WAUGH, we have an account of the death of this accomplished and brave officer:

CAMP 5TH NEW YORK CAVALRY, }
STEVENSBURG, VA., *Sept.* 20, 1862. }

MR. WM. H. BARKER:

Sir—It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of your son, Capt. AUGUSTUS I. BARKER, under the following circumstances: When the command left Hartwood Church and crossed the Rappahannock, he was left behind in charge of the men picketing the river, and, while on the march to rejoin his regiment, he, with one man, being some distance ahead of the column, was shot by guerrillas, concealed in the wood. Two balls took effect, one in the right side and one in the left breast. Some of his company, who were with him, carried him to the house of Mr. FREEMAN HARRIS, living at Mount Holly Church, about one mile from Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock. They did all in their power to relieve him, but without avail. He died at half past one on the morning of the 18th, being about twelve hours after receiving his wounds. Sergeant McMULLEN, of his company, was with him all through, and saw him buried just in the rear of FREEMAN'S house, and the grave marked. McMULLEN came to camp yesterday, and I telegraphed you last night. I have collected all Capt. BARKER'S effects, and placed them in charge of Surgeon ARMSTRONG, at the camp hospital at Culpepper Court House. If we move forward, or if we fall back, before I hear from you, we will bring them with us. In the list you will see two daguerreotypes. They were taken some two months since, while he was officer of the day, and one is very natural. His pocket book and watch I will also leave in charge of Surgeon ARMSTRONG, and a watch, which belongs to General STOUGHTON, which he had in his possession. If you desire to come on, please communicate with me, and any assistance which I, or any officer, can render, we will give with pleasure.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. B. WAUGH,

2d Lieut. Co. L, 5th N. Y. Cavalry.

As soon as Mr. BARKER heard of the death of his son, he went on to recover his body, and removed it to Albany, where the burial took place, on the 10th of October, 1863.

The following obituary, and notice of the funeral, appeared in the Albany "Evening Journal:"

"Capt. AUGUSTUS BARKER, of the Fifth New York Cavalry, died near Kelly's Ford, on the 18th of Sept., 1863, in the twenty-second year of his age.

"He was the youngest son of WILLIAM H. BARKER, Esq., and grandson of the late WILLIAM JAMES, of this city. He was beloved by his comrades, as by all who knew him, for the manliness of his character and the generosity of his disposition. His promotion was the just reward of his good conduct and honorable service. His valor and patriotism had been tried in many battles, and by the more dreadful horrors of Richmond prison. He survived all these to perish, in the flower of his youth, by the hands of rebel assassins.

"Capt. BARKER's funeral took place Saturday afternoon, 10th October, 1863, at three o'clock, from St. Peter's Church. It was largely attended. The funeral cortege consisted of a detachment of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, the City Volunteers, Capt. MARSHALL, preceded by SCHREIBER's band. The remains of the gallant officer were deposited in the cemetery."

Capt. BARKER's patriotism was a strong feature in his character. After recovering from a low fever, which brought him near the grave, he returned with new ardor to his regiment. Soon afterwards, being made a prisoner in Richmond, where he was confined for two months, he came out with his heart still warm for his country's service. When attacked by guerrillas, attended by but one man, and the demand was made upon him to surrender, he replied "*never*," and received his death wound.

We regret, in the case of Capt. BARKER, as in that of his gallant relative and friend, Capt. TEMPLE, that we are not able to give a fuller and more detailed account of his life and military career. But we cannot but hope that in the future, in some form, the patriotic services of these noble officers in the American army will be suitably commemorated.

XXX.

CAPTAIN JAMES KENNEDY.

CAPT. JAMES KENNEDY was born in the city of Albany, February 15, 1833. He was the eldest son of JOHN and ELIZABETH KENNEDY. In early life he received a fair education, and, as he grew up, he manifested more than ordinary ability.

Before the war he was deeply interested in national affairs, and was firm and zealous in the advocacy of his political views. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the qualities of a leader, and made his influence felt in whatever cause he engaged.

At the breaking out of the great rebellion, he was in the Comptroller's office, and was filling his position with zeal and fidelity. But when the flag of his country was insulted at Fort Sumter, his patriotism was thoroughly aroused, and he resolved to do all in his power to defend the flag and support the government.

At the call of the President for three hundred thousand men, he joined the army, and was commissioned First Lieutenant in Company B, of the One Hundred and Thirteenth N. Y. Infantry, on the 4th of August, 1862.

He served faithfully with his regiment in the defences of the National Capital, until February 12th, 1864, when he was promoted to the Captaincy of Battery L, in the same regiment. Soon after he left with his command for the front, where he distinguished himself on the bloody fields of Spottsylvania and North Anna river, by the courage which he imparted to his men, as well as by his own unflinching bravery.

At Coal Harbor, on the morning of the memorable 3d of June, in that terrible charge, when the gallant Seventh lost six hundred of their brave comrades, he led his men over the enemy's

works, in the face of a battery whose every shot dealt death to his fast thinning ranks, and there received the surrendered sword of the officer in command.

Then quickly turning their own guns on the flying foe, he was fast achieving a victory, when the enemy rallied, and charged *en masse* on the unsupported band. They were forced to retire to a neighboring wood to reorganize, when the Captain received a severe flesh wound in his left thigh, from a case shot, which exploded almost in his face. While being carried from the field he exhorted his men to bravery, and said cheerfully, "I shall soon be with you, boys."

He was sent home to recruit, but was so anxious to be at his post that he joined his regiment on the 21st of July, in spite of the advice of surgeons, and the entreaties of friends. From this time to that of the battle at Reams' Station, he was in every engagement. In this battle, August 25th, he received a severe wound in the right hip, and was subsequently captured.

From Petersburg he was transferred to the horrors of the Libby prison. Of that prison, a friend of the Captain writes: "No pen has ever yet described, no heart, except it were walled within, has ever yet conceived the terrible sufferings that have been endured in that den of misery. A prisoner in the hands of an enemy, defiant, imperious, cruel! To know that the weakened body will be denied the common necessities of life, and the prostrate spirit be trodden under the heel of tyranny! Waiving all physical suffering, what loneliness of spirit; what longings for active life; what agonies of suspense for the absent and loved ones, have our brave men felt as prisoners of war! All this was endured by the Captain without complaint. His fortitude was equal to his extremity."

His last act was to write to his beloved young wife, and two of his letters came the day after the news of his death.

He died in Libby prison, of typhoid fever, September 10, 1864, at the age of thirty-two. His remains were consigned to the earth by the hand of traitors, in the prison burying ground.

Capt. KENNEDY was greatly beloved by his officers and men, and when the tidings of his death reached them, many a veteran

turned away, to hide emotions which are the involuntary tribute to the memory of the good.

Of him it can be truly said he was among "the bravest of the brave," and had it been his fortune to have been called to a higher position, he would undoubtedly have enrolled his name on the brightest pages of the Nation's history. It should be mentioned that a commission, promoting him to the rank of Major, was made out, but it arrived too late. He was dead when it arrived.

In the death of this pure patriot and noble hero, a wife mourns the loss of a devoted husband, a little daughter of a fond and indulgent father, and a large circle of relatives and friends of one honored and respected as a citizen and soldier.

XXXI.

CAPTAIN HARMON N. MERRIMAN.

CAPT. HARMON N. MERRIMAN, son of TITUS L. and SUSAN MERRIMAN, was born in Franklin, Susquehanna county, Pa., September 19, 1819. At the early age of fourteen, he made a public profession of his faith in Christ, and united with the Presbyterian church of his native town. While with his parents, and a few years subsequent to his removal from them, Mr. MERRIMAN'S occupation was that of an artizan; but shortly after becoming a resident of this city he studied law, and was successfully engaged in its practice when called by his country to enlist in her defence. Mr. MERRIMAN was a member of the Fourth Presbyterian church of this city, and was for about eight years a teacher in its Sabbath School.

In the organization of the Tenth Regiment he took an active and very efficient part; and Company H, of which he became the Captain, was largely enlisted by his influence and exertions.

This regiment left our city for New Orleans in the month of December, 1862, and it was almost immediately, upon its arrival in that city, called to a perilous service. It was engaged in the earliest assault against Port Hudson, that made May 27, 1863, and it was while gallantly leading his company in that charge that Capt. MERRIMAN received a wound, which, although not at the time supposed to be fatal, proved to be such in the end. He was carried from the field of battle, and was for a short time an inmate of the Military hospital at Baton Rouge. From thence he sailed in the steamer "Thomas A. Scott" for his home. His melancholy decease on board of that steamer, together with the circumstances of his burial, are thus related by Rev. J. FORD SUTTON, the General Superintendent of the United States Chris-

tian Commission for the Department of the Gulf. In a letter addressed to the afflicted widow, and dated at sea, July 16, 1863, steamer "Thomas A. Scott," he says :

"It becomes my painful duty to announce to you the death of your husband, Capt. H. N. MERRIMAN, who died at sea yesterday morning at six o'clock, on board the 'Thomas A. Scott,' bound for New York. I first saw Capt. MERRIMAN the night before his death. I went into his state room and inquired after his health. He said : 'I am all right, but very weak from the effect of my wound.' I remarked that we—that is, the ship's company and myself, had just been holding a short religious service on the quarter deck. He replied : 'I heard you, and should like to have been with you.' Seeing that he was very weak, I gave him a little wine, thinking to pursue the conversation further. But the wine was too strong, and the servant had to be called in to dilute and administer it to him, and the conversation was broken off. I intended to have talked more with him the next morning in regard to his religious feelings. But alas ! he had been called away half an hour before I came out of my state room. He evidently died of exhaustion from the effect of his wounds. He was full of hope that he would reach home, where he thought he would soon recover. But the Lord came when he least expected him. * * *

"At half past nine o'clock in the morning of the day on which he died the body was brought upon the quarter deck, wrapped in the American flag, and solemn and appropriate funeral services were performed. After that we buried him in the deep—in the Gulf of Mexico, with many tears of sorrow for the loss of our fellow-soldier, and with warm tears of sympathy for his widow and fatherless children, mingled with many prayers that God would indeed be 'the father of the fatherless and the widow's God.'"

The annexed notices of Capt. MERRIMAN's death, taken from the Albany Evening Journal and the Albany Morning Express, are just tributes to his memory :

"We are pained to hear of the death of Capt. MERRIMAN, of this city, from wounds received before Port Hudson. This intelligence will be the more saddening from the fact that he was

convalescing, and might soon be expected home. He was on his way home, accompanied by Brigade Surgeon BLAISDELL, of Coeymans, when on the second day out he died, and his body was consigned to the deep.

“ Captain M. labored with great zeal to effect a prompt organization of the Tenth when called into service, and shared in all its toils and battles until he was wounded, gallantly leading his company in one of the earliest assaults against Port Hudson. He was an ardent patriot, and has given his life to his country. His name will be associated with the heroes of the time, and be placed prominently upon the long roll of our fellow-citizens who, like him, have shed their blood for the Union and the principles of Freedom, Humanity, and Justice.”

From the Albany Morning Express :

“ Dr. BLAISDELL, of Coeymans, late Surgeon of the Seventy-fifth Regiment New York Volunteers, arrived in this city yesterday morning. The doctor left New Orleans a week ago Friday on the steamer ‘ Scott,’ in charge of thirty-four wounded officers and sixty-one privates. Among the former was Capt. HARMON N. MERRIMAN, of the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh (Tenth) Regiment, wounded before Port Hudson. Soon after the sailing of the vessel, it became apparent to the doctor that the Captain was failing rapidly, and the Captain himself was perfectly sensible of his situation. He expressed a great desire and hope that he might be spared to reach home and again see his family, but was fully prepared for death. Dr. B. informs us that he never met a man who seemed possessed of so firm a spirit and determined will. He conversed freely of his affairs, and even consulted the doctor as to the propriety of saving his body, and returning it to his family. He died on Tuesday morning last, in the full enjoyment of all his faculties. It was at first decided to preserve the body and bring it home; but an examination of the ship’s stores, showed that it would be impossible to do so, as there was scarcely a sufficient quantity of ice on board for the use of the sick and wounded during the passage, and many other necessary articles could not be procured. It became necessary, therefore, that the remains of the gallant soldier should be committed to

the deep. During the day all hands were summoned for the funeral ceremonies. The Episcopal service was performed with great solemnity, after which the body was given to the wide waste of waters. Dr. BLAISDELL says it was the most melancholy duty he ever performed, and had there been the slightest chance of saving the remains, they would have brought them to this city."

XXXII.

CAPTAIN JOHN A. FEE.

JOHN A. FEE was born in Albany, January 16, 1837. When the guns which were fired against Sumter echoed through the north, and were awakening responses in the hearts of the loyal, Capt. FEE was at once aroused. Seeing the true position of affairs, and comprehending something of the vastness of the struggle upon which we were entering, he saw that lives would have to be given, and blood poured out, before peace would again smile upon our land.

Conceiving it to be the duty of every man, who had the interests of his country at heart, to give his services to the country in the hour of her need, he would immediately have taken part in the struggle, if the earnest persuasion of friends had not deterred him. Restless under this restraint, and impatient at being a spectator only of scenes in which he desired to be a participant, he enlisted in October, 1861, in the Ninety-first Regiment N. Y. S. V., then forming in Albany. He was at once appointed Orderly Sergeant of his company.

Upon the filling up of the regiment, they were ordered to rendezvous at Governor's Island, New York Harbor, and after a few weeks detention at that place, they were ordered to Key West, Florida, where he remained until September, 1862.

While at Key West, by his gentlemanly manner, his soldierly bearing and strict attention to duty, he was called the model warrant officer of that post. He secured the approbation of his officers to such a degree, that a petition was sent to Gov. MORGAN, signed by every commissioned officer in the regiment, asking that a commission be given Sergeant FEE. He was immediately appointed Second Lieutenant in the Forty-eighth Regiment N.

Y. S. V., then holding Fort Pulaski and Tybee Island, Ga. Joining this regiment a stranger to all, by the exercise of those social qualities with which he was so eminently gifted, he soon surrounded himself by a circle of friends, and became one of the leading spirits of the regiment.

He remained at Tybee Island, where his company was stationed, until his regiment was sent to join the expedition under Gen. SEYMOUR, in which was fought the battle of Olustree. After the battle, Lieut. FEE was complimented for his bravery in action. Returning to Tybee Island, he remained there (upon the resignation of his Captain) as commandant of the post until April, 1863. While in command of Tybee Island, he received a special letter of thanks from the commander of the district, for preventing a vessel, supposed at that time to be either the "Alabama" or "Florida," from entering the harbor of Savannah, then held by the rebels. Discovering her approach in the gray mist of the morning, he gave her such a warm reception with his thirty-two pounders that she quickly retreated.

The regiment being ordered to join Gen. GRANT, they united with the Army of the Potomac in April, 1863. At that time Lieut. FEE received his commission as Captain. In the actions that ensued, Capt. FEE became conspicuous for his bravery among a regiment of brave men.

Never absent or sick when an engagement was about to take place, he was with his company as their leader in every engagement in which it took part. He was always careful, too, of the interests of his men, ministering to their comfort when sick or wounded.

Modest, almost to a fault, in regard to his own actions, the part he took had to be learned from others.

The following extracts from a letter, received from the Orderly Sergeant of his company, after Capt. FEE's death, will show the estimation in which he was held by his company and regiment. He writes:

"We arrived in Virginia April 23, and from that period until June 30, the day on which Capt. FEE received his death wound, the regiment had been marching, picketing, skirmishing, driving

the enemy from his works and occupying them; night and day exposed to the incessant and unerring fire of his sharpshooters, so that one could scarcely hold his finger above a certain elevation, without the certainty of having it shattered. Through all this, Capt. FEE was the cool, intrepid and skillful commandant of his company, ever among the foremost in the fight, inspiring his men to deeds of heroism by his noble example and gallant words of cheer; and well do they sustain in the regiment the reputation which he and they so well have won.

"The first battle in which the Forty-eighth was engaged in Virginia, was fought at Chester Hill, on the Petersburg and Richmond railroad. We landed at Bermuda Hundred on the 6th of May, bivouacked that night, and the next morning took up the line of march. The day was excessively hot, and the roads a mass of blinding dust. About two P. M. we came up with the enemy, and engaged him, the fight lasting about three hours. Our regiment took up a position in a broken field, to reach which we had to cross a deep creek, penetrate a piece of woods, and climb a steep embankment on the other side of the railroad, exposed all this time to a very heavy fire. In the same field, and within short range, was a portion of STONEWALL JACKSON's famous old brigade. They had with them a battery of light field pieces, and the work began a fair, stand-up field fight. Neither side would yield an inch. We kept them to their work while our troops were destroying the railroads and bridges. The object of the expedition having been accomplished, we received orders to retire.

"On that day Capt. FEE acted with his accustomed gallantry. Always exposed, and never flinching from the stern work before him, he added another leaf to the laurels he had already won. The Forty-eighth lost heavily, and our company lost twelve men.

"Our next engagement was at Drury's Bluff, fought May 16. We captured the enemy's outer works, and moved forward towards his next line, which was of the most formidable character. Our line was thin, and our flanks were exposed. They charged us six times in quick succession, and in great force, and each time they were bloodily repulsed. At length they massed

their forces on our right and left, and succeeded in crushing in both flanks. An enfilading fire was the result, which it was impossible to withstand. A few moments before our flanks were turned, Capt. FEE was selected by the commanding officer of the regiment to take his company and reconnoiter the enemy's position in our front. While doing so, he had one man killed and five wounded. When we returned, our line was abandoned, and the enemy had advanced beyond it on the right and left. It was a critical position, and capture appeared inevitable; but owing to Capt. FEE's coolness and skill, and the confidence his men reposed in him, we succeeded in rejoining our regiment with a loss of only eight or ten men.

“ Our next engagement was the battle of Coal Harbor, fought June 1st. On that day we marched twenty-seven miles; men died from exhaustion and sunstroke on the march. We arrived at the scene of action at the very crisis of the battle, and when victory was in the balance. Heated, weary and foot-sore, we formed line of battle. At once the order was given, “ forward, double quick.” The brigade dashed on with wild and deafening cheers, through the crashing of musket balls, grape and cannister, and solid shot. There was between us, where we formed our line, and the enemy's works, a ploughed field, half a mile in width. Beyond, and bordering that, was a narrow belt of woods, which we made penetrable, though one might suppose a bird would find it difficult to work its wings there. Emerging from these woods, the enemy, behind strong breast works, confronted us. We lost heavily before reaching this line of works, but the boys never wavered and never flagged for a moment. Although death was holding a high carnival there, they kept right on; climbed the hill crested by the works; mounted these, and either killed, captured, or put to flight their occupants. They also repulsed every attempt on the part of the enemy, to recover their fine position. In this battle, Capt. FEE was conspicuous for his bravery; earning and receiving the thanks of his commander, and the admiration of his men. It was by such reckless bravery as he displayed in this battle, that has secured his high position in the regiment. We remained at Coal Harbor three

or four weeks; all the time at the front, picket firing and skirmishing, with occasional charging, when the army changed its base, and by a flank movement we arrived in front of Petersburg. From that time until Capt. FEE's death, we occupied the front line of works. The day on which Capt. FEE received his wound, June 30, there was a general charge to be made along the whole line. We were outside of our works, to within a hundred yards of the enemy's works. While getting into position, Capt. FEE, and five of his company, were killed or wounded.

"Capt. FEE was wounded through the right arm and body by a rebel sharpshooter; the ball in its course completely shattering the bone of the arm.

"The surgeon of the regiment, it is said, failed to treat the wound properly. Instead of removing the arm, which should have been done, or at least the splinters of bone, he merely bound up the wound. In that condition, Captain FEE was removed to Chesapeake hospital, Fort Monroe. He continued to suffer from the 30th of June until the 11th of July, when one of the splinters of bone, working its way out of the arm, severed one of the arteries, and he nearly bled to death. When it was decided that the arm must be removed, nature had suffered so severely from loss of blood, that it was thought if attempted at that time, the patient would die in the operation. Two days afterwards it was decided that the operation should be performed. When asked by the surgeon in charge, if he had courage to stand the operation, his answer was, 'I have courage to stand any operation you have courage to perform.' The surgeon said to a relative of his afterwards, 'I never, in all my experience, saw a man exhibit such courage under intense suffering, as that shown by Capt. FEE.'

"After the removal of his arm, the surgeon saw he must die. Although a man of strong constitution, nature could not stand such drafts.

"During the day preceding his death, and until within a few hours of that event, he was conscious, and supposed he was going to recover. A few hours before his death, he became delirious, and continued so until about an hour before he died,

when consciousness again returned. During this delirium, he was again on the battlefield, again in command of his company. Now they were charging the enemy, and now shouting when they were driven. Then the sharp, clear notes of command would ring out in that abode of sickness and death, and then some low, murmured words of prayer would come from his lips.

“Within a short time of his death, consciousness having returned, he became aware that he was dying; but he expressed no regret, and manifested no shrinking from the foe whom he had met on so many battle fields. He said he would like to live to see the end of the war, but if otherwise ordered he was willing to go.

“The only anxiety evinced by him, was in regard to his mother. He feared that she would grieve too much for his loss; that she would feel too bitterly his death when he was gone. But he committed her to the care of Him in whom he himself trusted. Having given directions in regard to his effects, and having sent messages of love to each of his absent relatives, he calmly awaited the call of the Great Commander, whose summons we must all obey. Almost his last words were, ‘I have given my life for my country.’”

XXXIII.

CAPTAIN EDWARD B. CARROLL.

THIS brave young officer was born in the county of Tipperary, Ireland, on the 24th of March, 1840, of poor, but worthy parents. The family emigrated to this country in 1850, and since that time have resided in Albany.

When the rebellion broke out in April, 1861, their younger son, MICHAEL CARROLL, entered the army in defence of the Union on the 19th of that month, and was honorably discharged in September, 1862. He was a color-bearer in one of the New York Regiments.

The subject of this notice, the only other son of this family then living, entered the Sixty-third Regiment New York Volunteers as a private in Company K, in September, 1861. This regiment was composed of Irishmen, and was attached to the famous Irish Brigade commanded by Gen. THOMAS F. MEAGHER. Young CARROLL continued with this regiment through all the campaigns of General McCLELLAN in Virginia, and fought in almost every battle of the Peninsula and at Antietam. He was several times slightly wounded; but he was severely wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg. In the winter of 1863, on recommendation of his superior officers, he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant. After the recovery of his wound received at Fredericksburg, he joined his regiment in time to take part in the battle of Chancellorsville. After this fight, owing to the terrible destruction in the ranks of the Sixty-third Regiment, several of the companies were consolidated; when he, with some other officers, were mustered out of service, and he returned to Albany to visit his parents.

There he remained till March, 1864, when he again joined the

Sixty-third Regiment as a private, and was at once promoted to a Second Lieutenancy. Shortly after, for valor on the field, he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy, and then to a Captaincy. He passed through the bloody campaign under General GRANT from the Rapidan to Hatcher's Run, where he was killed in battle on the 3d of April, 1865, only a few days before the surrender of General LEE's army.

He had been in more than twenty-five battles and skirmishes; and after being several times wounded, he fell at the head of his command while charging the enemy at Hatcher's Run. He was mortally wounded by a bullet that struck him in the forehead.

Capt. CARROLL was a silversmith by trade, and was an industrious and exemplary young man. From childhood he was a good boy, and delighted to assist by his labor his parents, and did much to make them comfortable and happy.

His parents are Roman Catholics, and he adhered to the same faith. Without fortune or influence, except what his good character gave him, he rose from a private to the position of Captain in the celebrated Irish Brigade, where all were brave, and where he was highly esteemed and greatly beloved.

XXXIV.

CAPTAIN DOUGLASS LODGE.

THE late Captain DOUGLASS LODGE was born in Albany, New York, September 22d, 1842. His parents were from Scotland, and came to this country in the spring of the same year. He received a liberal education in the public schools and academy. In the year 1857, he became anxious to enter the Navy, and was appointed from this (fourteenth) congressional district, to the Naval School at Annapolis, Md. After being there a little over a year, he became tired of the school, on account of its monotony and the overbearing spirit of students from the Southern States, who were in the majority. He returned home and engaged in business in a commercial house. So rapid was his proficiency, and so superior his business qualities, that in less than two years he was sent out to travel for the house.

When the rebellion broke out, and the Government called for the first seventy-five thousand men to put it down, he was among the first to offer his services. Enlisting as a private in company B, Twenty-fifth Regiment, he served his full term of three months and aided in building Fort Albany, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, across from Washington. Soon after the return of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, he re-enlisted in the Forty-third Regiment New York State Volunteers, for three years or during the war, and was appointed Third Sergeant in company A. In September, 1861, he was promoted to the office of Quartermaster Sergeant, and he served in that capacity with credit to himself, until April, 1862, when he was commissioned as Second Lieutenant. The regiment was then in active service with the army under General McCLELLAN, in its marches across the Peninsula. During this time he was promoted, on account of his bravery, to

the rank of First Lieutenant, and, on the 3d of November in the same year, was again promoted to the position of Captain. He was with his regiment in all the hard-fought battles, from the time it went into service until after the battle of Antietam, never being absent from it a single day. It is noticeable in his letters to his father, which were brief, that he made no complaints, but with a firm hope of the ultimate success of the army in putting down the rebellion, waited and fought with patience throughout the campaign.

The army, under General McCLELLAN, reached Yorktown in April, 1862, where it worked hard and long against the enemy's fortifications. The Forty-third Regiment was divided into companies that did picket duty, threw up breastworks in the face of the enemy's guns, and supported the artillery. Afterwards they were ordered to Lee's Mills. From thence the regiment marched to Williamsburg, a distance of fifteen miles, in one day. Here they laid on their arms all the following night, and the next morning acted as a support to that portion of the army under General HOOKER who attacked and routed the enemy. The regiment then moved on to Fair Oaks, thence to Seven Pines, and, at last, reached the swamps of the Chickahominy, where they lay for some time in view almost of the city of Richmond. Here they endured much suffering.

On the 27th of June, 1862, when the army was retiring from before Richmond, his regiment was drawn up in line of battle all day. The enemy with a heavy force, attempted to turn its position, with a view probably of cutting off the retreat of Gen. PORTER across the Chickahominy. The regiment held the right of the line, resting on the above named river, with two regiments from Vermont—to support if necessary; and for an hour and a half it was subjected to an incessant and terrific fire of musketry. Yet it stood its ground and the enemy suffered severely, and at length was obliged to retire. Our army passed on safely to Malvern Hill, on the James River. After the army returned to the Potomac, Capt. LODGE was, with his regiment, ordered from Alexandria to the Shenandoah Valley to reinforce

Gen. POPE, at which time the brave and fearless Gen. KEARNEY was killed.

From thence across the Potomac into Maryland, the regiment marched to the bloody battle of Antietam. Here again the soldier boy was at his post of duty and danger, supporting a battery which was doing fearful execution among the enemy. While thus engaged, he and his company were compelled to lie flat on their faces, around and in front of the pieces, for several hours. While the shot and shell flew thick and fast, an order came for Company A to charge at double quick across the contested field, in an oblique direction, towards a house that sheltered part of the enemy. The shot from our own and the enemy's guns, was so near the ground, that while doing this, they were obliged to bend almost double in order to save themselves; but regardless of danger, they charged and secured the coveted place, holding it until night threw her dark mantle over that dreadful day's work. Then they rested, and though in the presence of so much agony, and surrounded by such ghastly sights, they laid down on that field of death, and slept as none but soldiers could.

The army having been reorganized, under the command of Gen. BURNSIDE, was marched to Fredericksburg, where a desperate effort was made to dislodge the enemy, but without success. When Gen. HOOKER took command, a second attack was made by the Light Division, which was composed of the Forty-third regiment, and several others under the command of Gen. PRATT. Then they succeeded in storming and taking Marye's Heights, back of the city. On May 3d, 1863, while making that desperate charge, Capt. LODGE was struck on the sword belt plate and knocked down; but soon recovering his breath, he went up to his command, and continued charging up the hill, in face of a terrible hail of bullets from the enemy. His regiment had the right of the line, and his company (A) the right of the regiment. Quoting from a letter sent to his father after this fight, "now commenced an exciting race between the gallant Sixth Maine, Fifth Wisconsin, and our (Forty-third) regiment, to see which could get their colors in first. The brave Sixth Maine succeeded

in planting their colors in the fort on the left of us. Scarcely had their standard touched the ground, ere Capt. LODGE sprang upon the ramparts on our right, and planted our colors on the redoubt which we had stormed and carried. Then cheer after cheer was echoed and re-echoed from our regiment on the rebel fort, to the batteries on the hill in front of them."

Again the regiment rested until the next morning, when they were ordered to skirmish beyond these heights. Capt. LODGE deployed his company, and moved through a deserted rebel camp, when the rebels, in ambush, opened a heavy fire upon his men. He gave his orders calmly, as a soldier should, until he was seen to throw up his arms and fall with a faint moan; a ball from the enemy struck him on the left temple. It was more than a man's life was worth just then, to go and recover him. His men waited until there was a lull in the firing, and then crept in on their hands and knees, to where their Captain lay, and brought him out to the rear. He was sensible at times for twenty-four hours, when death put an end to his pain.

Thus ended the earthly career of the boy soldier. Though but twenty years old, he had all the experience of a veteran of several years, having passed through the several grades, from a private to senior Captain of his company.

Just before the regiment was ordered to that desperate yet successful charge on Marye's Heights, he called his First Lieutenant to him and said: "Lieut. DAVIDSON, I feel that this may be my last fight. I have been thinking so much of home and my sick mother; I wish I was with her. If I should fall, promise me that you will see that my body is sent home to my father; and if you should be taken, I will do the same for you." He called his company together before receiving orders to move, and told them what they were expected to do. "Boys," said he, "I want you to follow me in the fight; if I fall, then obey the next in command." And nobly they did follow their young Captain, for when the regiment came out of the conflict, it had lost two hundred and four enlisted men, and eleven officers in killed, wounded and missing.

In the concluding part of the letter previously quoted, the

writer says: "The lamented Capt. LODGE now rests in peace; his soul has gone to Heaven to form one of the Christian band who have died for their country. May their blood cement the Union stronger in the bonds of love. He died beloved by all his men. There was not a dry eye in the company when they heard their Captain was no more."

His body was brought home, and now rests with that of his sainted mother (who soon followed him) in our cemetery. The mother and the soldier boy she loved so much, though parted on earth for a time, are at last united in Heaven, where there is an eternal peace.

XXXV.

CAPTAIN JOHN ARTHUR MORRIS.

THE subject of this sketch was born in the city of Albany, Aug. 31, 1835. The names of his parents are SAMUEL MORRIS and ELIZABETH MASON. He was baptized in St. Paul's Episcopal Church, by Bishop KIPP, then of Albany, now of California. An affectionate son and brother, intelligent and generous, he grew into manhood with the affection of all around him. His social virtues and manly character, with his fine musical abilities, drew many a friend to him. He was a bookbinder by trade, and excelled in that department. Being an active member of the Washington Continentals, Co. B, at the commencement of the war, he took an active part in endeavoring to organize the Tenth Regiment National Guards, and urging the Government to accept their services. But finding this a hopeless case, he took the first opportunity presented of entering the service.

On the issuing of General Order No. 52, dated Head-quarters State of New York, A. G. O., Albany, July 7th, 1862, he commenced recruiting for the Tenth Ward company, of the "Albany County Regiment," and was mustered in First Lieutenant, Company C, August 7th, 1862. Upon a vacancy occurring in the regiment, he was made Captain, August 19th, 1862, the day the regiment left Albany.

The regiment, originally an infantry, was changed to Seventh Heavy Artillery (One Hundred and Thirteenth), and was engaged in garrison duty, in several of the fortifications in the vicinity of Washington, and finally ordered to the front. They were assigned to Gen. TYLER's Division, and on Thursday, May 19th, 1864, the rebels attempted to reach the rear of the right flank of Gen. GRANT's army, when they were met by Gen. TYLER's

forces. After a severe battle, in which the Seventh and Second bore the most conspicuous part, the rebels were repulsed and forced to abandon their bold attempt. The Second and Seventh, it is said, fought with the utmost fearlessness and courage.

Capt. MORRIS was faithful as a commander, and served constantly in the regiment until May 19th, 1864, the day upon which he met his death. The regiment was sent into battle, and after charging through a wood and across an open field, the command was halted on the top a ridge, back of the line of fire, and then ordered to lie down. The men had dropped down, and Capt. MORRIS, while exposed to the enemy's fire, was shot by a bullet from the rifle of a rebel sharpshooter, which pierced his heart. He died without a struggle, on the field of Spottsylvania, Va. He was buried the next morning, at or near the division hospital, by Chaplain CALDER. His remains were brought to Albany, by his brother, in the fall of 1865, and buried in the Rural Cemetery, with military honors. Company B, Tenth N. G., and returned members of Seventh Artillery New York Volunteers formed the escort.

Capt. MORRIS was a man of strict integrity and high moral character. His comrades in arms, among whom is Capt. GEORGE H. TREADWELL, of the same regiment, unite in pronouncing him a devoted patriot, a brave and faithful soldier; while friends in civil life bear with them the consoling thought that he acted a noble part in life, and leaves a fragrant memory behind him.

At a meeting of Protection Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, of which he was a member, among the resolutions adopted were the following:

Whereas, We have received the sad intelligence of the death of our esteemed fellow member, Capt. JOHN A. MORRIS, of the Seventh New York Artillery, while bravely leading his command into action in the engagement near Spottsylvania Court House, on Thursday, May 19, 1864; therefore,

Resolved, That though we feel assured that he willingly offered up his life on the altar of his country, and died where his gallant nature prompted—at the post of duty, facing the enemies of his country, and in the hour of victory—yet the pride

we feel in his devoted patriotism is mingled with sadness for the loss of a comrade, whose generous nature, social virtues and manly character endeared him to all.

Resolved, That in the death of Captain JOHN A. MORRIS, the country loses a devoted patriot and a brave soldier, and this company one of its most active and useful members, who, since its organization, had been foremost in everything that contributed to advance its interests; and that while we view with admiration the noble example he has left us, we deeply deplore his early death.

M. HIGGINS, *President*.

R. T. BRIGHTMAN, *Secretary*.

ALBANY, N. Y., *May* 23, 1864.

XXXVI.

CAPTAIN JOHN MCGUIRE.

On the 15th of April, 1865, just as the great southern rebellion was breathing its last breath, Captain JOHN MCGUIRE, of the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth New York Regiment, after having escaped the perils of many battles during three years' service, was killed by guerrillas, about twenty-five miles from Goldsborough, N. C., while in the performance of his duty.

Captain MCGUIRE was born in the town of Belturbet, county Cavan, Ireland, in the year 1829, of poor but pious parents. His father died while JOHN was a child, and, in 1845, his widowed mother and JOHN with his sister, now dead, came to Albany.

Soon after their arrival in Albany, in 1846, JOHN procured employment in the store of Mr. KERR, who formerly kept at the corner of Pearl and Howard street. There he remained, helping to support his mother, till April, 1861, when the summons came for the militia to hasten to the Capital to defend it against the rebels. JOHN was a Sergeant of the Albany Worth Guards, a company of the Twenty-fifth Regiment New York Militia, commanded by Colonel BRYAN. On the 22d of April, 1861, he left his employment and served with that regiment during its first three months campaign in Virginia. During his absence in Virginia, his poor mother died, and he procured a furlough to come to Albany to bury her.

He left his situation at Mr. KERR'S, at a great sacrifice, to obey the call of his country.

Upon the return of this regiment to Albany, he procured employment in a clothing house in New York, at a good salary, where he remained till June, 1862, when the Twenty-fifth Regiment New York Militia was, a second time, ordered to Virginia

by Gov. MORGAN. He joined them, and was at once appointed, by Colonel BRYAN, Sergeant Major of the regiment, which position he filled with credit. Upon the return of the regiment to Albany, in September, 1862, he at once joined the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Regiment New York Volunteers, which Colonel BRYAN was then raising at Albany, and was appointed First Lieutenant, and afterwards promoted to Captain, in the same organization. He served with Colonel BRYAN till the Colonel's fall, at the attack on Port Hudson.

After the capture of Port Hudson, his regiment was ordered to the Shenandoah valley, where he served under General SHERIDAN. He remained with the army of the Potomac till LEE's surrender, when he was sent to North Carolina, where he fell, pierced with three balls, two through the breast and one through the head.

He leaves no father or mother, brother or sister, wife or child to mourn his untimely end. But he leaves in Albany, and wherever he was known, those whose eyes will fill with tears as the tidings of his death reaches them.

Captain MCGUIRE was a model young man. Surrounded by temptation, he was never known to take a glass of strong drink, or utter a profane word. In his manners and in his intercourse with all, he was a gentleman and had a kind word for every one. He lived a devoted and humble Christian, an honor to the religion of his fathers. He was an intelligent, accomplished and brave soldier, and died, a warm patriot, in the service of his adopted country. Though he loved with enthusiasm the scenes of his native land, and hoped that he might one day aid in erecting the flag of freedom and independence over the graves of his fathers and kindred, still he proved by his acts that he was ready at all times with his life, to maintain the honor of his adopted country.

XXXVII.

CAPTAIN NATHANIEL WRIGHT.

CAPTAIN WRIGHT was born in the State of Ohio, in Kirtland, Lake County. In 1853, when about seventeen years of age, he came to Albany, to act as clerk in the store of his uncle, the late NATHANIEL WRIGHT: in whose employ he continued until the death of his uncle. Afterwards he was in the employ of his successors, Messrs. WOODWARD & HILL, until he offered his services in the cause of his country.

Although not a professor of religion, he was a young man of good moral character, strict integrity, generous impulses, and was beloved in an unusual degree by those who enjoyed his acquaintance. In fact, there was something peculiar in his frank and yet reserved and quiet manner, that inspired a very warm friendship, so that "NATTY," as he was familiarly called, could always count upon the aid of his friends.

His peculiar personal popularity was evinced by his success in recruiting his company at perhaps the most difficult time during the war; and it was evidently appreciated by his superior officers, as he was sent back to Albany to recruit the regiment, when the Government decided to make of it a heavy artillery regiment.

As to his motives in volunteering, I feel confident they were those of the purest patriotism; and this is confirmed by the fact that his services were so highly valued and so promptly rewarded by his advancement, both in position and salary.

He was mustered in the service of the United States, August 11th, 1862, as First Lieutenant, Battery F, Seventh Regiment, N. Y. V. Artillery, Col. LEWIS O. MORRIS. He was first stationed at Fort Pennsylvania, and afterwards at Fort Reno, where he

remained until May 15th, 1864, when he was ordered with the regiment to report to Gen. MEADE in the Army of the Potomac. Arriving at Spottsylvania about midnight, May 17th, they were assigned to the Second Army Corps, Gen. HANCOCK. After participating in the following desperate engagements: Fredericksburg Road, May 19; North Anna River, May 23d and 24th; Tolopotomy Creek, May 31st and June 1st; Coal Harbor, June 3d to 10th; Petersburg, June 16th; Petersburg affair, June 22d; Deep Bottom, July 26th and 27th; Deep Bottom, August 12th to 18th; he was killed at Ream's Station, August 25th, 1864, and as our forces were driven back, his body fell into the hands of the enemy. He was shot through the body, and as Major MURPHY raised him up, he stretched out his hand, and grasping the hand of the Major held it until he expired. He died like a hero, without a murmur, and deserves a far more extended sketch than this brief tribute.

XXXVIII.

CAPTAIN JOHN SULLIVAN.

THIS brave young man was born in the town of Belturbet, county Cavan, Ireland, in the year 1837, and was the son of ANN and FRANCIS SULLIVAN, who are still living in Ireland. The father of JOHN was a small farmer, and possessed of too limited means to be able to do more for his children than give them a good common education, and then leave them to seek their fortunes as best they could.

At the age of nineteen, JOHN emigrated to America, and came at once to Albany, N. Y., and entered the employ of Mr. MICHAEL CRUMMEY, his brother-in-law, as a baker.

Soon after he came to Albany he joined the Albany Montgomery Guards. He took great interest in the improvement of the company in discipline and efficiency, and became an excellent soldier himself. On the breaking out of the rebellion, this company being attached to the Twenty-fifth Regiment New York Militia, he was ordered with that regiment to the defence of the National Capital, and on the 22d of April, 1861, he left Albany with his company, as Orderly Sergeant, and served three months, when he was mustered out, the term of service of the regiment having expired.

In September, 1861, he joined the Sixty-third Regiment New York Volunteers, and was, upon the organization of that regiment, appointed First Lieutenant of Company K. He was at once ordered to Virginia, where his command was assigned to Gen. MEAGHER's Irish Brigade. He passed through the campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, in 1862, in Virginia, being engaged in most of the battles fought under Gen. McCLELLAN, from Yorktown to Richmond.

At the battle of Antietam he was in command of his company, and fought with great gallantry, losing more than half of his men, killed and wounded, and all the officers of his company.

He was soon after promoted to the position of Captain, and next fought at the battle of Fredericksburg, where, on the 19th of December, 1862, he fell mortally wounded, just as the fight was closing. He died on the 21st of December. His remains were brought to Albany, where he was buried with military honors.

In his native land, and during his residence in Albany, Capt. SULLIVAN bore an irreproachable character, and was greatly esteemed by his associates, and respected by all who knew him. He was a sincere and devoted Christian, and received, at his death, the consolations of the faith of his fathers.

His love and affection for his parents were conspicuous even in his last moments, when he remembered them with words of tenderness in his dying prayer.

Such is the brief history of one of our adopted citizens, who laid down his life to preserve and perpetuate the American Republic. All honor to his memory!

The following account of this gallant officer appeared at the time in one of our papers:

“The circumstances attending the death of this gallant and much regretted officer are peculiarly afflicting. He had escaped without a scratch the bloody field of Antietam, and in the terrible slaughter before the enemy’s works back of Fredericksburg, he also escaped uninjured; but while marching at the head of the remnant of his regiment, in the afternoon of this fatal day, it was ordained that he should fall. He was struck on the upper part of the right thigh, by a round shot (twelve-pounder), shockingly fracturing the bone, rendering amputation impossible. He was told by the attending surgeon that he must die; that if the limb was disjoined at the hip, he could not survive the operation. He received the solemn announcement with the courage and firmness for which he was distinguished in the fearful ordeals he had passed through, and declared he would not consent to lose the limb, but “would prefer to die with both legs on.” He lived

about fifty hours after receiving his wound, when his gallant spirit forsook its frail tenement, and sped its way to brighter realms. No officer in the Irish Brigade was more sincerely loved or respected than Capt. JOHN SULLIVAN. By his cheerful and unassuming manners he endeared himself to all, and in the Sixty-third Regiment his loss is deeply and sincerely deplored. His body was embalmed, and his friends telegraphed to of the melancholy event. His relative, Mr. MICHAEL CRUMMEY, immediately proceeded to the camp, near Falmouth, to perform the melancholy duty of taking it home. The respect he was held in by the brigade was evinced by their spontaneous turn out at his funeral. The remnant of the officers and men of the Sixty-ninth, Eighty-eighth, Twenty-eighth Massachusetts, One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania and Sixty-third, formed the escort from the camp to the cars. The following officers acted as pall-bearers: Capt. SAUNDERS, commanding Sixty-ninth, and Quartermaster SULLIVAN, same regiment; Capt. McNAMARA, commanding One Hundred and Sixteenth; Capt. SMITH, commanding Eighty-eighth, and Capts. CARTWRIGHT and GLEESON, of the Sixty-third. Lieut. Col. CARTWRIGHT, and officers of the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts, were among the others of the brigade who followed in the sad cortege, testifying by their presence their admiration of the gallant dead, and sympathy with their brothers of the Sixty-third, in the loss of a true and brave soldier."

XXXIX.

CAPTAIN ROBERT BARTLETT EVERETT.

CAPTAIN ROBERT BARTLETT EVERETT was born on the 17th of May, 1824, at New London, N. H. At an early age he removed with his parents to this State, and up to the date of his enlistment resided in Watervliet engaged in agricultural pursuits.

On the 8th of October, 1862, he was mustered into the United States service as Captain of Company F, Thirtieth Regiment New York State Volunteers. The regiment was then in the field, having served out about one year and a half of its three-year term. He joined the regiment early in the fall of 1862, and was present at the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and several minor engagements. At the time the Thirtieth Regiment was mustered out, Captain Everett, with his company was transferred to the Seventy-sixth Regiment New York State Volunteers, in which organization he remained until the time of his death.

Captain EVERETT was killed on the 1st of July, 1863, at the battle of Gettysburg, while leading his command into action. He was struck in the head by a Minnie ball and killed instantly. His body was never recovered, as our troops were obliged to fall back from the spot, and there was no mark to distinguish the grave.

XL.

CAPTAIN ROBERT H. BELL.

ROBERT H. BELL was born in England, Lancashire, of English descent. He came to this country when about nineteen years old, and was a resident of Philadelphia for a number of years. He then married and came to this city. He was a wood-carver by profession, and was connected with the Fire Department. For some time previous to the breaking out of the rebellion, he was Foreman of Company No. 8. At the commencement of the rebellion, when the Twenty-fifth Regiment responded to the call for troops, he left his home and friends to join in defending his adopted country. He served at first as a private in the ranks of Company K, of Twenty-fifth Regiment. At the end of three months he returned to his home and friends, and resumed his occupation.

As the war progressed, a call was made for more men, and Albany again nobly responded. Men were commissioned to recruit companies for the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment, and among the first to enroll his name and fill his company was Captain R. H. BELL, of Company F. He again went forth to fight for his country. He was a kind and courteous officer, and beloved and respected by his men. He made every effort to sustain the responsible position he held, and was ever at his post when duty called.

The regiment left this city August 19, 1862. Arrived at Fort Reno, and there remained on garrison duty until May 15, 1864. They then received marching orders, and left the fort on Sunday morning, and arrived at Belle Plain. They were engaged in the battle of the Wilderness, and on the afternoon of the 19th Capt. BELL received a very severe wound in the left leg, and was taken from the field.

His leg was amputated, and the same day he was brought to Washington to the Army Square hospital. He lingered until the 20th of June, when his spirit took its flight to the other world. His body was embalmed and brought home, and was received by his former friends and associates. His brother firemen conveyed his remains to the Bleecker street Engine house, where it lay until the 27th of June, when the funeral services took place at two o'clock. His remains were then taken to the Cemetery for interment, followed by a large concourse of friends and citizens, who came to pay their last tribute of friendship and respect to the gallant dead. He left a wife and two children to mourn his loss.

XII.

CAPTAIN DAVID BURHANS.

CAPT. DAVID BURHANS, of Company H, Forty-third Regiment N. Y. Volunteers, was born in the town of Bethlehem, Albany county, N. Y., June 24, 1840.

After the death of his father, which occurred on the 28th day of February, 1854, when DAVID was but thirteen years of age, the maintenance of the family devolved upon him and his elder brother, then sixteen years of age; and most faithfully did the noble boy perform his share of this duty.

His honesty and integrity soon secured to him a situation, as a messenger to carry the reports of the proceedings of the Legislature to the New York papers. Next, he obtained the appointment of mail agent from New York to Troy. He continued in this service until the autumn of 1862, at which time he left this position for the tented field, at the head of a company, which he had raised almost entirely by his own perseverance.

On taking leave of his townsmen, they presented him, as a token of their regard, with a sword, which he carried with honor through every engagement of the gallant Forty-third. His command also presented him with a valuable gold watch.

He served with his company and regiment, in the Army of the Potomac, in succession under Generals McCLELLAN, BURNSIDE, HOOKER and MEADE, and participated in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and other engagements previous to the battle of Po River, where he fell, in the front of that conflict, on the 10th of May, 1864.

He was a young man of unblemished reputation, and highly respected by all who knew him, for his many virtues.

XLII.

LIEUT. CHARLES WESLEY HEALD.

LIEUT. CHARLES W. HEALD was born September 28, 1818, in Granville, Washington county, N. Y. His parents, JOHN E. and OLIVE A. HEALD, were both descendants of Revolutionary heroes.

His early life was a continued struggle with poverty, and often in childhood he was but scantily supplied with the necessities of life.

His father died when he was but a lad, yet young HEALD nobly struggled with adversity, and aided in the support of his widowed mother and the younger children.

His thirst for knowledge was very early developed. After exhausting the meagre facilities afforded by the common school, he, with a scanty wardrobe, went to Poultney, Vt., to secure an academic education.

After leaving Poultney, he commenced the study of medicine, but owing to interruptions to which he was subjected, by the necessity of working with his hands and teaching, to procure the means of sustenance, he did not finish the required course until he was about thirty years of age.

In 1848, he graduated at the Medical College, Castleton, Vt., and immediately commenced the practice of medicine at West Haven, Vt.

He had a trying field of labor, but was very successful, and obtained a high professional reputation. He had a robust frame, firm health, and was untiring in his duties, responding cheerfully to calls by night or day.

After a few years' residence in West Haven, he removed to Albany, in hopes of bettering his fortune. Here he found the profession full, and he had not patience to await the gradual

appreciation of his skill. He manifested also an instability of purpose, that in fact was his greatest enemy to success in life.

Changing his profession, he applied for and received a license as a local preacher from the Washington Avenue M. E. Church; but he soon saw, that the ministerial office was not his calling. Subsequently his attention was turned to the legal profession, and he graduated at the Law University of this city in 1857.

Mr. HEALD was a great reader, and his reading was so varied, and his memory so retentive, as to secure for him a familiarity with a most extended range of subjects. Few persons, with the limited advantages that he had enjoyed, were so familiar as he was with general literature. His library was well selected, and contained many rare books.

On the breaking out of the rebellion, Mr. HEALD, true to his patriotic instincts and antecedents, was among the first to offer his services in the cause of the Union.

He entered the army in May, 1861, as Second Lieutenant in the Eighteenth Regiment N. Y. V., and served with the regiment in the famous battle of Bull Run. He was the first man who was heard to call in question the patriotism and military ability of Gen. McCLELLAN. He believed that rebels should be treated with severity, and when Virginia slaveholders came into our camps hunting their run-away negroes, and were aided in their pursuit, Lieut. HEALD was most eloquent in his denunciation of such a course. He did not approve of that mode of suppressing the rebellion.

He was remarkably frank and outspoken, and often declared that the war would never be a success, on our part, until a different system was adopted by those having control of our armies. His controversies were frequent and very spirited; and finding himself uncomfortable, he resigned late in the autumn of 1861, and returned to his home in Albany.

He soon, however, again entered the service, this time as a private in Eleventh Battery. His knowledge of medicine soon brought him to the notice of his surgeon, and he was made Hospital Steward. His health failing, he was honorably discharged. After remaining at home for a time, he enlisted again as a private

in the Second Artillery, Capt. DAWSON. Here, on account of his medical skill, he was much of the time detailed on service with the sick and wounded.

While in this company, he saved the lamented Capt. DAWSON from capture, if not from death. Overtaking the Captain on foot, disabled by the kick of a horse, the Doctor dismounted and gave his horse to the wounded officer, just at the approach of the enemy. The Captain escaped, while Dr. HEALD took to the woods, and after three days wandering, avoiding pickets, he reached the camp, having been several times fired on by rebel guerrillas. This most benevolent and heroic act, we have already referred to in the sketch of Capt. DAWSON.

He served in this company until the autumn of 1864, when, worn out and reduced almost to a skeleton by the chronic diarrhœa (that scourge that during the war made more sad hearts than any other disease), he came home to die. He lingered, surrounded by his family and friends in Valatie, until the 14th of January, 1865, when death released him from his pains. He died a beloved and consistent member of the Fourth Presbyterian Church of Albany, and in the full hope of a blessed immortality.

Generous in spirit, faithful in the performance of every duty, cool and brave upon the battle field, he won the affection and esteem of all who knew him. Such, too, were his intellectual gifts, that he would have risen to eminence in any department of literature or science, had he devoted his life to a single pursuit; but so versatile was his genius, that before he could attain an exalted position in one calling, he would enter upon another.

His passion for books amounted almost to a mania. He hungered and thirsted for knowledge, and in its attainment every desire of his nature seemed to be satisfied.

He has left in manuscript many lectures on a great variety of subjects, exhibiting much research and scholastic learning; but he has fallen. When the cause of human liberty demanded his services, his prospects for life, his passion for books, his family, were all laid on the altar of patriotism, and the name of CHARLES WESLEY HEALD adds another to the list of martyrs for freedom.

XLIII.

LIEUT. JAMES WILLIAMSON.

LIEUTENANT JAMES WILLIAMSON was born in the town of Kilmarnock, in Ayrshire, Scotland, N. B., on the 2d of October, 1829. His parents were ANDREW and MARGARET WILLIAMSON. He was a very affectionate son and brother. At the age of twelve years, he was religiously impressed, and he always said that it was then that he received "the truth as it is in Jesus," although he did not make a public profession until he was in his nineteenth year. Then he united with the State Street Baptist Church, but afterwards associated himself with the State Street Presbyterian Church, when it was first organized. He was elected as one of the first trustees of the church, and was intimately identified with all its interests. He was ready to do anything for its welfare, and for the cause of Christ, that he ever ardently loved. When upon the battle field his thoughts ever reverted to the spot he so dearly loved.

His integrity and truthfulness, his open and manly adherence to principles, the large and generous sympathies of his heart for the suffering and the oppressed, won for him a large circle of friends. Although a native of a foreign land, which he always cherished with a loving heart, yet he was ever true to the government and institutions of the land of his adoption. These he ever upheld when assailed, and he threw himself at last, with enthusiasm, into the contest when they were in danger. It was this devotion to his country that induced him to sacrifice all the pleasures and comforts of his loved home and the gains of a lucrative profession, in the hour of its peril.

He was chosen First Lieutenant in the Tenth Regiment of the New York State Militia, in the city of Albany, on the 8th day

of July, 1861. Preparatory to the leaving of the regiment for the seat of war, it was changed to the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment New York State Volunteers. He then enlisted as First Lieutenant of company D, on the 14th of October, 1862. The regiment left Albany on the 16th of December, and arrived at their headquarters, at Bonnet Carré, on or about the 21st of January, 1863.

The first battle in which he was engaged was at Ponchatoula, on the 24th of March, 1863. The second and last battle in which he was engaged, was that at Port Hudson, on the 27th of May, 1863. Company D went in with fifty privates, one Corporal, two Sergeants and Lieutenant WILLIAMSON. There he was shot through the brain, while gallantly leading his men to the charge, and he died instantly. He was buried under the shade of an old tree. Two weeks afterwards his remains were taken up and conveyed to New Orleans. There they remained until the autumn of the same year, when they were brought home to the city of Albany, and arrived on the 15th of December. The funeral ceremonies were observed on the 16th of December, at the Albany Rural Cemetery, where his remains now rest.

Besides a numerous circle of warm friends, Lieutenant WILLIAMSON leaves an afflicted widow, who mourns the loss of a most devoted husband; but, as she trusts in the same Saviour who sustained him in the last hour, we believe they will yet meet to part no more.

To this brief record we gladly add the tributes to the departed from the State Street Presbyterian Church and the St. Andrew's Society of Albany, and an interesting letter from Colonel AINSWORTH.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the State Street Presbyterian Church, held June 11th, 1863, the following memorial was ordered entered upon the minutes:

“ Killed in battle before Port Hudson, May 27th, 1863, Lieut. JAMES WILLIAMSON, Co. D, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New York State Volunteers (formerly Tenth Regiment, National Guards.)

1. The associates of Lieut. WILLIAMSON, of the Board of Trus-

tees, of the State Street Presbyterian Church, have met this day to give expression to their sense of sorrow at the death of another of their number. Within two weeks of the time that Adjutant STRONG died in camp, Lieut. WILLIAMSON, his friend and companion in arms, has perished on the field of battle; and although we would bow in humble submission to these successive bereavements, yet we are filled with the deepest grief and solicitude.

2. JAMES WILLIAMSON was elected a trustee of this church at its organization—he was intimately identified with all its interests, and deeply concerned in its prosperity—with a clear head and a ready hand he thought and labored for its welfare. He loved it with a strong and pervading love; and he looked back towards it from his distant field of labors with longing and regret. Knowing all this, and knowing that no church ever had a more faithful and vigilant trustee, we are deeply sensible of the loss we have sustained in his death.

3. Because he had become endeared to us all by personal friendship; because we appreciated his kind and hearty and unselfish nature; because we knew his uprightness in business, his benevolent disposition, and his pure and faithful Christian character; we loved him while living, and we mourn for him now that he is dead.

4. We rejoice that Lieut. WILLIAMSON possessed that patriotism which led him to volunteer for the defence of his country; that he was willing to devote a life so precious to a cause so holy, and that in the performance of his duties as an officer, he was enabled to render such noble service; and although the performance of these duties cost him his life, yet we cannot regret, as he did not withhold the sacrifice.

“To the wife, who has been left a stricken widow, by this bereavement; to all the relatives and friends of our deceased associate, and to the soldiers whom he led in battle, and who are now deprived of his faithful and capable oversight, we extend our heartfelt sympathies; and we pray God to give them that consolation which they need, but which the ministry of man is powerless to bestow.

6. We direct that a copy of these minutes be transmitted to the family of the deceased and published in the papers."

R. L. JOHNSON, *President*.

JOHN C. McCLURE, *Secretary*.

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE LIEUT. JAMES WILLIAMSON.

At a special meeting of the members of the St. Andrew's Society of the city of Albany, held on the evening of June 15, 1863, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz :

Whereas, We have learned with sincere regret that Lieut. JAMES WILLIAMSON, one of our members, fell in battle before Port Hudson on the 27th of May, 1863, and being desirous that some memorial, expressive of our deep and lasting regard for him be entered on our minutes, therefore

Resolved, That we bear our cordial testimony to the numerous excellencies of our deceased brother in public and private life; his integrity; his truthfulness; his open and manly adherence to principle; the large and generous sympathies of his heart for the wants of the suffering and the wrongs of the oppressed; the purity of his character; the suavity of his manners and that fine combination of moral and Christian qualities which endeared him to those by whom he was intimately known.

Resolved, That we desire to express with feelings of admiration his ardent devotion to his country, which induced him, in the hour of its peril, to renounce the gains of a lucrative profession, and the comforts of a loved home, at the call of patriotism; and feel that in the death of this gallant officer, whose career has been thus briefly, though honorably closed, the nation has lost an ardent and devoted friend.

Resolved, That we record it with satisfaction that, though of foreign extraction, and always cherishing with a loving heart the land of his birth, he was, in the truest sense of the word, "an American;" affiliating himself in heart and soul with the Government and institutions of the land of his adoption, upholding them in the exercise of their functions, vindicating them when

assailed, and throwing himself at last with his characteristic enthusiasm into the contest when these were imperiled; and we hallow his memory, and will resolutely defend that paternal government under which it is our privilege to live, and to which we owe the enjoyment of all our social and civil immunities.

Resolved, That we tender our affectionate sympathy to the bereaved wife, and supplicate in her behalf the support of religious consolation; to the numerous relatives and friends of the deceased; and desire also that his early and lamented death may be blessed to the members of our Society, in gathering up those solemn lessons of duty which it is designed and fitted to convey.

Resolved, That a copy of the resolutions be transmitted to the widow of the deceased, and that they be inserted in the daily papers of the city.

JAMES DUNCAN, *President*.

PETER SMITH, *Secretary*.

Letter from Col. AINSWORTH:

Mrs. WILLIAMSON:

Respected Madam—I beg you will pardon me for addressing you at this late hour a few lines respecting my friend and companion in arms, your dear lost husband. I feel it is due to community to perpetuate the memory of those who well perform their part in life, as an example to others that may come after them.

It was not my good fortune long to enjoy an intimate acquaintance with Lieut. WILLIAMSON. It commenced with his military life, a life brief and simple, not marked by uncommon incidents which attract the attention of the great world. He did not live long enough to achieve the high honors of rank to which his soldierly bearing, his talents, his industry, his manly and modest deportment, his spotless character, his love of truth and justice entitled him.

It seems as but yesterday I beheld him in the morning of life, surrounded by every comfort which means and affection can give; stimulated by every motive of honorable ambition, as he

saw the future bright before him, and, with a just reliance upon himself, looked forward to a useful and honorable career. But an imperiled country called him to other duties. He was among the first, when the sound of conflict reached us, to assume the profession of arms in defence of the Nation's flag; and with the brave men who went forth to the field of strife, he sought danger as a duty, and proved himself brave in battle as he was patient and submissive.

He was a Christian gentleman, a Christian soldier. He followed, with unfaltering trust, the path of duty to his God, and to his country, and leaves no enemy behind him. All who knew him, loved him, for his nature was gentle and genial. He was firm in honest purpose, quick to discover and defend the right, and incapable of wrong; and while it was no part of his ambition to win applause, he was entitled to and received the universal respect of his brethren in arms. When such men die, there is a melancholy pleasure in bearing testimony to what they were, and to do so is a sacred duty to the living and the dead.

His Captain being one of those who were left in New York on our sailing with the BANKS' expedition for New Orleans, and subsequently wounded in battle, when he was sent to the hospital in New Orleans, gave Lieut. WILLIAMSON command of the company, most of the time, up to his death. On our arriving at New Orleans, we were ordered to march up the coast to Bonnet Carré, La., an important post on the Mississippi river, being one of the main defences of New Orleans. Large numbers of our men were soon prostrated with disease peculiar to that country and to camp life, and Lieut. WILLIAMSON, besides being the acknowledged friend of the individual members of the regiment, became an unwearied attendant upon the wants of the sick. His assistance was freely bestowed on all sides, regardless of danger from infection. With a rare skill, and a joyous and genial manner, peculiar to himself, he watched with and assisted in the care of the sick, and administered to the dying the consolation of that religion he had himself experienced.

The circumstances under which Lieut. WILLIAMSON closed his brief but honorable military career, were peculiarly painful and

impressive to me, and his loss to the regiment deeply felt by all. He fell on that fearful day, the 27th of May, 1863, while leading his company amid a shower of iron hail, as the regiment charged upon the works of Port Hudson, being struck in the temple by a grape shot. He died as a soldier would prefer to die, on the field of battle, amid the smoke and flashes of artillery, the shouts of contending armies, and the roar of musketry, listening, as death steals over him, for the glorious shouts of victory. I doubt whether a braver or more heroic spirit has perished in our country's conflict. "Peace to his ashes." Albany may well feel proud of such a patriotic hero, yielding up his life for their country. May He, who has promised to be the widow's God, be your consolation and abiding reward.

I have the honor to be,

Yours, very respectfully,

IRA W. AINSWORTH,

Late Colonel 177th Regiment, N. Y. S. V.

ALBANY, *July* 4, 1866.

XLIV.

LIEUT. WILLIAM H. POHLMAN.

WILLIAM H. POHLMAN was born in the island of Borneo, January 10th, 1842. He was the only surviving son of the late Rev. WM. J. POHLMAN and THEODOSIA R., missionaries of the American Board of Foreign Missions to China. His parents were devoted to the sacred cause of extending Christianity among the heathen.

He was also a nephew of the late Rev. JOHN SCUDDER, who went to India as a missionary in 1819, whose memory is warmly cherished in that country, as well as in the churches of America. Indeed, WILLIAM's ancestors, for several generations back, were distinguished for their piety, usefulness and high social position. Dr. NATHANIEL SCUDDER and Col. PHILIP JOHNSON were the grandfathers of his mother. The former, an eminent and beloved physician, was unintentionally shot in the Revolutionary war, and was, it is believed, instantly killed. He died universally lamented, and his funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. JOHN WOODHULL, D. D., who succeeded the Rev. WILLIAM TENNANT as pastor of the Freehold church, situated near the Monmouth battle ground. Dr. SCUDDER was an intimate friend of Mr. PRIME, the grandfather of the Messrs. PRIME, the distinguished editors of the New York "Observer." As a token of affection for his friend, Mr. PRIME named one of his sons NATHANIEL SCUDDER.

Col. PHILIP JOHNSON fell a victim to his country's cause, in the fatal conflict on the 27th of August, 1776. Like his descendant, he was a zealous and courageous patriot.

The father of WILLIAM, the Rev. WILLIAM J. POHLMAN, the devoted missionary, when he offered himself to the American

Board, said to them: "Appeals press home upon me from all quarters. Three worlds unite in urging me on. Heaven, earth and hell beseech me to go forth to the help of the Lord against the mighty. The heavenly host are looking with intense interest, to see whether the command of Christ is obeyed by me. Multitudes, ready to perish, call me to make known to them the gospel of Jesus. Oh, then, send me, send me, send me. For *necessity* is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel to the perishing heathen."

WILLIE'S mother, THEODOSIA R. SCUDDER, was the youngest sister of the Rev. J. SCUDDER. She devoted herself, in her youthful days, to God's service. Her paternal grandfather was a man of fervent piety, remarkably gifted in prayer, and rich in good words and work.

While the Rev. Mr. POHLMAN was in India, he lost his beloved wife by death, and found it necessary to send his children, WILLIAM and MARY, to this country, to the care of a favorite aunt, Mrs. McCCLURE. Perhaps there is no trial so severe to a missionary as to part with his children. WILLIE was then three and a half years old. The ship being detained at Java Head two weeks, the father desired once more to look upon his loved ones, but the second parting was more trying than the first. WILLIE hung around his father's neck, weeping and wanting to go back to his Amoy home, and the dear father had to untwine those gentle hands, and go back to his desolate home to see the empty crib and the vacant chair belonging to the little ones. His only source of comfort was the mercy seat. He writes at this time: "I can add my testimony to the tens of thousands of God's people as to the all sufficiency of the grace of God, and the comforting influence of the holy spirit, under the most trying circumstances, and in times of the most bitter grief and anxiety of soul."

The children arrived safely, and were tenderly cared for by their father's favorite sister. Under the religious influences of Mrs. McCCLURE, WILLIAM was hopefully converted to Christ, and devoted himself to the foreign missionary work. He united with the North Dutch Church of Albany, at present under my pas-

toral care, and he continued his membership with this church up to the time of his death.

Having completed his preparatory studies, he entered Rutger's College, New Brunswick, N. J., in the fall of 1859. He very soon became a great favorite with the students, and was beloved and esteemed by all who knew him.

WILLIAM was quietly and successfully pursuing his studies, preparatory to the ministry, when the first gun from Sumter aroused the people to arms. He felt that his country needed him, and for a time there was a struggle as to whether he had best go on in his course of preparation, or enlist in defence of his country. He presented his case in fervent prayer to Almighty God, and after a certain period thus spent, he saw *clearly* that his duty was to fight for his adopted country. Had anything been wanting at that time to fan into a flame the fires of patriotism in the breasts of any of the sons of Rutger's, it was when the venerable and noble President FRELINGHUYSEN, with his own right hand, which has since forgot its cunning in the grave, raised the banner of freedom on the college green, and under its waving folds, his voice rang out in clarion tones for freedom, and law and right. Said he, "we must fight; there is no alternative. The rebellion must be crushed; and then we shall once more become a happy and united people."

Among the first to respond to the call of his country, was the much loved WILLIAM POHLMAN. He enlisted as a private in the First New Jersey Regiment, Co. G, May 28th, 1861, to serve three years. He served with his regiment until January 1st, 1862, when his peculiar qualifications pointed him out as fitted for something better, than the mere ordinary duties of the camp. Upon the formation of the Signal Corps, he was therefore transferred to that efficient arm of the service.

He performed with great ability the duties incumbent upon him, in all the campaigns that followed until January 17th, 1863, when he was promoted to a Lieutenancy in the Fifty-ninth Regiment New York State Volunteers, and shortly after was appointed Acting Adjutant. Though a stranger to the regiment, his goodness of heart and firmness of spirit soon made him friends and

admirers, and it was not long before they learned to love him, and to anticipate great things from the brave and noble boy. Not one of the thousands who have laid their lives upon the altar of their country—now alas drenched with so much precious blood—was ever actuated by purer motives or more lofty patriotism.

Having joined the Army of the Potomac, Mr. POHLMAN participated in its campaigns and battles, from the time of the disastrous battle of Bull Run to the fearful engagement at Gettysburg. Just after the battle of Bull Run, he wrote to a favorite cousin the following letter :

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, *July 29th*, 1861.

Dearest Cousin—You need not have made so many excuses for not answering my letter before, for I always know that there must be some good reason when my friends do not immediately reply to my missives.

I meant to have written to you when I last wrote to THEODORE, but we received such sudden orders to march, that it was impossible.

May be that I shall yet be spared to see you, but the chances are rather the other way. There is going to be a terrible war, ROSEY, dear, and thousands of souls will be sent to their last account before its close. If you could hear the women of the South talk; if you knew that kind and affectionate wives sent their sick and feeble husbands to the war; if you knew that sisters put the musket into their brothers' hands, and bid them God speed; if you could see the dark eyes of striplings gleam at you; you would wonder where and when would be the end. God alone can foresee the sequel. We have already had a sample of what kind of fighting will be required in this conflict, and although our men fought like *brave and noble* men, they had to give up. Every inch of ground from here to Florida will have to be overcome with force of arms. Our First Regiment was the reserve heretofore, and consequently it is not improbable to suppose that we will be the advance now; if *this* should be the case, it will be a miracle of grace if many of us return to our

friends. I am not now writing, cousin dear, either to frighten you or to make you feel bad, but simply to show you how the case stands, so that you may be prepared for the request I am going to make. I doubt not that you, as well as many others of my friends have been surprised at the step I have taken in coming to this war; that I should have left such a *good, dear* sister as Mary, to take up arms in defence of my country. Although many of my friends blame me for doing it, I can truly say that I did it from a sense of duty, and was perfectly conscientious in all I did. God knows that I love Mary, although it may seem otherwise, and I would give all I am worth for her good. I know that her whole life is wrapped up in me, and if I *should* fall it might be the means of killing her. May God forgive me if I should be the means of breaking not only her heart, but also the heart of mother. Now, ROSEY, dear, I have always felt as if you were my sister and it seemed so natural to think and speak of you as one of our family. Shall I ask too much of you, when I ask you to be a sister to Mary; to comfort and cheer her if I should fall, and if it should break her heart, will you, if possible, be with her at the last? You may think it very strange that I should write you such a letter and make such a request; but I can't help it. I have been thinking of this matter a great deal lately, and I wanted to share my burden with some dear one whom I could trust. You have been the first one and only one to whom I have imparted my feelings, but who could so sympathize with a sister placed in such circumstances, as one who also has a brother in the army. I have been trying to find the Twenty-seventh New York, but as yet have not succeeded. When I do find it, I shall make the acquaintance of your brother and give him your message.

Now I must stop, so give a kiss to the baby and ever remember me as one who loves you.

WILL H. P.

July 30th.—Please give lots of love to ED. Thank him for his kind letter to me. I meant to write him a good long letter to-day; but I feel very unwell, and I can hardly keep in any position.

Lieut. POHLMAN wrote frequently to his beloved sister, and his letters are so graphic and full that they furnish the best account that we can give of his military life. The following are extracts from them:

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, *July 31, 1861.*

Our regiment was too late for the Bull Run fight; but we had plenty to do in guarding the retreat of our flying army. If we had been two hours earlier, we might have turned the tide of battle; for it was only the reinforcements of the enemy which gained them the victory. It was such a defeat as I hope will never again happen to our army.

We have on these heights a most splendid view of the city and river, with the surrounding country, and it looks so peaceful and quiet that one would hardly imagine it was the seat of war, if it were not for seeing so many uniforms. This war is a dreadful thing, sister, dear! So many orphans left; so many turned out of peaceful and happy homes, to seek shelter wherever they can find it. Then, of all wars, civil and intestine war is the most to be dreaded; where those who were once brothers are now arrayed against each other, seeking to take lives which they were bound to protect and cherish. But then our country and her laws *must be sustained at any and every cost, and it will be*, as long as there are two millions of men to suffer and die for her. God has never yet let the unjust cause triumph for a long time, and we will eventually come out conquerors.

FAIRFAX SEMINARY, *August 22, 1861.*

Three hundred of our regiment are here sick in the hospital, none of them dangerously ill, however, the prevailing complaint being chills and fever. I have not been affected in the least, and have been perfectly well ever since I enlisted. We have some splendid rooms for a hospital, being those which were used for the purposes of the students. This cluster of buildings, consisting of about twelve separate houses, was called the Fairfax County Episcopal Theological Seminary. Not only did southerners patronize it, but also northerners, for many of the stu-

dents were from the north. At the approach of the troops, the buildings were deserted; most of the students, I suppose, taking up arms in defence of secession. The buildings are well furnished and well adapted for the purposes of a seminary. There is a nice little chapel, containing a fine organ. We used the place and instrument last Sunday, and I tell you it seemed so natural to hear the strains of an organ again. There is a large library of religious books in one room. In the same room there is a clothes press full of women's clothing, and on a bed, neatly made up, there lies a black cloak, with a white collar pinned fast, and a breast pin to hold it together whilst the owner was wearing it. It looks just as if the lady had come in, in great haste, and having thrown it off, had fled. This is the way with almost all the deserted houses we find. The occupants seem to have left in great haste and terror. We are about two and a half miles from the enemy's pickets. Every once in a while our pickets meet the rebel pickets, and they exchange the courtesies of peace times, that is, they smoke and talk together just as if they were friends.

FAIRFAX SEMINARY, *September 5, 1861.*

At present we are kept very busy in building forts and breast-works. About three and a half o'clock every morning we have to get up and get our breakfast; then off we march to the trenches and dig from six till nine A. M. At twelve we go in again and work till three. By that time we are pretty well tired out. Our forts begin to present a very formidable appearance, as you may imagine, when I tell you that twelve hundred men work (per day) on Fort Taylor, which is being built by our New Jersey Brigade. The other fort, which the New York, Michigan and Maine boys are building, has three thousand two hundred men working a day on it. We are going to mount some very heavy guns on these forts, when they are finished, with which we expect to give the secessionists a good dose, for they are only two or three miles away from us. They are building a fort just opposite to ours, and with a glass we can see distinctly what the rebels are doing. We scare them often, by making

them believe we are going to fire on them. The other day some of our boys got four wheels, and mounting a stove pipe on it, placed it in the middle of the road, about half a mile from the nearest enemy's battery, and then they went through the motions of loading and firing. The rebels were watching us, and it would have made you laugh to see the renowned "Southern Chivalry" take to their heels and run. Very soon they blazed away at us with seven rifled cannons. Then you would have laughed harder than ever to see our boys scatter. But we found out all we wanted to, viz: if they had cannon there or not. Why, for a week we expected an attack at any moment, and our company were kept under arms for seventy-two hours, twenty-four of which were very rainy; but they never came very near us. But the Third Regiment had a skirmish with them, in which they lost three men killed and nine wounded.

FAIRFAX SEMINARY, *October 8, 1861.*

You ask if I am not tired of a soldier's life, and if I am not anxious to return home again. I would like very much to be able to see you all whenever I wanted to, but would never consent to giving up now. I am not sick and tired of a soldier's life, and the charm has not worn off. There are hardships and toils without number; there are weary marches and sleepless nights; there are dangerous watches and midnight alarms; there are times when both food and water are scarce; there are wanting all the refinements of home life; death itself must be looked for at any moment; but, in spite of all these disadvantages, my courage has not failed me, and I am this minute as confident that our cause will eventually succeed, as I was when I first started. Very many rushed into the army without considering what they would have to endure, and, consequently, would give all they possess if they could get free. Thus far I have found nothing different from what I expected.

The work of missions to which WM. POHLMAN had hoped to devote his life was dear to him even while in the army, as the following extract will show:

FAIRFAX SEMINARY, *November 1, 1861.*

This morning I was detached for extra duty, which consisted in packing up the library and curiosities belonging to the Seminary. There are about ten thousand volumes, some of them very old. One book was almost seven hundred years old, having been printed in the year 1200. I worked all the morning, and got the missionary relics and pictures all ready to send off. There were curiosities from China, Africa, Asia, and every other portion of the globe where the missionaries of the Episcopal Church have established stations. Then there were the pictures of all the missionaries who had gone forth from the Seminary. No work which I have had to do has so suited me as that in which I was engaged to-day. Many an old memory came up to my mind, as I looked upon the faces of those who had taken up their cross and labored and died, in their Master's cause, on heathen ground, and I could not but exclaim: "O, what a glorious cause to engage in!"

FAIRFAX SEMINARY, *November 29, 1861.*

Thanksgiving day passed in quietness, and, by some wonderful chance, I did not happen to be on guard duty, so I had the day to myself. Our bill of fare was not so very extensive, but then we imagined that we were in some vast eating saloon, and so we kept calling for "bean soup, bread and strong butter," and that best of brewed liquors "water." Then, as no darkies came forth at our summons, we would, forsooth, be our own waiters and help ourselves to the above mentioned dainties. Well, it is a good thing to have a fertile imagination and a good appetite, but every once in a while I got thinking of my last Thanksgiving dinner, and then I had to gulp the food down the best I could. That Thanksgiving day, you remember, I spent so pleasantly at Aunt H.'s house. What changes have transpired since then! Then we were in the midst of peace, and our flag was honored throughout the whole world. Now there are wars and rumors of war. Our national emblem has been disgraced, not by a foreign foe, but by those who ought to cherish and defend it. Many a life and many a river of blood will be required before

that stain shall be washed out; and there are many thousand brave hearts willing to cease to beat, if, by this means, our original honor and glory shall be restored. Many may talk about this war soon ending, but, in my opinion, there will have to be more than one hard fought battle before the end comes. Thank God, we are now gaining many victories and are striking the secessionists some pretty hard knocks.

You have, doubtless, heard of our last grand review at Munson's Hill. It was a splendid affair. The President and General McCLELLAN were present and reviewed us. There were between seventy-five and eighty thousand troops. Our, First New Jersey, regiment has received the name of doing the best marching and presenting the finest appearance of any regiment in both reviews. While we were passing the point where General McCLELLAN, the President and staff were standing, our line was perfect. General McCLELLAN turned to the President and made the remark, "That is it, that is first rate." I tell you we do look finely when we get all our accoutrements on.

FAIRFAX SEMINARY, *December 11, 1861.*

Yesterday the Inspector General gave us a visit. Everything we possessed underwent a strict examination, but no fault could be found with us. I only wish that you could see our regiment and camp grounds. Strangers who have visited almost all the camps around, say that *ours* is the cleanest they have seen, and that our men look the neatest. The Inspector and Colonel were so pleased with us that they gave us to-day as a holiday.

Things in this neighborhood remain quiet. There is not much excitement, except when we go out on picket duty. Our company just came in on Saturday. We were outside, and only about one mile from the rebels, who have lately made some daring and successful attacks on our pickets. Our pickets were doubled, and the utmost watchfulness and caution enjoined. We wanted to have a little brush with them, but were disappointed. When we returned, it was only to prepare for a review by Gov. MORGAN. He looked natural, and as noble as ever. What a good thing that New York has such a man at the head of affairs

during this time of discord and rebellion. The old Empire State has done nobly in the cause of freedom and constitutional rights; and if there should be need of more aid, I am sure New York would be equal for the emergency.

Last Friday afternoon our whole division was drawn up to witness a military execution. This is the first time I ever saw anything of the kind, and it was a very impressive scene. The prisoner was a cavalryman, who had attempted to desert to the rebels with very correct and valuable information concerning our pickets. He fortunately did not succeed in his designs, but was arrested by our troops. After a fair trial, he was condemned to a speedy and terrible death, at the hands of his own comrades. The procession passed along the lines in the following order: 1st, Provost Marshal; 2d, music of the cavalry; 3d, the firing party (consisting of twelve men and a Sergeant); 4th, coffin in a wagon; 5th, prisoner and Chaplain; 6th, escort of cavalry. As the solemn train moved slowly, each regimental band played, in succession, the dead march. The prisoner was deathly pale, and I think he fully felt his situation. At last, the spot was reached, the coffin was placed upon the ground, the prisoner, blindfolded, sat upon his own coffin. The executioners stood twelve paces from him. The silence of death reigned amongst the thousands drawn up to see the scene. A volley of carbines broke the stillness, and all was over. Thus die all traitors.

CAMP OF THE U. S. SIGNAL CORPS, }
January 1, 1862. }

You have, very likely, heard before this, that I have been detached from my regiment and company and am now a member of the United States Signal Corps. We came into camp on Monday afternoon, and have been very busy ever since getting our camp fixed up in style. Soon everything will be settled, and I think I shall like my new business very much indeed. We have a beautiful situation for a camp on the summit of Georgetown Heights. A splendid view is stretched out on every hand.

Our duty consists in warning friends of the approach of friends in the time of an advance movement or in time of battle. Then

we hold conversations with each other, at the distance of miles, by means of flags during the day, and torches at night. On every expedition, both by land and sea, a number of our signal boys go.

CAMP OF THE U. S. SIGNAL CORPS, }
January 21, 1862. }

The winter campaign has commenced—"merrily goes the ball." The secession forces in Kentucky have been defeated, and we rejoice in a splendid victory. Uncertainty and anxiety pervade our whole camp. Here we are away from our regiments and companies. The army is under marching orders, and we know not when or where our respective regiments will move, and if a fight comes off, we cannot be with our comrades in the deadly strife of arms. We have no chance of striking a blow at a rebel for our cause. We are, of course, doing a very great service to the United States, but then one does so hate to be away from comrades in the hour of danger.

CAMP OF THE U. S. SIGNAL CORPS, }
February 2, 1862. }

We get along finely in our new camp. The signals are being learned rapidly, and soon we expect to be of some service in the war. Every day parties of us are sent into Virginia to practice with flags, by means of which a conversation can be kept up at the distance of miles. We are beginning to learn how to take care of horses, which is a good thing at least. How I wish that you could look in upon me some day just about dinner time. You would, no doubt, laugh heartily. Sleeves rolled up, face flushed, a large knife in one hand and a frying pan in the other, from which the odors ascending inform the spectator that a beef-steak is going through the culinary process. You can't imagine what a nice cook I am. I can give steaks the most finished touches, potatoes and onions a fine brown turn; fishes, omelets, &c., &c., undergo scientific processes. In every thing that I turn my hand to, I always think of my dear sister, far away. Yes, in times of danger and in times of rest and quiet, during the long and tiresome march, during the death-like silence of my lonely

picket tour, amid the roar of cannon, amid the scenes of distress and anguish, amid the dead, dying and wounded, my thoughts have ever turned to you, my dearest earthly friend. Though far away from you, enduring hardships and privations for my country's honor, surrounded by rough and rude men, yet, still, I have my thinking moments, and many a kind thought for home and home scenes. Ah! how can one forget the kind, good wishes, the heartfelt and sincere prayers of an only sister? Though years intervene, separated by oceans, yet thought knows no hindrance but death. It traverses distance, is undimmed by age.

CAMP OF THE U. S. SIGNAL CORPS, }
February 8, 1862. }

Glorious good news has just arrived; another important Union victory in the south. Fort Henry taken. This will lead to important results. The roads are yet impassable in this direction, consequently artillery is at a stand still. When the roads are better an advance is expected.

CAMP OF THE U. S. SIGNAL CORPS, }
February 25, 1862. }

Nine of our Lieutenants and twenty-two privates left early this morning. They took their baggage with them, and are going to join HOOKER's Division on the upper Potomac, near the rebel batteries. When any of the corps leave camp in that kind of style, you may soon expect a fight. It is a common report that the batteries, extending for a distance of five miles, are to be attacked. Another large detachment is to leave in the course of a week, as I think something is going to happen.

How did Washington's birth day pass off in Albany? I spent mine by standing guard, in all the rain, for it was a very unpleasant day. You know we are situated on the very summit of Georgetown Heights, and thus occupy a position which can be seen for miles from both sides of the river. Well, Major MEYER thought we ought to have some kind of display; so, as soon as it became dark, the hill was illuminated with scores of lights, sky-rockets, &c., &c. The night was very misty, and, con-

sequently, I fear the big show could not be seen a great distance. There were, besides the fire works, the usual attendants of singing, speechifying and eating.

CAMP OF THE U. S. SIGNAL CORPS, }
March 6, 1862. }

We are constantly employed now, having one hundred and thirty horses to take care of every day. Then there are camp and guard duties to perform, and we have to drill both in the saddle and out of it. How you would have laughed at my maiden efforts at horsemanship; but I am getting bravely over my timidity, and can manage a horse finely. This is quite a feat when you understand the properties and virtues of a Government horse. You have to watch every motion, or you may get a sly kick or a tremendous bite, and when in the saddle, look out for breakers ahead, or you may find yourself on the ground rather sooner than you expected.

Yesterday our whole corps was turned out to attend the funeral of one of our poor fellows, who was killed by one of the horses. Poor boy; he was a German, and had not a friend in this country. He was killed in the performance of his duty, and had a soldier's funeral. The excitement in our camp is, and has been, great; great is not strong enough, it is intense. We have every thing packed and ready to start, at half an hour's notice. Some great move is to be made on the Potomac, and the services of the Signal Corps will be required. Some of our boys went off about a week ago, and many more leave to-morrow. McCLELLAN gives the orders and we obey. I wish you could see our outfit. First and foremost, each Lieutenant has two men to accompany him, one of whom carries a copper canteen, which holds one gallon of turpentine. He also carries a canvass haversack, which contains the necessary trimming instruments. The other one carries a long sort of bag, in which are the flags, pole, torch and lance. We are armed with COLT'S best navy revolvers, and have a large Bowie knife, which is so made that we can slip it on the end of our pole, and thus use it as a lance. The Lieutenants carry the best kind of marine

glasses. Imagine us rushing through the country thus accoutred. We seem to attract universal attention wherever we go.

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, VA., *March 16th*, 1862.

After an eventful week, I find time to send you a few lines, so as to let you know that I am in perfect health, and never felt better before in my life. It is now about three o'clock in the morning, and I take the chance of sending you this, as I don't know when I can write again. We leave at six o'clock to go we know not where. Without bloodshed we have the rebel stronghold, and "Manassas is ours." Our signal boys have been busy night and day, and I am very tired and sleepy. Been up almost all night. I have a splendid little horse, which I call Charlie. He has already done much in the way of traveling, and can begin to count our journey by hundreds of miles. If Charlie feels as willing to do his duty to his country as I do, all will be well.

STEAMER "KNICKERBOCKER," CHESAPEAKE BAY, }
March 24, 1862. }

We are far out in the Sound, with vessels on every side of us. One looking upon the scene would think that these vessels were laden with happy pleasure seekers. But appearances are oft-times deceitful. Instead of being crowded with a happy, thoughtless throng, there are stern and stout men, loyal hearts, anxious to offer their all a sacrifice upon their country's altar. We see determination written on every face. We hear sentiments drop from their lips, rather detrimental to the interests of rebeldom. I am connected with Gen. PORTER's Division; so whenever you hear of him, and the troops under him, you may know that I am somewhere around. Our present destination is Fortress Monroe; I know not where we go from there.

Afternoon.—Land, ho! The renowned Fortress is in sight, and active preparations are going on previous to disembarkation. We are busily engaged in signaling, so I must stop now.

Fortress Monroe.—Here I am at last. I have always had high expectations concerning this stronghold, and they have all

been realized fully. It is a beautiful place. I have been not only all through the fort, but also through the town of Old Point. We are truly getting South, for the trees are budding, and many are in blossom. There are lots of flowers, and I have heard more than one feathered songster singing beautifully. I have had a good look at the Monitor (termed by the rebels "the cheese box"). A queer looking craft she is. I have also seen the top works of the "Cumberland" and "Congress," and the rebels and their fortifications on Sewell's Point. We are ordered to saddle up and go, so farewell for the present.

Hampton, Va.—Seated in the midst of the ruins of this once beautiful little town, I am going to inscribe a few lines to you, my darling sister. Every moment we expect to go. Our horses are all saddled, and everything is in readiness. Report says that our destination is Great Bethel, which the rebels are evacuating as speedily as possible. My little horse is as lively as ever, notwithstanding rough knocks. He and I took a stroll through the village this morning, and he took it into his head to run away with me. Well, I gave him the rein, and away we tore along at a mad pace through the fields. Fences don't trouble him much; over he goes. Field after field was passed, where remains of rebel camps were to be seen, but just like themselves, among the things that were. Charlie, my horse, got tired after a while, and we took a slower pace back to the village.

LITTLE BETHEL, VA., *April 3, 1862.*

Our present camp, or rather bivouack, is in the midst of a thrifty peach orchard, many of whose trees are in full blow. The ruins of burnt houses still surround us, and I suppose will continue to be with us as we go further into the secesh territory. What an enemy we contend against—an enemy who will fire his own homestead, kill his own cattle and destroy his crops, so that the contending faction may derive no benefit from them. Almost the whole Army of the Potomac has been transported hither, and we expect to advance soon. Gen. McCLELLAN arrived at Fortress Monroe to-day, and we expect some excitement soon. We had a grand reconnoissance the other day, in which we advanced some

four miles beyond Big Bethel. The rebels absquatulated rather suddenly when they saw our boys coming along at a charge. They did not make a stand once, but scouted away before our skirmishers at a tremendous pace. We always travel with the staff of some General or other, thus we have a first rate chance to see all that's worth seeing.

NEAR YORKTOWN, *April 11, 1862.*

I am now sitting in a field in front of Yorktown, and as my sister is doubtless feeling somewhat anxious about me, I will improve the present time in writing her. This has been a day of rest for us and for our horses, and I am sure we need it badly enough. Day after day, and night after night, we have been busy, signaling orders and news. I have pretty thoroughly traversed this neighborhood. Our stations are continually changed about, so that we are one day here, another, there. For three or four days we were on the beach, signaling with the fleet of gunboats, and I tell you we had a fine opportunity for seeing the strength of the rebel works. They are tremendous, and every day thousands of their men are at work upon them. Troops are constantly coming in from Richmond and Gordonsville, so that by this time they must have one hundred thousand men within their fortifications. Why, during one morning, by the aid of a good glass, we saw sixteen of their transports come into Yorktown loaded down with troops. Then, again, they have an enormous quantity of guns of heavy calibre. Considering all things, this place is their Sebastopol. I think they have placed their last hopes on this stronghold. If we conquer, secesh is at a discount. You must not think that we are lying idle all this time while the rebels are strengthening their position. Not so. Our boys are working like bees on our entrenchments—forty-two thousand men are digging to-day. Our heavy artillery is constantly coming up from Fortress Monroe, and our balloon is making daily reconnoissances of the opposite positions. By the way, you ought to see the rebel balloon. It is worth a quarter to see it. Such a queer shape—looks exactly like two Sibley tents with their bottoms sewed together. Well, one of the

secesh gentlemen undertook to ascend in this nondescript; but as fate would have it, a few of our sharpshooters happened to be on picket, very close to the aspirer, and he had only arisen a few rods, when such a volley of bullets whistled around him that he was glad enough to cry to be let down. I don't think he saw much.

Tidings of glorious good news have reached us, and it makes us feel anxious to do something, not only for our country, but so as to avenge the deaths of the brave and valiant western men, who fell at Island No. 10 and in Tennessee.

NEAR YORKTOWN, *May 2, 1862.*

I am now very near the enemy. Three of the rebel batteries are within eleven hundred yards of us, and they are very careless as to how they sling their shells around us. Continually are the shells and shots flying around us. I have become quite used to the explosions, and can always manage to get down flat before they reach the vicinity, though I must say that it was rather difficult at first to get down in time. Our station is just under cover of a piece of woods, which alone conceals us from the view of the rebels. Redoubt A is on our right, and Battery Sixth on our left. Our line of fortifications is as powerful as extensive, and I think will soon be ready for operation.

May 4th.—Yorktown evacuated; rebels in full retreat; our boys close on their heels; skirmishing between our advance and their rear guard. All is excitement among the troops; thousands upon thousands pressing on to Richmond. We, as well as others, have our duties to perform, so farewell for the present.

May 5th.—We are ordered off to Gloucester Point, which is opposite Yorktown, in order that we may open communication with the gunboats.

NEW KENT COURT HOUSE, VA., *May 15, 1862.*

Within one week the rebels have evacuated Yorktown, Gloucester, Norfolk, Williamsburg, West Point and New Kent Court House. Such reverses can do nothing less than demoralize the secesh army. When last I wrote you, I was on my way to Wil-

liamsburg, where we gained a glorious victory. The dead rebels covered the ground like dead leaves. The battle field was an awful sight; but the least said of this will be the better for the sensitive heart of my sister. I cannot write more, as I am very sleepy and tired, having been up all last night.

EIGHT MILES FROM RICHMOND, *May 30, 1862.*

On this beautiful Sabbath morning (so different from the quiet Sabbaths of by-gone days, when we used to proceed through the streets of Albany to the music of the tolling bells), I take up my pen to answer your last dear, good, long letter, which arrived last night. You can't imagine how much joy your epistle gave me. All day long we had been riding through drenching rain, with the further inconvenience of wading through mud, which possessed the virtue of having a very solid consistency. Wet through to the skin, tired and muddy, I had just kindled a roaring fire in the midst of a Virginia wood, and was trying to dry on one side as fast as the other side got wet. Just at this moment two letters were handed me, one from your own dear self. I forgot all my trouble, and commenced reading immediately. My little horse (who was enjoying the fire equally with myself,) seemed to share my pleasure, for he would occasionally look over my shoulder and rub his nose against my cheek. This morning, which I suppose is so quiet in the northern homes, is full of life and motion. Contrary to the customary rule of observing the Sabbath as much as possible, a military necessity has compelled the troops in this vicinity to move forward three miles, so as to hold the position which our boys fought for yesterday. The roads are lined for miles with troops, artillery, baggage wagons, ambulances and dead carts.

We expect the order to move every moment. We hope soon to be in Richmond, but at what a cost, we know not. The latest reports state that the citizens are leaving Richmond; this looks as if they meant to make a stand of it. Hope so, at any rate. We had quite a brisk skirmish two miles from here, yesterday, in which we scattered the rebels, killing and wounding about one hundred and fifty. Our side lost only about ten killed and

wounded. This morning the rear guard of the enemy were busily employed in tearing up the railroad track. They have also placed obstructions in the James River, so as to hinder the passage of our gunboats. Notwithstanding all their reverses, the few remaining inhabitants are thoroughly impregnated with the cursed Southern sentiment. Few, very few remain behind to run the risk of exposing their opinions. Rich and poor, equal in this time of their adversity, alike tramp off towards Richmond (a rather critical refuge.) Almost everything is left behind. Rich furniture, splendid crockery and cut glass ware, most beautiful silk dresses and velvet traps. Well, we formed our station on top of the house, and were working away finely, when all of a sudden, whiz, whiz, whiz came a volley of rifle bullets from the woods. Fortunately none of us were touched, though the bullets came uncomfortably close. Ten of us resolved to drive the enemy from the woods; so we mounted, and making a good wide flank movement, we came upon their backs. The rebels skedaddled without firing a shot, leaving us sole possessors of the bloodless field. We were unmolested afterwards.

SAVAGE STATION, *June 5, 1862.*

Oh, if I could but forget the dreadful scenes of the past few days. Another awful battle has taken place and we are again victorious; but oh, what a sacrifice! The people at home read of the fight and our success, and they all rejoice. Processions, parades, fireworks and thanksgiving, are the order of the day; then those who have lost no dear ones, forget everything except the victory. It is not so here. True, we rejoice at our success; but the groans of the wounded, the last words and looks of the dying, the awful scenes of the field of carnage can never be obliterated. Poor fellows! even in their dying moments, they are faithful to their country. I have seen the eyes of more than one dying boy brighten, as I recounted to him the brave deeds of his regiment. The troops are full of fire and eagerly await the next great fight, which I only wish would end the war in Virginia. I can't see why the rebels hold out so long. They must see their cause is lost, yet many of the prisoners we have

taken are actuated by the keenest hatred. The women are ten times worse than the men. I have argued with many a pretty Southern girl, and then on parting have had the exquisite pleasure of hearing her say, that she hoped the confederates would kill me and the rest of the cowardly Yankees.

U. S. STEAM GUN BOAT MAHASKA, *July 5, 1862.*

What exciting times we have had since last I wrote you, you can hardly imagine. Truly it has been one continual struggle for the dear old flag and the preservation of our Union. Did you receive my last few lines telling you that a fight was going on? One week ago yesterday our army commenced its memorable retreat from in front of Richmond. We have whipped the rebels seven or eight times since we began to retreat. This shows of what material our army is composed. How I wished that you could have seen with what gusto our boys sailed into the rebel vanguard. We scattered them time and again with immense loss. But, although, we have gained so many cheering victories, yet it has been at a sacrifice on our side. Regiments, brigades and divisions are badly cut up.

U. S. STEAM GUN BOAT MAHASKA, *July 10, 1862.*

Our northern boys have now immortal names and imperishable glory. All praise to the now silenced noble hearts. Grief and sorrow for those poor maimed fellows, who once wounded in their country's cause, were fated to fall into the hands of the ruthless southern soldiery. God ever keep me from again beholding the agonized features of our poor bleeding comrades, as we were compelled to leave them to their fate. One thing is certain, our troops will never forgive the southerners for firing into our sick, whilst they were hobbling and crawling away.

IN CAMP, NEAR ALEXANDRIA, *September 4, 1862.*

I have nothing to tell you about except defeat, scenes of blood and almost miraculous preservation from death on my part. Three times have I witnessed our whole army overcome, viz: at Bull Run, on the Peninsula and in the valley of the Shen-

andoah. Many a time have I been in extreme danger, when it might almost be said that I fairly lived in an atmosphere of shot and shell, yet am I uninjured, and unto God would I give all the praise for His watchful care and protection over me. When last I wrote I had expected to go to Aquia Creek, but instead of doing so we were shipped to Alexandria and had no sooner set foot on shore, than we were immediately sent out to Manassas where the fight was raging. For over a week we have been where the booming of cannon and the whistling of shells have been our music, now we make our final stand for the defence of our Capital and the homes of the beloved north. Here on the verge of the loyal States, two hundred thousand lives stand ready to die for our Union. Three hundred thousand of the foe press onwards—God help the ship, the staunch old ship Union.

NEAR ANTIETAM CREEK, *September 18, 1862.*

I am going to tell you good exciting news. Yet, while we rejoice at an auspicious event, let us think of noble lives lost, of honorable wounds received for our country's sake. Twice have we whipped the foe within four days. Yesterday occurred one of the greatest battles fought during the war, and that is saying a great deal. At daylight the slaughter commenced, and continued with uninterrupted violence through the day, ending after the shades of night began to fall. Regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade, division after division, corps after corps went up the hill to the fight. Now advancing, now retreating, backwards and forwards all day long. But when the sun hid itself from view, we saw our worn out and powder blackened soldiers upon the crest of the eminence, which had been in possession of the rebel forces at the beginning of the conflict. We are all rejoiced at the success. The enemy's dead strewed the plain in vast numbers, far exceeding our loss. But we have suffered largely in valuable officers, both wounded and slain.

September 21st.—I have spent these three days on top of a high mountain, from which we can overlook the movements of both armies. It is a most beautiful and romantic position and one in which I have always loved to be placed. The pleasing silence is in

such great contrast to the noise and bustle of our army and army movements. You know, dear sister, how I used to love the country; well, I love it still, with all its quiet and beautiful scenery. How I wish that you were by my side on this glorious Sabbath morning, so that we could together look down on the hostile armies. Many a poor fellow is lying in the village below, this day, thinking of the loved ones at home; and 'tis pitiful to see the shadows of death slowly stealing over so many youthful faces, when we consider that there may be wives, mothers and sisters, far away in the loyal North, who on this holy day are praying for the welfare of the absent soldier. It has been said that the heart grows hard and becomes steeled to the continued sight of bloodshed. However true this may be in some cases, it fails in mine, for I cannot get accustomed to such scenes as I have so frequently witnessed.

HOOKER'S HEAD QUARTERS, *January 10, 1863.*

This is the 10th of January, 1863, and I am just twenty-one years old. Strange how time creeps on. Although so many years have elapsed, yet does my whole life appear as a dream which can easily be recalled. Events of my earliest childhood seem as though they had happened but yesterday. However hard it may be to credit, yet it is the truth that scenes and actions of days spent in the far off regions of Heathendom are still fresh in my memory. I can almost imagine that I am again with father and yourself in the little boat, which propelled by the strong arms of a Chinese boatman, slowly used to transport us across the harbor to the Island of Ko-long-zoo, where I collected shells and sea-weed to add to my stock of playthings. I believe that I owe all my military hankerings to those same shells, for you know how I used to spend hours upon hours in forming my line of battle with buttons and shells. I little thought then that a practical demonstration awaited me. Then again I remember how I, in company with mother and our little brother, used to promenade backwards and forwards on the piazza, which overlooked the water. How that brother and I quarreled over our childish games! Then that sad event flashes up distinctly, when

that brother died, and was laid out in his coffin awaiting burial. My last distinct recollection of the land of Cathay is the saddest, viz: my last look into mother's coffin. Ah, what a loss that was. Many a tear have I shed in secret for the loss of that dear, sainted mother. Ever since I have arrived at man's estate, I cherish these memories of by-gone days, and I think they soften the hardness of a soldier's nature.

NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., *May 5, 1863.*

Some very queer and strange scenes have we passed through within the past seventy-two hours. For three nights I have slept only about two hours, and during the day time we have been under constant fire and excitement. Our brigade is completely worn out. Thus far I have been miraculously preserved. On all sides of me have our brave boys fallen; but not a shot has been designed for me. We charged the enemy's works in rear at Fredericksburg, at half-past seven A. M. on Sunday morning, but were repulsed. At twelve M. made another terrible charge on their right flank, and carried all the lines of their works. Such a glorious old charge you could scarcely imagine. To be sure many a poor fellow fell, but we gained the day. What success we have met with on the right, I cannot tell, but am quite confident that the fight is not finished. We expect to pitch over into Fredericksburg again in a day or two—may we be successful. We don't mind wounds or even death itself, if we can only conquer the enemy. They seem to be badly off for provisions. An old woman offered me a ten dollar U. S. note for a pound of coffee. I did not happen to have it for her.

I suppose you would like to know why we came back from Fredericksburg. I will tell you. After we had captured the fortifications, one single brigade was left to hold the city—the rest of the troops pushing on to form a junction with HOOKER on the extreme right. No troops were left in the rebel breastworks, and only our weak, decimated brigade, numbering about two thousand men, to hold the city. Well, everything passed off quietly during the night. Early in the morning, with the peep of day, a large force of the enemy came rushing into their own

works, drove our pickets in, and thought they were going to come right into the town, but not so. Our two thousand rifles were too many for them, and such a hot fire as we poured into them, would have made your eyes stand out. The approach to the town from their works is by a few narrow causeways over a canal, and placing our boys in advantageous positions, we kept them at bay for twenty-four hours, but it was of no use. During the night the enemy were reinforced, and we were forced to retreat across the Rappahannock. I was very sorry that it was so, but what could two thousand men do against eight or ten thousand. Our retreat was orderly, no haste. We did not lose a thing, or leave a wounded man behind.

May 6, 1863.—It storms terribly; a great fight is going on on our right; HOOKER is at LEE again; pray that we may be victorious; the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry drown the tumult of the storm. Don't feel anxious about me; I will write as soon after the battle as I can.

NEAR FALMOUTH, VA., *May 15, 1863.*

We are having terribly hot weather for marching, but this I do not mind, for I am so anxious to accomplish something before the rebels have entirely recovered from their *last great victory* over the Potomac army. Two or three more such victories will be apt to use Gen. LEE's army up. We did just mow the enemy down. We undoubtedly suffered severely, but they must have lost immensely. If HOOKER only keeps at work, and don't let the rebels rest, we may yet expect great things. We can die but once, and if we die in battle for the Union, why, we fall in a glorious cause. I don't think our boys are much demoralized, from what I can see. In ten days the army will be in as good condition to fight as ever, so far as number and feeling is concerned. This last fight makes the thirteenth battle I have been engaged in since the opening of the war. Quite a veteran, am I not?

FALMOUTH, VA., *May 24, 1863.*

Glorious good news has reached us within the past few days, in reference to GRANT's operations in the south and west. We

hope and pray that the news is true; but there are so many false reports afloat now-a-days, that we hardly know what to think. Here everything remains in *statu quo*—not a sign of a move. I wish that we could strike a decisive blow soon.

FALMOUTH, VA., *June 6, 1863.*

We expect to have another fight pretty soon. Our forces are again across the river. We are expecting to be in Fredericksburg before forty-eight hours more. Our orders were to start at two o'clock this morning, but the order was countermanded. Before I write again, I hope to be able to tell of more glorious deeds accomplished by Union arms and valor. You must not be alarmed if you do not hear from me very soon, for in the stir of battle it is difficult to collect one's ideas and time.

THOROUGHFARE GAP, VA., *June 21, 1863.*

Here we are, safe and sound, but that is all I am able to tell you; for to what place we are bound, or what we are to accomplish, is more than I can tell, but we hope for the best. I think we are here to cut off the retreat of the rebels when they come from Pennsylvania and Maryland. We have undergone some very severe marches and hard times for our country's cause.

UNION TOWN, *June 30, 1863.*

Almost worn out from our constant marching, we are at last in a friendly neighborhood, and breathe a good Union atmosphere. You cannot imagine how good we felt to see the people greet us kindly, and freely offer us almost everything they had. The rebels are at Westminster, only seven miles off, and only three miles from the Pennsylvania border. We hope to draw them out in a day or two. The country all through here is beautiful. It seems a pity that it should ever be traveled over by an invading army. I hope we will be able to bag the rebels. As I have said before, do not be alarmed about me. Remember that I am in God's hands, and that the same being who has brought me safely through thus far, can, if He so sees best, preserve me unto the end.

But the last closing tragedy draws near. Our hero, after passing through the toil, hardships and perils of thirteen hard fought battles, appears before us in the bloody field of Gettysburg. Our forces, weary, hungry and exhausted by their long marches under the burning sun, wheeled into ranks to receive the shocks of the rebel artillery. Those memorable three days of July, when heroism and brave endurance won such triumphs, will never be forgotten by a grateful people. On the 2d of July, the valiant Colonel of the regiment was severely wounded, and Lieut. POHLMAN was the only field officer left during the remainder of the battle. How keenly he felt his responsibility, and how well he discharged his duties, his men relate with passionate pride. How could they falter, when, wherever the peril was greatest,

"There was no braver sight
Than his young form, steadfast 'mid shot and shell."

But late in the afternoon of Friday, July 3d, a Minnie ball struck his arm, and frightfully shattered it. He was at once urged to withdraw from the front, but he answered, "No, never while I have a sound arm left to fight with." An hour later his sword arm failed him, and another ball, glancing from his swordhilt, which it shattered, pierced his right wrist, and severed an artery, thus disabling him from service. At this crisis his noble nature shone forth with new lustre. To the soldiers, who would have borne him from the field, now almost won, he said, "Boys, stay in your places. Your country needs every man of you." Thus he left them, but not until he had groped about in his blindness, to recover, if possible, the sword given to him by his adopted mother. Its empty scabbard, battered and blood-stained, with the glorious motto engraved upon it, unmarred: "For God and your country," is now the most cherished relic to her who filled a mother's place to the orphan boy. He reached the camp, having fainted on the way from loss of blood, and was laid by the side of his beloved Colonel. So careful was he of the feelings of his friends in this city, that he withheld his name from the newspaper reporters, lest the tidings of his wounds might shock those who were dear to his heart.

In a characteristic note dictated the following day, after first speaking of their glorious victory, he added, "The usual good fortune which has attended me in thirteen battles of the war, has forsaken me in the fourteenth engagement. I bear honorable wounds in my country's cause." Our hero was tenderly cared for, and under the influence of a home presence, and while hoping soon to welcome a beloved only sister, he seemed to rally; but on the night of the 20th he sank rapidly, and at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, July 21st, his noble spirit went to its reward. His nearest relative says of her patriotic and christian brother: "We could not wish him a prouder record, nor ask for him a worthier death."

'Great God of night!
Accept our sacrifice;
Bid thou our country rise,
The joy of longing eyes,
The home of Right.' "

The following is an extract of a letter written by a dear cousin of the deceased, and published in The Princetown Standard:

We found MARY (the sister) in the greatest distress. She felt her loss the more because she was not able to get to her dear brother. The news which first arrived was that WILLIE's wounds were slight, and that he wanted somebody to come on, so that he could be removed to his home, in Albany. His adopted brother went on immediately, and then he begged for his sister. Three telegraph messages in succession were sent to her, none of which she received. Letters were written on three successive days, each giving particular directions to his sister for her journey, urging her to come on, which all failed to reach her, until after the intelligence arrived that the dear boy's spirit had flown.

I hardly know where to begin to tell you about WILLIE, but will commence at the time of his first wound.

The Captain of his company (his intimate friend) being mortally wounded, the command devolved upon him. He bravely, at the head of his men, cheered them on, fighting with all his might. At length a shell hit him, shattering his left shoulder

and arm, which hung powerless by his side. His men urged him to leave the field, but he said, "Not while I have my sword arm left." For an hour, he bravely rushed on to victory, when a Minnie ball penetrated his right wrist, and passed up his arm, shattering his sword in pieces. One of his men wound his handkerchief round the arm, and pushed his ramrod in the wound, to keep it from bleeding. They now proceeded to carry him off the scene of action, but the brave, noble boy said "No, every man is wanted; go back to your post," and notwithstanding all their entreaties, he insisted upon walking. He walked three miles, fainting once by the way. He happily fell among very kind friends, who did everything in their power for his comfort. The reporters came repeatedly, and begged him to have his name put among the wounded. No, he would not, for his wounds were, he thought, slight, and it would needlessly alarm his friends at home, and he expected so soon to be taken to them.

When the Surgeon extracted the bones from his shoulder, not a groan or sigh escaped his lips. The Surgeon asked, "Doesn't that hurt you, Adjutant?" The reply was, "Of course, a little." I know he must have used all his fortitude so that his dear sister might not hear how he suffered. On Monday, the day before he died, he longed so for his sister. He did not expect to die, neither had those about him the least idea that he was so near his end. He had a long talk with his adopted brother, until the fever flushed his face, when he was requested to desist. He then dropped asleep, when his wound commenced *sloughing*, as it is termed. It means that a second bleeding takes place, an outward and inward hemorrhage, and the dear boy slept away his life. He was called by name several times, but he took no notice. The steward stooped down and shouted in his ear, "Adjutant." He opened his eyes for a moment and then closed them again. A short time before he died he raised his head, gave the order "Cease firing," dropped it again, and in few moments expired. He was not the only one who died on that day. There were over one hundred and fifty who were wounded in the same battle, and whose wounds were all, as they thought, getting along well, but just between two and three o'clock the barometer fell, and

immediately the wounds of the more than one hundred and fifty commenced *sloughing*, and every one died. It is said that such a thing has never been known before.

The body was embalmed and sent to Albany, and reached Mrs. McCCLURE's on Saturday evening. It was a comfort to have the precious remains at home, but oh, how unlike WILLIE! The funeral services were very interesting. Dr. SPRAGUE opened with a prayer. Mr. NEVIUS followed with a touching address, and Dr. CLARK, of whose church W. was a member, closed with prayer and the benediction.

Mr. NEVIUS referred to his deep attachment to the father (with whom he was formerly associated in the missionary work in China) and of that love having been transferred to the son. It was truly a comforting address. A flag was thrown over the foot of the coffin with a broken scabbard upon it. At the head, a beautiful wreath of flowers was placed.

His cousin, JOSEPH SCUDDER, did not receive the news in time to attend the funeral. He came in the evening. He said if he had known WILLIE was dangerously wounded, he would have gone on immediately. He referred to a satisfactory conversation he had with W. after his visit home, in February, on his way to join his regiment. He went from home to Governor's Island. Chaplain JOSEPH SCUDDER is now stationed at Governor's Island, and was formerly Chaplain of the Fifty-ninth New York State Militia, with which Lieutenant POHLMAN was connected at the time of his death. Mr. SCUDDER remarked that as they parted, he said, "WILLIE, live for Jesus." He answered, "Yes, I will." Mr. S. says that he has not the least doubt that the precious one is now happy, and he is as perfectly assured of this as if he had been with him at the last, and heard from his own mouth that he was going to Jesus.

The following tribute to our departed hero has been received from a college classmate:

My acquaintance with WILLIAM POHLMAN began September, 1859, at which time we entered the Freshmen's class of Rutgers' college at New Brunswick, N. J. We soon became well

acquainted, and our acquaintance rapidly grew into a strong friendship, which continued until he left the college in the spring of 1861.

He was, in many respects, a remarkable young man. The first prominent characteristic that one would notice in him was his sprightliness and vivacity. He was very quick in his movements, and all his actions showed that he possessed an energy that might be quite irresistible. His continual good nature made him a most pleasant companion, and this alone won for him many friends. He was always ready for fun; was notorious in his class for his perpetual good humor and pleasant wit; and in all college sports, none was more eagerly sought or better fitted to take the lead than POHLMAN.

Combined with this natural buoyancy of spirit and activity of body, was a natural quickness of mind, which made study no real task for him. His power of quickly grasping and thoroughly comprehending a subject, was indeed wonderful in one so young. For him a *few moments* would be sufficient in which to acquire a perfect knowledge of a lesson, which it would take most of his classmates an hour to learn, and his recitations were almost invariably *perfect*. This quickness of mind, combined with a most excellent memory, an ambitious zeal and an indomitable perseverance, soon ranked him among the best in his class, and we all looked upon WILLIAM H. POHLMAN as one who, if spared, would make his mark in the world.

But these are intellectual graces. There are also graces of the soul which as far outshine the intellectual, as the noonday sun excels in brightness and glory the midnight star. These spiritual graces POHLMAN possessed in an eminent degree. His whole walk and conversation evidenced true piety of heart. As he entered upon his college course with the design of preparing for the ministry, his whole energies while in college, were bent towards the attainment of that object. He was always in his place at the college prayer meeting on Friday afternoons, and his fervent prayers and earnest exhortations often warmed our hearts and encouraged us to renewed diligence in the Master's service. It may be proper also to state here, that as he con-

templated entering upon the foreign missionary work, he was one of a faithful few who sustained a missionary prayer meeting. This little band often met in his own room, and on those occasions fervent prayers were offered to God in behalf of the missionary cause.

A prominent and well known characteristic was his love of everything that was honorable and manly. He despised meanness, in any shape or form, and nothing would so rouse his indignation and scorn as the commission, by any one, of a cowardly and ungentlemanly act. He was generous to a fault, always ready to use any means in his power to accommodate a friend, or relieve any one in distress.

Such were some of the characteristics of WILLIAM H. POHLMAN. Every one who knew him could not but love him, and all saw before him a bright career of usefulness, when he should enter upon the labors of the minister of Christ. But God, in his providence, ordered otherwise. He had scarcely passed through two years of his collegiate course, when the trumpet of war sounded through the land. Traitors were aiming deadly blows at the life of the Nation. Men were needed to punish them, and save our Government from a horrible death, and POHLMAN was the *first*, among a number of others in Rutger's College, to shoulder his musket and rush to the field of battle. Friends and relatives expostulated, entreated him not to go, but in vain. He saw his *duty* before him, and that duty *must* be performed. He fought bravely. For two long years he patiently and patriotically endured all the toils and privations of a soldier's life, when, at the battle of Gettysburg, July, 1863, he received the wound which soon after caused his death.

Thus terminated the glorious career of one of Rutger's noblest sons; the devoted Christian student; the patriotic Christian soldier. God's ways are mysterious; but He doeth all things well. Yet who would say that it were doubting God's goodness, as we stand by that silent grave, to wish that WILLIAM H. POHLMAN might have lived to become, what he bade fair to be, a faithful servant of Christ.

The following account of the conversion, and Christian character of Mr. POHLMAN, has been furnished by an esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. ANTHONY:

ALBANY, *March* 7, 1866.

Mrs. J. McCLURE:

Madam—In compliance with your request that I would furnish you with the incidents relating to the conversion and the earlier Christian life of your nephew and my former pupil, WILLIAM H. POHLMAN, I would present the following statement:

I think it was in the autumn of 1856, that, near the close of the day, I was in company with GEORGE BLAKE, (afterwards Sergeant BLAKE, Eighteenth Regiment New York Volunteers,) when he expressed a desire to converse on the subject of religion. Gladly accepting the proposition, I induced him to lead the conversation. This was done with a view of eliciting the train of thought that was evidently passing through his mind, and with the hope of bringing our discourse to a profitable issue. The result was what had been anticipated. He left me, impressed with the necessity of immediate action. It was not long that I was obliged to wait for the joyful announcement that he had yielded to the claims of his Saviour.

Soon after this, knowing that your nephew was very intimate with GEORGE, I took occasion one day to inform him of what his friend had done, and how he had been blessed; reminding him that the way of salvation was no less open to him, than to the one who had already begun to walk in it. He gave me encouragement to believe that he would think seriously upon what had been said. He was faithful to his promise, and in a few days he too brought me the pleasing intelligence that he had accepted Christ as his personal Saviour, and was resolved henceforth to live to His honor and glory. This interview, as well as the preceding one, was marked by perfect calmness on both sides. My own mind was entirely free from excitement, and I wished that his should be so too. There is every reason to believe that it was so. He had evidently been doing what he had for a long time felt it his duty to do.

His friend GEORGE was soon made acquainted with the stand

that he had taken; and it was resolved that we three should institute a private prayer meeting. In a short time we had an addition of one or two more; and the systematic study of the Bible was superadded to the exercise of prayer. Many a pleasant and profitable hour was spent in this way; and WILLIAM was never willingly absent from our little circle. Here I had an excellent opportunity of studying the inner spiritual life of every member of my class; while the daily walk of each one, as manifested in the school room, could easily be compared with the standard which a profession of religion so plainly indicates. With such means before me of judging, I can say, most emphatically, that if he, of whom I write, was not a servant of Christ, I have no means of knowing who is so. I know of no act in his life, while he remained under my charge, that was inconsistent with, while I can remember many things that served to adorn, a Christian profession.

In the year 1858, during the great revival, a most marked interest in religion was manifest among the youth of our city. The boys' prayer meeting, held at the rooms of the Christian Association, was largely attended, although it occurred at a time usually devoted to play. It was not a rare thing to see in the entrance halls, instruments of boyish sports, now laid aside, that their owners might enjoy an hour of communion with God, and of spiritual intercourse with each other. The devotional zeal of those boys on such occasions might profitably be copied by their elders, when, as members of the visible church, they assemble for prayer and praise. Our little gathering, which had continued its meetings for more than a year, had now merged itself in this larger convocation, where WILLIAM still exhibited the same earnestness of purpose that had characterized his efforts from the very commencement of his religious career. And so it was with him as long as any opportunity was afforded me of observing his course of life. During all these years, nothing occurred, on his part, to modify my opinion of him as an earnest, consistent follower of his Divine Master. How could I doubt that he was so, while I bore in mind His words who said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

It gives me great pleasure to bear this testimony in favor of one so dear to both of us, so earnest in the great business of life, and whose blessed privilege it was, in his early departure hence, to set a seal, with his own warm blood, to his sense of obligation to our beloved country and our common humanity.

Very truly yours,

C. H. ANTHONY,

Late Principal Albany Classical Institute.

XLV.

LIEUT. HENRY D. BROWER.

No feature of the late war is more remarkable and providential than the uprising of the young men of the nation, in response to the call of the President of the United States for soldiers to fill the ranks of the Union army. Especially are we impressed with the readiness of Christian young men to leave home and friends, church and Sabbath school, and the finest prospects for usefulness and prosperity, and devote their all to their country. Their religious consistency and zeal, too, after they entered the camp; the heroic manner in which they battled with temptation, as well as with the foes of civilization and liberty; their labors and success in bringing their impenitent comrades to Jesus, are such as call forth our warmest gratitude and highest admiration.

Among the Christian heroes, no one stands higher or presents a purer record than the lamented martyr whose history we propose now to trace.

HENRY DOUGLASS BROWER, son of S. DOUGLASS BROWER, was born in Albany, on the 12th day of November, 1839. His mother's maiden name was HARRIET PUTNAM. The happy home circle, of which he was the youngest member, was not destined to remain long unbroken, for he was called to witness in one short week the decease of his mother, and a brother next older than himself. His mother died on the 28th of October, 1843, and his brother on the 22d of October, 1843.

At the age of sixteen years, HENRY was in his father's employ as a manufacturer of silver ware, where he remained until he was of age, and became master of his profession. He became hopefully converted to God, and joined the First Congregational Church, when about nineteen years of age. He was engaged in

the Sabbath school of that church as treasurer, and, at the time of his enlistment, as assistant librarian.

At the breaking out of the rebellion, he, being a young man, felt that he ought to respond to the call of the President for soldiers to defend the Republic; and the more he thought upon the subject the more deeply he became convinced that it was his duty to enlist. His father cordially approved of his course, and the feelings which animated the father in his approval were illustrated by an incident which occurred at a subsequent period.

A man came into his office one day, after HENRY had gone to the front, and after inquiring about "the boy," and making some remarks as to the way the war was being conducted, said, "If HENRY was killed, his life would be wasted, for he believed the Government could not sustain itself, but must soon go to pieces." Said his father, "I have four sons, one is now in the army, but sooner than see this Government go to pieces, I would not only see that one killed, but would send the other three too, and then, if necessary, go myself."

That was the true spirit of loyalty, that made him approve his son's choice, and that spirit HENRY carried with him as he left home to do battle for his country. After having decided to become a soldier himself, his next thought was to try and call together young men enough of good moral character, to form a company. After spending considerable time and money, he at length had the satisfaction of marching to the Barracks at the head of the first installment of men, who after having been recruited to the requisite number, were known as the Eleventh New York Battery, or the Havelocks; taking the name from General Havelock, and desiring, that like him, they might be good as well as brave men. On the first of October, 1861, he was mustered into the service as a private. Afterwards he made application to Brigadier General RATHBONE to be transferred to some other company, and being successful, he left Albany for Washington on the 17th January, 1862, as Corporal in the Twelfth New York Battery, under command of Captain WILLIAM H. ELLIS. The company left here in a severe snow storm, and after many detentions, reached Washington January

28th, at about 7 o'clock in the evening. They received orders the next morning to be prepared to leave for Fort Ellsworth.

In his diary he says:

"*January 30.*—This morning we started for the fort, at eight o'clock. It rained very hard, and the mud was ankle deep. I never saw such mud. The Albany Barracks are nothing to it. I was, I confess, a little disappointed to find nothing but tents for our accommodation. However, I shall soon be all right, as I have expected hardships."

From the outset of his military career, HENRY manifested an earnest religious zeal, as well as a pure and lofty patriotism. In his diary and in his letters this is very apparent.

To a younger brother, whose name was CHARLES MOORE BROWER, he wrote as follows, after learning that he had a hope in Christ:

"There is one thing, CHARLIE, I wish to speak to you about particularly. You have hoped that you are a Christian. Oh! my brother, stand fast in the faith. You have had experience enough, even in so short a time, to know that it will be a hard battle. Temptations will beset you; that you *must* overcome. Don't think to gain friends by yielding to temptations; for the very friends that you might thus gain would despise you for it. Such friends are not worth having.

"But do not be discouraged by the difficulties that attend the Christian course. Have the most implicit faith in God. He will bring you safely through them all. Our first duty is to love Him with *all* our heart, and "perfect love casteth out fear." This you know, and the rest will be easy.

"I have been some time in camp, and know what a young man's peculiar temptations are here, and the only way to steer clear of them, is to have the Bible for one's chart."

In a letter to his father, dated June 11th, he says:

"As you see by my letter, I have changed my quarters, but for how long, I am unable to say. We are detailed from the various companies and regiments, under Gen. WHIPPLE's command, for a brigade guard at his head-quarters, which are at Arlington Heights. It is a beautiful place: on a hill, covered

by a very fine grove, commanding a splendid view of Washington and the Potomac, while around the house is a beautiful lawn. At the time the war broke out, it was occupied by Gen. LEE. Many of the negroes are still here. These Heights formerly belonged to the Custis family, and their graves are to be seen in the grove not far from the house."

Very early in his connection with the army, HENRY manifested his courage and daring, as will appear from the following incident, described to CHARLIE, under date of July 20th:

"You say you like anything that savors of adventure; so I'll tell you of a little one which I had the other night. The officers of the Sixty-ninth Regiment have been in the habit of coming up to our camp, when on guard at night, under pretense of making the '*grand rounds*,' which you know are made by the officer of the day, officer of the guard—a Captain and Lieutenant, with a file of guards. They, not being attached to us, or in any way connected with us, have no right to enter our camp at night, under any pretext whatever, not even with the countersign, without calling *our* officer of the day to pass them in. Several times they had imposed upon the guard and got in, and then boasted of their success, and ridiculed the order we had in camp. The other night, when I was on guard, about three o'clock, just after posting the guard, I heard the call, 'Corporal of the guard, No. 7.' I ran down to post seven, to see what was up, and found the '*grand rounds*' from the Sixty-ninth, and asked them their business. They replied they wished to go through the camp. I told them they could not go. They then wished to see the officer of the day. I went to his tent to call him, bidding them stand there till I came back. When I got back, they had passed the guard, and were coming towards me, the guard calling out to them to halt, but not daring to stop them. I ran down and ordered them to halt. Said the Captain, 'Do you know who I am? I am the officer of the day.' I told him I couldn't see it. I recognized no officer of the day but our own. He turned to the guard, and ordered them forward. I drew out my navy revolver, cocked it, and again ordered them to halt. The Captain, now, in a great rage, ordered his men to

arrest me, and take me to the guard house of the Sixty-ninth. The guard brought down their muskets to a 'charge,' and came two or three steps, when I leveled my revolver full at the Lieutenant's breast, telling him if he came another step, I would blow him through. Now you may believe he stopped suddenly, for my pistol was cocked, and my finger trembling on the trigger. I say trembling, for I do not believe a man can be perfectly cool when just on the point of shooting a man through the heart, and a superior officer at that. I confess my hand did tremble some from the excitement, but not from fear. I call that a pretty close call for his life, for in another moment he would have been a dead man. I kept him there, till the officer of the day came up, and left them to him."

Being in a "camp of instruction," and not in the field, affairs moved on with HENRY in pretty much the same routine, from month to month. We find in his diary, under date of 20th November, 1862, this record:

"About roll call this evening, the Captain called me to his tent, and informed me that Orderly ——— had resigned, and at the same time offering me the place, which I accepted; though I was much surprised that he should have offered it to me. I shall try and do my duty faithfully, whatever may be the consequences."

He learned, soon after, that Col. MONROE, who was present at the drill that day, and who inspected the battery, had told the Captain that HENRY was the best disciplinarian, and the most thoroughly acquainted with the artillery tactics, of any man in the battery, and that he must put him ahead.

What he writes about doing his duty faithfully, accords well with what he considers to be his duty, as appears from a letter written home soon after: "What, indeed, is the country coming to? There is nothing being done, and letters received from the front say that men are deserting by scores. There is no use in denying the fact. We are in a bad fix, but I am not discouraged; the weaker the country gets, the more I am willing to sacrifice for her. * * * I am very sorry that such large bounties were ever paid for recruits. They might better have drafted the

men at once, then we should have had some men. Now, two-thirds are disabled, and after staying around the companies three or four months, at the government expense, have to be discharged."

In consequence of his ability, faithfulness and bravery, HENRY was made Lieutenant March 30th, 1863.

During the forced march of the Army of the Potomac, after the battle of Gettysburg, he was taken sick. In fact, he was quite unwell when the order came to advance, being threatened with a fever; but after lying still so long, he could not entertain the thought of being on the sick list just as the moment for action came, and his account of that march shows his determination not to give up:

"That was a great march we had after the battle of Gettysburg. They did not give us a chance to rest day nor night. I was sick most of the time, although I managed to keep on duty until the army halted at Warrenton. It came hard, though. Sometimes when I would be lying down under a tree, burning up with fever, trying to get a little rest, the order would come to march, and I would have to get up, throw myself on my horse, and take command of my section. The night we crossed the Potomac, we started in the afternoon about five o'clock, and traveled all that night until three o'clock next morning (over one of the worst roads I ever saw), when we commenced the passage of the river on a pontoon bridge. About seven o'clock we halted for breakfast (salt pork, hard tack and coffee, for a sick man), and then continued our march, halting about four o'clock in the afternoon. I was in the saddle all this time, about twenty-three hours, and very glad was I to throw myself upon the ground when we did halt."

This great strain upon him in his feeble condition, so increased the fever that he was totally unfit for duty, and was sent to the hospital at Georgetown, known as the Seminary hospital. He entered the hospital on the 30th July, and was very low with typhoid fever. He was there until the 23d August, when, having so far recovered, he procured leave of absence for thirty days, and came home for the first time.

On reaching home, he was extremely weak and emaciated, but with good nursing and rest, he was able to report himself at the hospital for duty when his leave of absence had expired, and from thence to the battery, which was encamped near Culpepper.

The battery left there, however, on the the 11th October, and after several marches, came to camp at Catlett's Station October 22d. Writing home, under date of December 4th, 1863, he says:

"We left our camp near Brandy Station one week ago, and returned to it yesterday. It was the roughest week I have passed while in the service. The order came on Monday evening to march at daylight next morning. Long before daylight I was up, seeing to getting the teams harnessed, &c. Just before daylight it commenced raining very hard, and was almost freezing cold. We moved out, and came into park near the railroad, while Lieut. DAUCHY went to report to Gen. PRINCE, of the Second Division. After waiting in the rain about an hour, the Lieutenant came and told us the great move had been indefinitely postponed, so we moved up to the Second Division, and went into camp. About noon it cleared up, and that afternoon I heard we should move on Thursday. We had our turkey, and kept our Thanksgiving on Wednesday. At daylight Thursday morning, I drew out on the road with one section of the battery, and when the first regiment of the Second Division had passed, I fell into the column—the rest of the battery was to march in rear of the division. The roads were pretty bad, and if it had rained much longer, it would have been impossible to have got along. As it was, we were nearly fast in the mud. The guns were very heavily loaded with grain and rations for the men. Five days' rations we carried with us. About noon the column halted, and very soon an Orderly came back and said the General wished to see me. I went forward, when he sent me ahead to pick out a good place for the two guns, where they would command the ford and the hill beyond. This was at Jacob's ford, on the Rappahannock. I took the pieces and placed them in position, fully expecting to use them shortly, as the rebels were in plain sight on the opposite bank. Our skirmishers were sent forward and forded the stream, and moved up the hill.

"The rebels waited until our men were most on to them, and then skedaddled. We waited there until dark, when I joined the battery, and we started for Germania ford, about two miles below. Now commenced our troubles. There was a bad hill to go up for the first thing. Here our horses got stuck, and we had to double our teams, take one carriage up at a time, and send the teams back after the next. In going through a piece of woods, a caisson ran against a stump, was overturned, and broke the stock. In trying to go round a wagon that was stuck in the road, we got stuck again. The horses were fagged out, and refused to draw. Here we had to double, which delayed us so long, that before we could get on the main road it was occupied by the Sixth Corps wagons, and we were cut off. It was enough to try the patience of a saint. The drivers were swearing at and lashing their horses; the cannoneers, prying at the wheels and swearing at the drivers. There was a train, of miles in length, behind us, which could not be moved till we were out of the way. The officers in charge of the train would come up, look on awhile, curse the whole battery, and go back again.

"Finally, about midnight, we got out on the road, and after cutting off two or three trains, and receiving upon our devoted heads the curses of a score of mule drivers, we arrived at the ford. It took us from that time till ten o'clock next morning to go a distance of one mile and a half, with the road all clear ahead of us. If it had been dark, I do not know what we should have done, but fortune favored us by giving us a beautiful full moon. Well, we got breakfast, fed the horses, and at noon started again. That night we camped in what is called the "Wilderness," it being a complete forest from this place, near the Rapidan, to Fredericksburg. For several hours before dark, there was quite lively firing with musketry but a short distance ahead of us.

"The next morning about eight o'clock, we moved again, it raining very hard; went about one mile and laid out in the rain till noon, when we again moved.

"After various stoppages and going over the same old 'stick in the mud' arrangement, we brought up on a hill in sight of the rebel fires. Cold, tired and out of sorts, I laid down in my

blankets and went to sleep, fully expecting to see a battle on the following morning.

"Morning came; our guns were placed in position and the range calculated. They were about eighteen hundred yards distant. There were four batteries in line, while the First Division of the Third Corps supported us. All day long we laid there watching the enemy, who were working like beavers—throwing up rifle pits.

"In the afternoon we heard that WARREN with the Second Corps, was on the left, trying to turn their right flank, and as soon as he opened with *his* guns we were to commence. That afternoon we advanced with our battery two hundred yards, while some of the infantry threw up redoubts for our pieces. At dark we drew back behind the hills, and made ourselves comfortable for the night. At daylight next morning we returned to the redoubts. Soon the Chief of Artillery came riding along, and told us as soon as he opened with one piece on the right, to commence firing. About eight o'clock the gun was fired, and then such a hubbub I never heard. You see, when we advanced the two hundred yards it left the other batteries in our rear, and they had to fire over our heads. As the shells whistled over, I at first instinctively looked up, but of course could see nothing. The rifle shells as they go through the air seem to say, *which one ! which one !*

"We did some very good shooting; our first shot was not far out of the way. We fired from our battery one hundred and seventy rounds. Just as we were going to bed, the band commenced to play at headquarters. "There," said the boys (who were old soldiers) "we will retreat to-night, or else the band would not be playing." I could not believe this possible, as everything seemed in our favor, except that we were short of forage and rations. But about four o'clock next morning the order came, to "get out of that as fast as possible." I never was more disappointed in my life, for I *did* want to fight them *then*. Well, we started on the retreat, marching until three o'clock, when we put up for the night. I went into an old school house which had just been vacated by some soldiers, and

found a lusty fire burning in a stove made by TREADWELLS & PERRY of Albany. It was like seeing an old friend.

"After various tribulations we have at last got back to camp, and indeed it is quite time, for our horses have not had a particle of hay or grain since day before yesterday, and had been for the week previous on only ten pounds per day. But the worst of all was last night. We had just got fixed all comfortably, with no idea of being disturbed again very soon. I was sitting by the fire and reading my letters from home, which I had just received, when the order came to "*get up and get.*"

"There was no help for it, and in an hour's time we were on the road, shivering and shaking in the saddle, and anathematizing the rebs, that couldn't "*let us alone.*" We went about a mile and were ordered back to camp. A false alarm; the enemy had been driven back."

HENRY was at home on leave of absence for ten days, at the time the Sanitary Bazaar was held in Albany, and returned to his battery the 1st of March, 1864. As he never came home again it is a satisfaction to his friends that he kept them so well informed by letter of what was transpiring, and of the part he took in the last campaign in which the Army of the Potomac moved under Lieut. Gen. GRANT.

CAMP IN THE FIELD, *May 12, 1864.*

It is now eleven o'clock in the morning, and a fierce battle has been raging since daylight, the artillery keeping up a continual roll and roar.

After giving an account of various battles and skirmishes, Lieut. BROWER writes, under date of June 19th, camp two miles from Petersburg:

"It must be remembered that this is one of the hardest campaigns in the history of the war. We have marched and fought night and day. I have often mounted my horse at noon of one day and hardly dismounted again till midnight of the next—through the sun, and dust and rain. It requires a good constitution to stand it. A battery Captain was in our quarters yesterday, and speaking of GRANT's perseverance, he said, 'we fight

for a week or ten days, and then we say, well, this cannot last much longer; we must rest soon; we have lost thirty or forty thousand men; the army can't stand it; and then GRANT comes along and says, 'You are doing first rate, boys; we'll now have a little *fighting*,' and at it we go again, to '*fight it out on this line*.'

"Instead of heading my letter as I did, I should have said 'In position,' for we are not in camp. Our pieces are in position, where they have done some tall shooting."

"We left Coal Harbor on the 12th, and pushed for the James River, which we crossed on the 15th, arriving at our present position that night, about 12 o'clock. A division of Butler's colored troops had that day taken three forts and a line of works, forming the eastern defences of Petersburg. The negroes fought well and have shown themselves to be brave and hardy soldiers. Our white soldiers who looked with such contempt upon the blacks but a few months since, have now extended to them the right hand of fellowship, and recognize them as fellow soldiers."

The next letter of note, bears date of Camp near Petersburg, July 31st.

"You have probably heard, ere this, of the movement of the Second Corps to the James River. * * * This movement of the Second Corps was undoubtedly intended to draw all the forces they could from Petersburg, preparatory to making an attack on the city; and it was successful in drawing away a goodly number. That same night, about nine o'clock, our Battery reported to General MOTT, commanding the Second Division, and took the back track for Petersburg. Our Captain took me to Gen. MOTT and told him I would conduct the division by a shorter route to Petersburg. He appeared much pleased and availed himself of it. As soon as he crossed the Appomattox, I reported to him, when he told me that General ORD had sent an aid to conduct him to the Eighteenth Corps, so my services were not needed.

"It was understood that the mines were to have been sprung that morning, and we were sent to support the charge. For some reason the attack was not made, and we stood in harness all day, in a terribly hot sun. We received orders in the eve-

ning to harness at three o'clock next morning, as the mines were to be sprung and we must be ready. About four o'clock in the morning the battle opened, and continued till about seven o'clock. The cannonading was terrible. I rode out on the line of the Eighteenth Corps to see what was going on, and before I was aware of it, was under fire. Several case shot exploded over my head, and one struck into the parapet in front of me while I was looking over.

"We all expected that Petersburg would be ours before night. We were confident of it. I saw a thirteen inch mortar at work which did finely. When that went off it was like a young earthquake.

"When the attack was made on Petersburg, the fort was blown up, and everything was working beautifully, and all it needed was for the charging party to do ordinarily well, and the city would have been ours. But the charging column, after it had carried the breach, laid down and refused to go another inch. This gave the enemy time to rally; the auspicious moment was lost, and the day was lost. It does require some firmness to see all these things, and still at all times look at the bright side."

CAMP NEAR PETERSBURG, *August 11th.*

On looking over, I find that since leaving Washington last summer, we have lost, from our battery, over one hundred horses. It costs our Uncle Samuel something for horses.

I think you take it easier than I do, about that mine explosion the other day. I cannot but think of the hundreds of lives that were lost for nothing; thrown away on account of somebody's carelessness, cowardice or fault in some way. * * *

I am determined to see this thing out, and hope and pray that we of the north will *never* yield one iota to the rebels, that, whatever the consequences, we will fight it out to the bitter end.

This was the last letter Lieutenant BROWER wrote, of any importance.

The first intimation the friends had that he had been killed, was by a letter in the New York Herald, by its correspondent, giving an account of the battle at Ream's Station, under date of

August 26th. In speaking of our artillery, among other things, he says, "The Twelfth New York Battery was near the right of the First Division. Captain McKNIGHT and Lieutenant BULL, both of whom had distinguished themselves on previous occasions, were not with the battery; McKNIGHT being sick at City Point and BULL being on staff duty. The battery was commanded by Lieutenant DAUCHY, who directed the fire of the three guns while Lieutenant BROWER fought the other. This promising young officer, Lieutenant BROWER, was shot in the head, when the enemy broke through our line. He was giving orders for pouring into the advancing enemy double shotted canister, when he was killed at his gun."

The mails, for several days before and after the battle, had been kept back, and the friends did not receive intelligence direct from the battery until August 31st, when they received a letter from Lieutenant DAUCHY, of August 27th, as follows:

S. D. BROWER, Esq.:

Sir—It is my duty to report to you the death, on the field of battle of your son, HENRY D. BROWER, Second Lieutenant of this battery. On Tuesday night last, the First and Second Divisions of the Second Corps marched to Ream's Station, on the Weldon railroad, for the purpose of tearing up the track. Our battery was put in position to the right of the station. We remained quiet on Wednesday, and Thursday morning skirmishing commenced, with the enemy nearly all round us. In the afternoon they made two charges, to the left of where we were, but were repulsed. About five o'clock firing again commenced and we opened with artillery. Shortly afterwards, General MILES ordered me to send one gun about three hundred yards to the left, where the railroad crossed our works. I sent the right piece, and the Lieutenant with it, when, soon, the rebels charged in column upon the works, just to the left of where he was with the piece. He opened with cannister, serving the gun with his usual unsurpassed bravery and gallantry, and doing great execution in the enemy's ranks. But our infantry did not stand, and the enemy broke through the lines. At this instant HENRY was

struck in the head with a musket ball and fell, instantly, dead across the trail handspike.

General MILES spoke very highly of HENRY's efficiency and bravery. He could not do otherwise. His conduct on *all* occasions was above all praise.

On the same day the family received a letter which had been sent by a member of the Eleventh Battery to Col. E. JEWETT, then Curator of the State Geological Cabinet, and who handed it to the family for perusal, accompanying it with the following note:

August 31, 1864.

S. D. BROWER:

My dear Sir—I have this moment received the enclosed letter, with the sad news of the death of your noble son. Most sincerely do I condole with you and your family for the great bereavement.

I knew him well, and highly prized his friendship, and I do not know a young man of more superior worth and virtue. He has sacrificed his life to his country, and if anything can allay the grief of his friends, it is the knowledge that he died a true Christian, in the full discharge of his duty to God and his country. In the true spirit of condolence and grief for the loss of my esteemed young friend,

I am, truly yours,

E. JEWETT.

The letter to which he refers, which was to himself, is as follows:

CAMP NEAR WELDON RAILROAD, SOUTH OF }
PETERSBURG, *August 26, 1864.* }

Dear Friend—Our mutual friend, Lieut. HENRY D. BROWER, is dead. Yes, our noble friend fell fighting at the late engagement at Ream's Station, pierced through the brain by a rebel bullet, as the enemy charged. It was impossible to recover his body.

You will please inform his parents. I would write them, but do not know his father's address. Inform them that HENRY was a brave fellow, and died in a good cause. Ah! in him I have lost a good friend and comrade. He was a young man possessed

of many social and rare qualities, and beloved by his comrades. He was a brave and accomplished officer, and enlisted in the defence of his country with mingled feelings of pure patriotism and justice.

His death will cast a gloom over a large circle of relatives and friends in the city and in the army, where he was greatly loved.

Your friend,

G. N. P. GALE,

Eleventh New York Battery.

The sad story is told; his career is ended. He who left his home in the buoyancy of opening manhood, was destined never to return. He sleeps in a nameless grave, and Virginia soil is sacred now to his friends and admirers, by the presence of his dust.

His heroic deeds, his sacrifices for the peace and happiness of others, his lofty principles and his pure Christian example, will never be forgotten by the American people. The city of Albany gave him birth, but his glorious life belongs to the great Republic, and has entered into the forces that, with God's blessing, will make this Republic, for all future time, the home of just laws, universal liberty, and a pure Christianity.

XLVI.

LIEUT. JAMES L. DEMPSEY.

THERE are few histories connected with the late war more touching than those of the DEMPSEY brothers, the three sons of a widowed mother, Mrs. ANNA DEMPSEY, who resides at No. 106 Hudson street, in this city. These noble youths were early inspired with an ardent spirit of patriotism, and one after another went forth to fight the battles of their country. Two of them offered up their lives upon the altar of their Nation, and the third, after great hardship and agonizing suffering, which he bore with Christian fortitude, was permitted to return to his home, and is now a resident among us. As these careers are somewhat interwoven, one with another, and as they furnish a most remarkable illustration of the lofty patriotism of a whole family, we propose to sketch each of them. We commence with the eldest in age, although JOHN, the second son, was the first to enlist in our army.

JAMES L. DEMPSEY was the son of LAWRENCE and ANNA DEMPSEY, and was born in New York city December 16, 1827. His father, a most upright and excellent man, died in the year 1850. The maiden name of his mother was ANNA MOORE, and her birth-place was the city of Albany. Mr. MOORE, her father, served his country in the war of 1812, and at that time the property that the family had, was lost. When Miss MOORE was quite young, both of her parents died, and she was left an orphan. She married LAWRENCE DEMPSEY, and first resided in New York city, and afterwards in Westchester county. Here the earliest days of JAMES were spent, and here his love of nature, and taste for the beautiful, was constantly gratified.

He was naturally of an ardent temperament and restless dis-

position, and demanded a wide field for his activity and enterprise. He was genial in his manners and gentle towards all. JAMES was a youth of commanding and attractive appearance, and his society was sought for by many because of his ready wit and his great cheerfulness.

His father wished him to learn a trade, which he did, but it was so uncongenial to his taste that he soon relinquished it, and went into business in the city of Troy, N. Y.

Early in childhood, James became a hopeful Christian, and united with the Methodist church. Subsequently he joined the Second Reformed Dutch Church, of Albany. When the flag of our country that he so much loved, was fired upon, his heart was filled with indignation, and he was ready to defend it at *once*. But he was held back by the advice of friends; as he had a little family dependent upon him, though it was with great reluctance he declined the First Lieutenancy in one of the first regiments that left for the field of action.

He resided in the city of Troy when the rebellion commenced, and the question of duty which was before him, whether to remain with his little family, or enter the field, made him very restless. In the spring of 1862 he made a change in his business and was just settling in Pittsfield, Mass., when another call was made for troops, and he could hesitate no longer. He said, at that time: "These children (two little boys, the eldest three years) shall not live to say their father took no part in this great struggle for the rights of our beloved country? I shall go for the sake of my boys." He assisted in raising a company to be attached to the Thirty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, and was elected orderly of Co. B. by every vote of the members. They were greatly disappointed at his not receiving a commission as Lieutenant, and they showed their warm friendship by presenting him with a handsome purse. In the spring of 1863 he was promoted to a Second Lieutenancy. The regiment did garrison duty around and near Washington, and rendered valuable services in the building of fortifications at Fort Lyon. But the movements and experiences of Lieut. DEMPSEY may perhaps be best learnt from his letters, which were written to his

mother and sisters, and to his wife. In the winter of 1864 his own family joined him, and remained at Harper's Ferry until his death. After several short letters, expressive of his love for the dear ones at home, and his interest in the sacred cause to which he had devoted himself, he writes thus:

UPTON HILL, VA., *May 22, 1863.*

My dear Sister MARY—one and all—Your ever welcome letter of the 7th inst. arrived here yesterday; also the paper containing the glad tidings of the regiment which our noble brother has been with for the past two years, through so many trials and dangers. You may well say, rejoice with you, upon his safe return to his dear home, which I know he loves so well. I wish it could have been so ordered that HENRY and myself could have been there to welcome him.

But so it is. We must remain to help finish the great work which could not be completed during his time of service; and it is the sincere desire of my heart that we may be able to do as much, and act as nobly, in trying to crush this wicked rebellion, as he, our brother, has done.

You say you dare not ask him whether it is his intention to return to the field. I think he has done his share. Yet, as regards the matter, I leave it with him. Should he enter the service again, nothing would please me better than to get a transfer, that we might come in the same regiment. I received a letter from LIBBIE of the same date as yours. Her health is not very good. The little boys are quite well. I wish you or mother, with brother JOHN, could make her a visit. She likes her new home very much.

I do not hear from brother HENRY. It is strange that he does not write. His camp is about fourteen miles from here. If I could get a pass, I would make him a visit.

I like this camp better than the old one, for many reasons. I think it is more healthy, and, for my own part, I feel much better. Our list of sick is much less than formerly. The 29th of this month will make it one year since I entered the service of the United States, and I should not feel sorry to be discharged

before another year rolls round. But we can not finish this big job in that time. One thing I am confident of: we shall finish it, if it takes five times two years.

My love to sisters, mother and brother, as well as little EMMIE. I send her some flowers, picked from the garden of a rebel, now in the Southern army. God bless you all.

From your affectionate brother,

JAMES.

HARPER'S FERRY, *July 20, 1863.*

My dear Mother, Brother and Sisters—You no doubt wonder at my long silence; but you will understand it, when I tell you of the changes of the regiment. On the ninth of this month we received marching orders. So sudden and rapid was the movement, that I lost all my clothing, except what I had on, together with my blankets. I had not even a change of under clothing. What I have on, I have worn two weeks. But I am wasting time talking of my poverty.

We left Washington on the ninth, at eleven o'clock at night, and rode all night, and next day till night. We arrived at Sandy Hook, which is a mile below Harper's Ferry. On our way, we had one man killed by falling from the cars. We were then ordered to march through the roughest country I have ever seen. Afterwards we camped on the Heights for a few days, our regiment doing picket duty at the river, and the rebels being on the other side. They often asked us, why we didn't take the place. Well, on Tuesday we were ordered to march to Harper's Ferry, pontoons being used to ferry us over. Our men were all anxious to reach the opposite shore, and not a man flinched. The rebels had everything prepared to give us a warm reception, but their firing was silenced by our sharpshooters, and they fled, leaving their guns loaded, which we captured. Our cavalry lost several, killed and wounded, while they captured a number of prisoners. The next day they had an engagement eight miles from here.

But I will leave this subject and tell you something to interest you more. I have seen our brother HENRY and he is here with me at Harper's Ferry. Do not be frightened, for he is not wounded nor dangerously sick, yet is completely worn out with

fighting and marching. It would melt a heart of stone to hear him relate what he has gone through. How thankful I feel to my Heavenly Father for sparing him. I am thankful to you, my mother and sisters, for your prayers in behalf of my brother and myself, since our departure from our dear old home. Truly they have been answered, and Providence has now kindly directed this meeting, when a brother needs so much kindly care.

I will tell you how I found him. On Thursday I learned the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Regiment was some two miles from here. It was night, and I could not get a furlough then, but I learned they were to pass our camp the next day. I was up bright and early, that I might not miss seeing him, providing he was not one of that number of noble fellows who fell on that awful battlefield. I soon learned they were to take another direction, and turning my steps to gain some tidings, I met one of the regiment, who had been allowed to go ahead. He told me, on my inquiring for HENRY, that he was Corporal in Company F, and was safe. This was cause for thankfulness, and I hastened back to the camp, on a run, my time being so short. The next day I tried, in every way, to get permission to visit the regiment, it having camped two miles from here for rest. But we were expecting marching orders, and no passes could be given. I started without permission (something I never had done before), and went as near as in sight of the camp. But I was so constantly reminded of doing wrong, that I turned back and gave up all hope of seeing him. The next day our company was ordered to do provost guard duty, and, at about twelve o'clock, my attention was called towards the ferry, when who should I see but my brother, trying to hobble along. I ran to meet him, and he was so overjoyed that tears flowed down his cheeks. I took his gun, and we started for my quarters. My first duty was to procure medical aid for him. Our surgeon prescribed for him, and advised a place of quiet rest.

I procured board for him in a private family: but the walk being so long for Dr. CLARK, he has got permission for him to enter the General Hospital. The surgeon will send a statement to his regiment. He says he will get along if nothing unfavor-

able sets in while he is so weak. You must not worry about him. I shall see him when I can, and do for him all I can. We are both so very grateful for this providential care. He had been granted a place in an ambulance, but he gave way for others whom he thought worse than himself. May God spare us both to meet you all once more, and may He bless you all.

With love from us both, JAMES.

HARPER'S FERRY, *July 31, 1863.*

My dear Sister—Many thanks for your very kind and interesting letter of the 27th, just received. I wish it had been a day sooner. Our brother left yesterday for Washington, with six others. They were sent away because the room is needed for the wounded, a flag of truce having gone for those left in the rebel lines. HENRY is stronger, and the Doctor thinks he will get along now, and soon be able to join his regiment. I wish he could have had the money you enclosed, for the poor fellow needs it. I did for him all I could, but my means were low, not having been paid for some time.

I shall write and send HENRY the money as soon as I learn where to direct to him.

With love to all, your affectionate brother, JAMES.

STRASBURGH, *May 19, 1864.*

My Dear Wife—This is the first opportunity I have had to write you. No doubt you have heard of the severe battle we have been engaged in. I have great reason to thank our Heavenly Father that I went through it unharmed. Many of my comrades have been called, to give an account of the deeds done in the body. Our regiment suffered greatly. We had in all—killed, wounded and missing, two hundred and thirty. As near as we can learn thirty were killed. The enemy outnumbered us two to one. We were obliged to leave our dead and wounded in their hands.

Col. LINCOLN was wounded and is a prisoner. Capt. BAKER was killed, and also Lieut. R. W. WAKEN. Capt. CHANNY and Lieut. AMERDAM are taken prisoners. Capt. WILLARD, wounded

and in our hands. Lieut. MUNERCENT, wounded. My company have lost seventeen men, and I am the only officer in command. We have only one officer left to each company. I have just returned from picket duty, and am most worn out. May God bless you and our little ones, and spare me to return to you.

JAMES.

The following is Lieut. DEMPSEY's last letter that has been furnished me. Like the others, it reveals his warm affection, his cool bravery, and his ardent patriotism.

HARRISONBURG, *September 26, 1864.*

My Dear Mother and Sisters—As I have an opportunity of sending a letter, I improve it, knowing you must be anxious to hear from me. You have doubtless seen by the papers, that we have been engaged in some severe battles this past week. I have been in both of them—that at Winchester and the other at Fisher's Hill. Our loss is great, but small compared to that of the enemy. We completely demolished the whole of EARLY's army, and have driven them like a whirlwind before us. In the first battle, our regiment lost one hundred and nine men. Capt. THOMPSON was killed and our Adjutant was wounded. I had thirteen in my company wounded.

I am sorry to inform you, that in the last battle, our little Major, one of my warmest friends was severely wounded, and I had three of my best men wounded. We are now encamped (for a few days or so) about one hundred miles from Harper's Ferry. Perhaps we shall get orders to march in the morning, if so, I shall not be surprised if we tried Lynchburg again. I think we shall take it, and if my brother JOHN is there I am bound to bring him back with me. I do wish you would write me oftener, for I do like to hear from home. As regards my writing I have but little time, being in command of the company. Much love to you all. Yours in affection, JAMES.

Thus our hero passed through hardship after hardship, and battle after battle, without a murmur; always hopeful, always courageous, and always at his post of duty. But his last hour was approaching. He who had so often and so miraculously

escaped the showers of shot and shell upon the battle field, is doomed at last, to receive the one missile out of the thousand, upon which his death sentence was written.

With his usual buoyancy and invincible courage, he went forth on the morning of October 14, 1864, to engage in the terrible battle of Cedar Creek. While leading his company against the foe he was severely wounded in the forehead by a bursting shell. Several others were killed by the same shell, and among them Col. WELLS, acting Brigade Commander, a most ardent friend of the Lieutenant.

Lieutenant DEMPSEY was borne from the field, and died October 17, 1864. Of his last days, and of the estimation in which he was held we have an account in the following letters, both addressed to his afflicted widow :

SMITH HOSPITAL, WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA, }
October 17, 1864, MONDAY EVENING. }

My dear Mrs. DEMPSEY—I wrote you last Friday and gave you, as correctly as possible, the detail of all I knew relative to your husband and my friend. Saturday he remained much the same, sleeping most of the time. I could not carry on any conversation with him as he only answered my questions by “yes” or “no.” I asked him if he knew me, he replied “yes.” I then asked him to call my name, but he did not answer. I told him that I was Dr. SMITH, and asked him if he knew me. He replied “yes.” Once he asked for water, and, occasionally, he said something, evidently in delirium, about the battle, such as orders to “advance,” “halt,” “steady, there,” “close up,” &c. I tried to converse with him about you and his children, but he did not seem to understand me. I asked him if I should send for you, he quickly replied “yes.” This was the only time when he evinced any emotion. I asked him if I should write to his mother and sisters, he said, “yes.” I think he did not have full possession of his intellect at any time after he was wounded. Sunday he remained much the same. I kept my best nurses, from our regiment, by his bed-side, constantly, when I was not with him. He would eat but little. I had his food carefully

prepared for him by a union lady who lives near here, and visits my hospital daily. To-day he appeared much the same (evidently much weaker) until five o'clock in the afternoon, when he died, so quietly that we hardly knew he was dying. He was wholly without pain and seemed like one sleeping.

During the whole time he has been with me, I believe he has suffered no pain. I gave him no medicine, as he did not require it. His head was kept cool and the room still and quiet. He and Captain SOLEY had my room; large, clean and with good air.

Enclosed you will find his Masonic pin and a ring I took from his finger. His old clothing I have thrown away, as it was much soiled and torn by pieces of shell, etc. His knapsack was in the regimental wagon, and I sent for it while the wagon was passing this place on its way front.

I have carefully embalmed the body; dressed it, and covered the wound. I think you will have no trouble in keeping it several days after it reaches your home. Of course, you will send word to his lodge, that his old friends and brothers may meet and do honor to their companion.

I wish I could be near you at this time, and take part of this great grief from you, and use my strong and willing hands for your benefit. Should you, at any time, require a friend or need friendship exhibited in any manner, call upon the friend of your husband through all things, and your friend, C. B. SMITH.

OPESUM CROSSING, VIRGINIA, *December 7, 1864.*

My dear Friend—Until yesterday, I knew nothing of your whereabouts. I should have written you immediately after the loss of your husband, but we were in the field and I had no opportunity. That field of "Stickney's Farm," was a terrible one to us all. Not the least among its sorrowful memories is that of the loss of your brave, noble, genial husband. Brave and courageous as ever a man was in the field; the life of the social circle about the camp fire; beloved and respected by every man and officers in the regiment; he has gone to return no more. None knew how much he was estimated until his memory and brave deeds alone were left us.

You were not left alone in your grief. The warmest sympathies of us all, mingle with your tears. As no one can supply his place in your heart, at your table, and around your fireside; so in our hearts, and around our bivouac fire, there is a place forever vacant.

He has left behind a reputation of which, you may be proud, and to which his children can point without one regret, or shadow of blush. Scarcely a day passes that I don't hear an exclamation, "poor DEMPSEY, 'twas too bad." Though near him when he was struck, I didn't know of it till Sergeant HOUGHTON came to me and said, Captain DEMPSEY is hit, shall I go to him?" I looked round and saw him staggering about, apparantly unconscious. I at once sent HOUGHTON to him, directing him to lead the Lieutenant into a small ravine, where he would be out of the way of the shells which the rebels were raining down on us. That was the last I ever saw of your husband,

The country can never repay the sacrifice you have been called upon to make. No truer soldier, no braver or more cheerful comrade, has been offered upon liberty's altar than your own brave husband. I learned your address of Dr. SMITH. Accept for yourself and family the earnest sympathy of

Your friend,

A. POTTER,

Lieut. Col. Com'd'g 34th Mass. Inf'try.

Mrs. JAMES L. DEMPSEY.

When the telegraphic wires bore to his home the sad news that he was wounded, a sister started immediately to go to him. But before she reached Harper's Ferry, she heard that the beloved brother was no more. With a sorrowing heart she returned home, with his widow and the two fatherless boys. His funeral took place from the residence of his mother, October 28th, 1864, and was attended by a detachment from the "Veteran Reserves."

His body was borne, with military honors, to the Albany Rural Cemetery, where, side by side, the brave brothers sleep. The bereaved relatives are sustained under their great sorrow by the hope that the parted will meet again.

XLVII.

LIEUT. JOHN M. DEMPSEY.

JOHN M. DEMPSEY was the second son of LAWRENCE and ANNA DEMPSEY, and was born in Westchester county, October 6th, 1836. He was a child of a quiet and thoughtful turn of mind; obedient to his parents, and full of kindness towards his sisters. Very early he manifested a thirst for knowledge, and desired to receive a liberal education. But the pecuniary circumstances of his parents only enabled them to give him the advantages of a common school. When he was fourteen years of age, his father died, and he felt at once the responsibility of making exertions to aid in support of the family. He served as clerk in several establishments in Albany; but most of the time he was in the clothing store of MESSRS. DAVIS, CRAFT & WILSON. Mr. CRAFT was one of his warmest friends, and took a deep interest in his welfare.

To his widowed mother and fond sisters, JOHN was everything that could be desired. He seemed to combine the qualities and services of father, brother and son. He was ever ready to sacrifice his own interests for the happiness of those around him; and he seemed to live for the consolation and welfare of the dear ones, over whom a great shadow of sorrow had fallen.

But while thus devoted to those who were bound to him by the tenderest ties, he was not indifferent to the agitating questions relative to our National affairs. Upon the plottings of the traitors to the Republic, in 1860 and 1861, he looked with the greatest solicitude. Being sensitive by nature, he was keenly alive to the honor and prosperity of his country, and, at the first call for troops to sustain the Government, he resolved to enlist. In connection with Mr. M. H. DONOVAN, (afterwards Captain,)

he made every exertion to raise a company to be attached to the Eighteenth N. Y. Vol. Infantry, expecting to hold a commission as First Lieutenant. Owing, however, to the rapidity with which regiments were formed at that time, a change was made in the number assigned for each company, and companies were consolidated, leaving a surplus of those who expected offices. As his was a spirit of pure love for his country, he lost no time in controversy for office, but enrolled his name at once as a private in Company F, Eighteenth New York State Volunteers. He was, however, immediately promoted to the position of Orderly. To buckle on the armor for the ranks required but little effort, compared with that which it cost him to reconcile his mother and sisters to this step. Yet such were his convictions of duty that he could only answer to their entreaties and tears, "I shall not fall before God's appointed time." His sister remarked: "There are those that can be better spared than you; those who are of little use at home." He replied calmly, though his eye flashed with emotion: "Our army must not be made up of worthless men!"

During the stay of the regiment at the barracks in this city, an incident occurred worthy of note. He was presented with a pack of playing cards. These he sent home, with the message: "I shall have no use for these in the army;" and to the spirit of this resolution he firmly adhered, never once using a card during his time of service.

On the 17th of June, 1861, he bid adieu to those whom he so dearly loved, and received the parting blessing of his mother. His leaving home at that time was made more sorrowful from the fact, on that day the eldest child, and only son, of his widowed sister—a beautiful boy of eight years—had been carried to the grave; the sister having been made a widow but six months previously by the death of her estimable husband, Major A. R. TEN BROECK, formerly of U. S. Army.

The regiment started for Washington on the 18th of June, and was encamped near Washington and Alexandria till the first Bull Run battle, in which it took a part. Through this he passed safely.

In the autumn the regiment became a part of the "Grand Army of the Potomac," under Gen. McCLELLAN.

Mr. DEMPSEY, by his kind manners and great efficiency, won the esteem of all his comrades, and, on the 2d of December, 1861, he was promoted to the office of Second Lieutenant in Co. F. His promotion was received with great enthusiasm by his numerous friends.

He was also the recipient of a sword, sash and belt, presented to him by his company. For these marks of favor he expressed his profound gratitude, in his letters to his friends.

Mr. DEMPSEY, like his brother, was very faithful in writing home, and from his letters, we can best present the details of his military career.

After the disastrous battle of Bull Run, he thus writes to his sister:

ALEXANDRIA, VA., *July 24, 1861.*

My dear Sister— * * * * The battle of Bull Run was as hard fought as it was discouraging. You ask, how I stood it; I will tell you. When we started from here, we had our haversack (which was soon emptied), blanket, canteen and a rifle. Most of the boys threw away their blankets, and some their canteens; but I thought the blanket came very good at night, and the canteen when I was thirsty, so I brought them all home with me—this camp, I mean, for it is the best home I have had since I left old Albany. Don't think that I complain, for I do not intend to complain of anything necessary to a soldier's life. My greatest desire is to do my duty. I did not expect, before me, a path strewn with roses, so I meet with no disappointments.

Tell mother she must not worry, nor have any anxiety about me. I shall endeavor to take the best care of myself I possibly can. Tell her to be of good cheer, for I am here in a good cause.

" We live in hope, though clouds appear,
They linger but a day;
The sun, to us, a gift so dear,
Will scatter them away.

Thus life is but an April shower,
And troubles are but rain;
And hope, the sun that in an hour,
Will bring us joy again."

With very much love for you all,

Your affectionate brother,

JOHN M. DEMPSEY.

The regiment with which Lieut. DEMPSEY was connected, took part in all the engagements under Generals McDOWELL, McCLELLAN, BURNSIDE and HOOKER. They were in the seven days' battle before Richmond, where hundreds fell at his side, and he escaped with only a bullet denting his left shoulder strap.

The battle of South Mountain was one that shed great glory upon his regiment. With bayonet charge, they drove the enemy up and over the mountain, an ascent which it seemed almost impossible to climb. Of three officers who reached the summit, Lieut. DEMPSEY was one. Through all these battles, he was ever the same brave soldier, faithful officer, and kind, sympathizing friend.

His letters refer to some of these battles, and describe, with considerable minuteness, others. He wrote to his mother and sister as follows:

NEAR BERKLEY'S LANDING, VA., ON JAMES RIVER, }
OFF CITY POINT, *July 5, 1862.* }

My dear Sister—To-day I received three letters from your dear self, and was glad to learn that you had received the package of money.

I will now try and give you a short account of what we have been through the past week.

On Friday morning, the 27th ult., our brigade was called on to cross the Chickahominy, to reinforce Gen. PORTER, who had been fighting the day previous. On the night of the 26th ult., the troops all around our neighborhood were in great glee, having heard that PORTER had driven the enemy and scattered them in all directions. Cheer after cheer was heard, and the bands

struck up the National airs. The merriment was kept up till after midnight, but the morning was saddened by the enemy shelling our camp.

After crossing the Chickahominy, we found our services were not needed, and were ordered back to camp again. We had not been in camp but a short time, when we heard a great tumult in front of our lines. We were ordered in line again. Our regiment had no more than got in line, directly in front of our camp, when the enemy commenced throwing shell in and over our camp ground, killing one and wounding three others of Company I in our regiment. As the men stood in line, Company I's place was next to ours (Company F), on our right, and the range of cannon was directly over the two companies, the shell falling in front, over and around us. After a while, with great hesitation, we were ordered out of the range of the enemy's guns. Shortly after, the guns were silenced, and we were dismissed.

We went in the camp once more, it being dinner time; we partook of our meal, and had just finished, when we were ordered out again, and again marched across the Chickahominy—over another bridge, lower down than where we crossed in the morning. We had a long, quick and tiresome march. Arrived at our destination about five p. m. We were ordered in battle shortly after, directly where the enemy was getting the advantage of our forces engaged. We were marched to the front, through a shower of shell and bullets, and held the enemy in check till nearly dark. Our brave men fell on all sides, as the enemy's forces far exceeded ours in numbers. We held our ground till, unfortunately, the regiments, both on our right and left, gave way. The enemy was turning our right flank before we received orders to fall back, or to march by the left flank. We had no sooner turned to the left, when we saw the enemy turning our left. We were completely surrounded, and were obliged to fall back under a cross fire of both the enemy, infantry and cannon—the balls and shells whizzing and bursting all around our brave fellows.

The closest call I had, was a bullet just grazing my shoulder strap on my right shoulder. How wonderful that so many of us

escaped the terrific fire. Soon after, we were again reinforced, and the enemy driven back to the old point, and held in check for the night. All our forces that were the other side of the river, recrossed during the night, and then destroyed the bridges. Our brigade went into camp that night, but was ordered out again the next morning at three o'clock.

Our division partly covered the retreat, and was at one time very nearly cut off; but thank God, we have been spared through it all. We were the last forces in here, and started on our last march at midnight, after a great battle, with severe loss on both sides.

This is not half that I might mention, but enough, as I have not the time to write more, neither do I care to write of it. It is sad enough to think of. * * * *

Your affectionate brother.

JOHN.

On the 10th of October, 1862, Mr. DEMPSEY, for his gallantry and bravery, was promoted to the First Lieutenancy in Company F, Eighteenth Regiment. His eminent qualities and unselfish devotion to the welfare and honor of his country, entitled him to even a higher rank; but while others less worthy were struggling for promotion, he was bending all his energies to faithfully discharge the duties of his position, whether as a soldier, as orderly, as Second or as First Lieutenant. The cause in which he was engaged absorbed his whole being. He lived for the union of the United States and for the freedom of mankind, and to maintain these he was willing to die.

All his letters breathe the same spirit of ardent patriotism; deep affection for the friends at home; a high sense of personal honor and integrity, and profound gratitude to God for his great goodness.

Lieutenant DEMPSEY's term of service having expired, he returned to his home, where as we may naturally suppose, he was cordially welcomed. Before he reached home, his sister asked him whether he intended entering the service again? He replied: "I make no promises. A man cannot tell in these times what he will do. One thing is certain. If God spares my life

and blesses all with health, I shall have a pleasant long furlough at home, when my time expires. So the furlough proved to be, though shadowed by clouds of fear in time of battle; for there were two dear brothers still in the field.

To show the love of his men, after they were mustered out, three of them called at his home and presented him with a silver watch. Speaking of it, he said, "I could not refuse to take this; yet it seems wrong to take what was so hardly earned. Many of the men have repeatedly offered me money, which, while appreciating their kindness, I have refused, and persuaded them to keep; but these three got ahead of me."

Though our hero entered again upon the duties of civil life, his thoughts seemed all turned to the great work of the nation; and it was only the tender home ties that held him back. But these at last he felt must be broken, as his place of greatest usefulness was in the field. He seemed to feel a higher Spirit working upon his own, and calling him to that post of duty.

Accordingly he resolved to again buckle his armor; and he enlisted March 29, 1864, as a private in Company G, Forty-third Regiment New York State Volunteers. Again he received the blessing of his mother and sisters; but it was mingled with bitter tears, as they knew from experience the fearful dangers to which he would be exposed. Reaching the regiment, then at Brandy Station, Va., he was most warmly welcomed by his friend, Col. JOHN WILSON and Capt. JAMES D. VISSCHER, and was appointed Orderly in Company G. On the 3d of May, 1864, he was commissioned First Lieutenant.

As the army advanced, our brave Lieutenant passed safely through the first day of the battle of the Wilderness. But the second day, May 6th, 1864, he was wounded and taken prisoner.

The following is his first letter from the enemy's country. It came through the lines by a flag of truce, for General WADSWORTH'S remains.

NEAR MINE RUN, VA., *May 13, 1864.*

Dear Mother—I was wounded and taken prisoner on the night of the 6th inst. You must not be alarmed. Much love to all from your affectionate son,

JOHN.

On the 13th of September, 1864, Lieut. DEMPSEY was released from prison, and writes as follows:

ON BOARD TRUCE BOAT NEW YORK, }
OFF CITY POINT, *September 13, 1864.* }

My Dear Mother and Sisters—How do you all do? I do so want to know. We are bound for Annapolis, Md. We shall probably stop at Fortress Monroe. I left the hospital at Lynchburg, Va., on the 8th inst.,—stopped in Provost guard-house till the next morning; then was sent to Richmond and arrived there at 9 P. M., and was taken to Libby Prison, and remained there till 2 P. M. the next day, when the doctors came in, and sent thirteen of us (myself among the number) to the hospital. On the 10th and 11th, the doctors went through the hospital, picking out men to be paroled, and as I was one of the fortunate ones; I am out of rebelldom and homeward bound. There are about three hundred sick and wounded on board.

I have tried to learn of brother HENRY's whereabouts, and, as near as I can find out, he is at Andersonville, Georgia. I have heard of brother JAMES several times. There are a number of his regiment on this boat, having been captured during the summer. He was safe up to the 18th of June. His regiment has been engaged in a number of battles in the valley. His Captain was at the hospital in Lynchburg, Virginia.

My wound is nearly healed, and, although, I am not feeling very strong now, I think after I have a few weeks of good "Yankee" living, I shall be as good as new, and none the worse for battle; and able to give the "rebs" another turn. I cannot express my delight on seeing our dear old flag once more. Will try and write again on arrival at Annapolis.

Remember me to all kind friends. Hoping soon to hear that you are all alive and enjoying the blessing of health, I remain with much love, Your affectionate son and brother, JOHN.

GENERAL HOSPITAL, CAMP PAROL, SECTION A, }
WARD 3, NEAR ANNAPOLIS, }
MARYLAND, *October 12, 1864.* }

My dear Sister—Yours of the 7th is received. I was pleased to learn you had heard from brother JAMES so lately. I have

not been able to write home for several days, but thought I *must* write a few words this morning, knowing my silence would cause some anxiousness.

My wound has been growing worse since the third day after my arrival at section D, and, the last five days, I have been unable to leave my bunk. Yesterday the surgeon looked at my wound and had me removed to this hospital, which has every appearance of being a much better place for either the sick or wounded. I think, had I been sent here in the first place, my suffering would not have been so great. The treatment at section D, did more harm than good.

A month has passed since my parol, yet I have no furlough. Should I now receive one, I fear I shall be unable to travel, and think it doubtful whether the doctor would allow me to try it. Had I obtained a furlough two weeks ago, I could have endured the journey home quite comfortably. Now I am obliged to keep perfectly quiet, confined closely to my bed. How long this will last I cannot say. Perhaps I have not suffered quite enough with it. I may have another such time as I had at Lynchburg.

I do not know whether you understand the nature of wounds or not, but will tell you how mine has troubled me. While at Lynchburg it huffed. It now has gangrene and will probably huff again, which causes it to pain me most intensely. I had but little rest last night, and some nights can scarcely close my eyes. But, doubtless, the treatment here will enable me to get well much sooner than when in "rebeldom."

I may not be able to write every day. Please write me often, and send papers. Direct as heading of this. Excuse pencil scribbling, as I am obliged to write while lying in bed. Remember me to kind friends. With much love, JOHN.

As JOHN was so feeble, a beloved sister hastened to him to bestow upon him a sister's kind attention. During her absence from home the eldest brother, JAMES L. was wounded, and another sister was called from home, but to return with the lifeless form of that brother.

The funeral took place, yet the absent sister and suffering

brother were not told of it, for fear of the result. Thus, while the eldest son was being carried to the grave, the second was in a hospital anxiously watched by a sister, and the third a prisoner in the hands of a cruel enemy; the agonized friends not knowing whether he was living or dead. A kind Providence spares the second son, and the brother and sister reach their sorrowful home, November 4, 1864. Again his wound grows worse, but kind surgical care rendered by Dr. J. H. ARMSBY, and the goodness of God restores him. But he has not the activity and vigor of former days. * * *

After enjoying the pleasures of his fond home for a few short weeks, JOHN left the cherished spot never to return. The dutiful and affectionate son, the kind brother, the noble, heroic patriot went forth to give his little remaining strength, and his shattered body to his country. On the 25th of March, 1865, his regiment was ordered to aid in retaking Forts Steadman and Fisher. While leading on his men, as the advance picket, he fell, mortally wounded. His left thigh bone was broken, yet his coolness did not forsake him. Feeling he was losing blood rapidly, he tied a silk handkerchief above the wound, and rallied his men to hold the position, which they had won at such a fearful cost. Owing to the terrible exposure to the fire of the enemy, he was not taken to the hospital in the rear till evening; then he was most tenderly cared for by the Hospital Steward, DAVID NORWOOD, a member of the Forty-third Regiment. After receiving surgical treatment he was sent to City Point Hospital; there he suffered six weeks with the most uncomplaining fortitude. He was as brave in his sufferings as he had been as a soldier in health.

While there, he wrote the following letter to his afflicted mother, which was the last of his series of interesting letters sent to his fond home :

SIXTH CORPS HOSPITAL, CITY POINT, VA., {
April 4, 1865. }

My dear Mother—Here I am once more, flat on my back. I presume that you have heard from strangers all about my mis-

fortune, as I was obliged to get them to write for me. But as I feel much better to-day than I have since I was wounded, I thought it would be much more satisfactory for you to receive a line from my own hand. I was wounded on the 6th inst., and I assure you it is a severe one. But the surgeon says I shall get along, as I have good health, and good courage. There was only one other officer of the regiment wounded, the Second Lieutenant of my company. He occupies the next bed to mine. His wound is in his left arm. He received it on the 1st inst.

My wound is a compound fracture of the thigh bone (left leg), but I am perfectly willing to put up with what suffering I am about to go through, if the war is only closed, as they tell us it is now. I presume you have heard all the good news, therefore I will not be troubled to write any more, as it is a terrible task for me to write lying on my back, and in such severe pain as I am. Remembrance to all inquiring friends, and abundance of love to one and all. May God bless us all.

From your affectionate son,

JOHN.

As soon as permission was given, two of his sisters went to him, which was two weeks before his death. His sufferings were intense, yet so tender was he of his sisters' feelings that they were told only in low murmurs. When he was almost fainting from agony, he would ask his sisters to sing. "Sing something soft and plaintive," he would say. Endeavoring to suppress their deep emotion, they would sing such hymns as he loved. The following sweet hymn was one of his favorites:

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me; Oh, my Saviour hide
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe unto the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last."

As the sisters paused, he would say: "Oh, that is so sweet." His wonderful fortitude astonished the medical attendants, while

his patience and courage won the love of all who were near him. One remarked: "His patience is an example to us all."

We rejoice to know that our hero received every attention from the surgeons and nurses in the hospital. Fond sisters, too, did all that their loving hearts and tender sympathies could suggest. But the wound was beyond the reach of surgical skill, though his strength of constitution, and power of endurance, encouraged the surgeons to make every possible exertion to save him.

He was well aware of the nature of his wound from the first, yet was anxious that every means should be used for his restoration. He desired to live for his mother's and sisters' sake, though he was fully prepared to yield to the will of his Heavenly Father. He was too weak to talk much, and said but little of life or death. His prayers were whispered, and his thoughts were between his Maker and himself. He had no fears of death. He said to a friend: "I have always thought a man should so live that he may be ready to die." He was sensible almost to the last breath, returning the kisses of those so dear to him. As the last moment approached, the surgeons and friends in the hospital gathered near his dying bed. Prayer was offered, and as the shades of evening drew near, his noble spirit was freed from its sufferings. He died on the 6th of May, 1865.

The sisters, with sorrowing hearts, returned to their homes with their sacred charge, the remains of their dear brother JOHN. This was the second time that one of the sisters had returned with the cold form of a hero brother.

The Albany Burgesses Corps claimed the privilege and the honor of conducting the funeral services, thus relieving the heart-stricken mother and sisters. Everything was done by them with the most tender and brotherly care. The committee of arrangements consisted of Capt. M. H. DONOVAN and Mr. H. C. HASKELL, who proved themselves to be the true friends of the departed and his afflicted family. The remains sleep in the Albany Rural Cemetery by the side of those of the eldest brother, that only seven months before were borne to this city of the dead.

Although we have devoted so much space to the DEMPSEY

brothers, yet we cannot leave them without speaking of HENRY, who has survived the hardships and dangers of the war.

HENRY L. DEMPSEY, third and youngest son, entered the volunteer service August, 1862, in the One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Regiment, Company F. His decision to enlist, almost crushed his mother, as he had never scarcely spoken of taking such a step. After he had taken it, he said: "I have thought of it much, and feel more at rest now that I have enlisted. Should I live through it, and we all return, I shall not be ashamed to meet my brothers."

After various experiences, and the faithful discharge of his duty, he was promoted to the position of Corporal. He passed through several battles, in which his regiment was engaged, unharmed, except at Gettysburg, where a ball bruised his hip.

On the 2d of December, 1863, he was taken prisoner, while on picket duty. About two hundred were taken at that time. The Lieutenant of his company wrote thus, December 10, 1863, to Mrs. ANNA DEMPSEY:

"It becomes my painful duty to inform you that your son, Corp. H. L. DEMPSEY, was taken prisoner on the night of the 2d instant, while on brigade picket. I regret it exceedingly. Corp. H. L. DEMPSEY was one of the best men in my company. In camp, he was always ready to perform all duties imposed upon him. In action he was brave, almost to rashness."

Col. CRANDALL also wrote as follows:

"The capture of HENRY L. DEMPSEY I regret exceedingly, and should feel very much chagrined had it occurred by any fault of mine. The brigade picket was sent out to cover our retreat, and the officers of the day failed to notify them when to come in."

His sufferings, as a prisoner, were terrible, beyond all description. Of forty of his regiment who were taken prisoners, only seven survived the barbarities inflicted upon them. He was four months at Andersonville, one of the southern hells, and no imagination can picture the horrible sufferings that he there endured.

At one time his left limb was drawn up, and the flesh was cracking and almost ready to fall off. With his penknife he cut away the diseased parts.

Notwithstanding the agonies that he endured, he still clung to the hope that he would one day escape out of the hands of the fiends, into which he had fallen. While others yielded to despair, he kept moving, having noticed that those who remained still, and gave up, were sure to die. Day after day he hobbled about with his emaciated body, supported by a stick or a cane.

For thirty-one days the rain fell upon him, and his clothes, as well as the Bible that his mother had given him, were perfectly saturated with water. This Bible he had read through in that awful stockade; it was his constant companion, and with the photographs of his brothers and sisters, was his only comfort. These he would not part with, even if he was starving.

During the whole time of his imprisonment, one year and three days, he never once heard from his home; nor did the anxious ones at home, for ten months, know anything of his fate.

What then was their joy to have the lost one again restored to the family circle. It was as a beam of light through the deep darkness that had so long enveloped them.

As a prisoner at the south, he was dragged through the following places, in many of which there was simply a variation of the horrors that awaited him:

He was captured at Mine Run, Virginia, December 2, 1863. He arrived at Belle Isle December 6th, and left March 15, 1864. He was thrust with the Andersonville prisoners March 2d, and left September 9th. He arrived at Charleston, S. C., September 11th, and left October 8th. He reached Florence, S. C., October 8th, and remained until November 28th. He was taken to Savannah, Georgia, November 29th, and left November 30th. Being released, he arrived at Annapolis, Md., December 5, 1864. He left Annapolis December 15th, and reached home on a furlough December 16, 1864. His furlough expired in one month when he reported at the hospital in Annapolis. But before the order came for him to join his regiment, the final victory was won over the enemy, yet such is the severity of war, that, although he was at Annapolis when his brother JOHN M. was buried, he could not be permitted to attend the funeral. It was intimated to him that nothing would be done if he took leave;

but he said, "I had done nothing dishonorable through all my time of service as a soldier, I cannot do it now." He submitted to the restriction, though it was painful to endure. He was mustered out of service June, 1865.

May his life long be spared, and may the richest of Heaven's blessings rest upon him! May the mother and sisters be also cared for by divine Providence, and may all the surviving members of this noble family receive that to which they are entitled; the gratitude, the affection, and the admiration of all loyal hearts throughout the American Republic.

XLVIII.

LIEUT. WILLIAM EMMET ORR.

WILLIAM EMMET ORR was the son of DAVID ORR, Esq., and was born in the city of Albany, September 12, 1841. His ancestors combined the best, and most vigorous qualities of the Scotch and Irish character; and young ORR partook largely of these elements. In his early childhood he manifested an amiable and lovely disposition, great purity of heart and of life, and was remarkable for his obedience and affection as a son. At the age of sixteen years, during a season of special religious interest, he consecrated himself to the service of his blessed Saviour, and united with the Second Presbyterian Church, of this city, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE. He entered upon the christian life with high aims, and with just views of the nature and obligations of a public profession of his faith.

He was educated at the excellent school, conducted by the Rev. Mr. PIERSON, in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and was afterwards a student at the Rochester University. His intellectual attainments, combined with his social and benevolent traits of character, rendered him a most agreeable companion; and those who were with him at Fort Reno, and other places where he was stationed, speak of him with fondness and admiration.

He was commissioned as Second Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Thirteenth N. Y. S. V. (Seventh N. Y. Artillery) on the 7th day of August, 1862, and assigned to Co. B. He served with his company until he was promoted to First Lieutenant in Co. E, in January, 1864. He was detailed as Acting Assistant Adjt. General on the staff of Col. LEWIS O. MORRIS, commanding Second Brigade, HASKINS' Division of the Twenty-second Army Corps. He retained his position after the brigade joined the

Artillery Division of the Army of the Potomac. He participated in the engagements at River Po, May 19, 1864; at Milford Station, May 21, 1864; and at North Anna River, May 23, 1864. In all these battles his gallantry and efficiency attracted universal attention. One who saw him on the field, when shot and shell were flying thick around him, and his comrades were falling, said that his bravery could not be surpassed. In the thickest of the fight, his calm resolution, and fervid and lofty patriotism never forsook him. He looked not at danger, but at duty. He asked not for a position of ease and safety, but for one where he could best serve his country and honor his God.

After spending a night in the rifle pits with Col. MORRIS, he retired with others in the morning to the woods to take breakfast, when he was shot by a rebel, who fired from a tree. After receiving the fatal wound, he was borne in a rough conveyance forty miles, to Port Royal. Thence he was transported to Washington city. The last few days of Mr. ORR's life, were days of extreme prostration and suffering. He was attended by his devoted parents, who did all in their power for his relief. But on Thursday morning, June 2d, 1864, at half-past two o'clock, his feet and hands grew cold, his breathing was labored, and in a few moments he bid farewell to his dear friends, his delightful home, his bleeding country, and was attended by the angels of God, to the mansions prepared for him in the heavens, by the Saviour whom he loved.

On the 6th day of June he was buried with military honors, in the Albany Rural Cemetery, a spot peculiarly sacred to us, it being the resting place of so many noble patriots. The funeral was attended by the Governor of the State and his staff, and the body was escorted to the tomb by Company A of the Tenth Regiment.

The following is an extract from a letter written by R. S. NORTON, Lieutenant and Acting R. Q. M., Seventh New York Heavy Artillery, near Petersburg, Va., June 30th, 1864:

"I cannot close this letter, without referring to the personal character and moral worth of Lieutenant ORR, and the warm feeling of friendship I felt for him during our acquaintance, and

particularly from the time we left the defences to the morning he was wounded. During this time, our duties caused us to be together the most of the time; he as A. A. A. G., and I as aid to Col. MORRIS. In the high opinion I had formed of his excellence of character and soldierly qualities, I found I was not mistaken.

“Perhaps it would interest you to hear the circumstances relating to his receiving his wound, as given by one who was present at the time. On the fatal morning, after being in the rifle pits all night, we went across a field into a piece of woods to take breakfast—Col. MORRIS, Lieut. ORR and myself. Upon rising from the ground, Lieut ORR stepped aside a moment, and immediately returned saying he was wounded. The Colonel made a severe remark upon the careless firing of muskets by the men, supposing that it had been done by one of our own men. We all thought so then, but when the ball was extracted it proved to be a rebel bullet. He requested me to tie up his arm in a sling, and after doing so, we helped him on to his horse and took him to the hospital. We did not think it a serious wound at the time, and in answer to my question if it pained him much, he replied that it did not, but his arm felt numb.

“The intelligence of his death was received in the regiment with great surprise and deep sorrow.”

The Albany Zouave Cadets passed a series of highly complimentary resolutions in relation to the character and services of our departed hero; and the family of the deceased received the warm sympathy of a large circle of relatives and friends.

XLIX.

LIEUT. JAMES H. MORGAN.

AMONG the many brave young men who stepped forward at the first call to defend our Government, was the subject of this sketch. He was a native of the city of Albany, and after having received his education in our first schools, he entered upon the study of the law.

His talents and earnest application won for him the high commendation of his professors, and his scholarship and urbane manners made him a favorite and chosen friend among his fellows.

Having completed the prescribed course, he graduated with honor, and immediately began the practice of the law in the office of the District Attorney, in the city of Albany.

He remained thus for some length of time, until a more promising position was offered to him in the western part of the State, which he accepted. He was here, surrounded by the new duties and responsibilities of his profession, when the rebellion broke out.

The history of that time shows a spirit of self-denial and sacrifice unequalled. The exigency called for the noblest and best, and they were given. What a gift it was can only be known to those in whose hearts it has left an aching record.

Mr. MORGAN entered the army as First Lieutenant of Company G, Eighteenth New York Volunteers, Col. WILLIAM A. JACKSON. The regiment engaged in active service immediately, and, at the disastrous retreat of Bull Run, suffered considerably, as a greater portion of it was composed of young men, unused to hardship.

The fatigues and exposures of that time made serious inroads upon the health of Lieut. MORGAN.

At the termination of this campaign he suffered a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism, and was obliged to resign. A promotion and furlough were offered to him, but as the state of his health would render him unfit for service for some length of time, he chose to resign. Two years later found him again in the field. His regiment (Seventh New York Artillery, Fourth Brigade, First Division, Second Corps, Gen. HANCOCK) was ordered to the front, and there experienced some of the most trying service of the war. Out of seventeen hundred men, composing that regiment, who left Washington for the front, only a mere handful remained at the expiration of their term of enlistment. Toil, suffering and death had done their perfect work, and among those to whom this martyrdom was decreed was our young soldier.

He was taken a prisoner of war at the battle of Ream's Station, 25th August, 1864. Out of his company, but one Sergeant and six men were left.

This disaster was not known to his family and friends for many weeks. After having exhausted every means in their power to ascertain his fate, the terrible fact was at last discovered.

Death in the field; in an hospital; anywhere, would have been merciful compared with this. The treatment that he received is too horrible to relate. His mother and sisters can not speak of it without tears. He was removed from Libby prison to Salisbury, N. C., a change for the worse, if such can be conceived. Here his martyrdom was completed by the incarnate fiends who had him in charge, and he died, a prisoner of war, on the 21st of November, 1864.

More than ordinarily gentle and refined in his manners, he was yet possessed of great firmness and courage, and many acts of personal daring and bravery are known that reflect credit upon him as a soldier.

With high toned morals, talents and cultivation of no common order, a career of honor and usefulness was open to him in civil life. His patriotism and sense of duty forbade him to pursue this when his country demanded his services in the field.

As a son and brother, he endeared his home circle to him by

his genial virtues and manly worth. The memory of his ever generous and affectionate qualities is fondly treasured in the hearts of those who loved him best.

His loss has brought a weariness of sorrow to them that will not pass away. Many such homes there are in the land, but "every heart knoweth its own bitterness."

L.

LIEUT. MICHAEL HENRY BARCKLEY,
OF KNOX.

LIEUT. BARCKLEY, son of HENRY BARCKLEY and MAGDELANE LIVINGSTON, descendants of revolutionary times, was born in the town of Knox, Albany county, N. Y., November 15, 1840. In early life, he manifested an unusual fondness for books, and made great proficiency in his studies. His parents resolved to give him a thorough education, but were compelled at times to check his rapid progress to preserve his health. He received a religious education, and was a youth of excellent morals. His parents belonged to the Reformed Dutch Church, and he was a faithful member of the Sabbath school. He entered the junior class of Union College in 1861, and graduated with honors in July, 1862, in the 22d year of his age.

He returned home with his feelings fired with love of country, which were, if possible, increased by those of his parents; and feeling impelled by a sense of duty to answer his country's call and haste to the field of conflict, he at once enlisted as a recruiting officer, and commenced his labors in his native town. He was so much beloved, that many, who were otherwise timid, became inspired by his example, and rallied around him. In three or four days he had a sufficient number of recruits to present with himself at the rendezvous in the city of Albany; so that in the organization of Company K, of the Thirteenth Regiment N. Y. V., he, as a reward for his patriotic services, was at once elected First Lieutenant.

As soon as his position was determined, the patriotic people of Knox in a mass meeting of both sexes, resolved to do him all the honor in their power, and as an expression of their high appreciation of him and the noble cause for which he so cheerfully

gave himself, raised a sufficient sum to purchase a sword, sash, belt and pistol, (the best that a line officer was allowed to wear) which were presented to him at a large and enthusiastic meeting in the town of Knox just before his departure to the field. The equipage was presented by Rev. E. E. TAYLOR, and the sash adjusted by Miss E. BOGARDUS, in behalf of the ladies. The Rev. E. E. TAYLOR then made the presentation address to the unusually large audience, who were assembled in the open air.

The following is a synopsis of the speech by Rev. Mr. TAYLOR:

“Civil government was formerly connected with that of the church. It has since been changed; but nevertheless necessary, and its support is equally binding upon us. And if there are differences in the moral characters of men, that difference should be considered in the selection of the best men under God, “who setteth up nations and destroyeth,” for this great work. And if government is committed to men, then it is their duty to maintain that government by the use of any necessary means to subjugate foreign foes or rebels. As evidence, it is recorded 1 Chron. 5, 22: ‘For there fell down many slain *because the war was of God.*’

“However horrible the character of war may appear, it is one of God’s commands that we, his servants, rally on the side of the right and put down unholy rebellion, for the ‘Captain of our salvation’ hath said of him who ‘taketh the sword (wrongfully) he shall perish by the sword.’ It is further recorded, Jer. xlviii, 10: ‘Cursed be he that doeth the work of the Lord deceitfully, and cursed be he that keepeth back his sword from blood.’

“We present to you this equipage in the name of God and our country. You stand before us now in the military character. This has become a necessity. May God sustain you in your trials, give you a valiant heart, shield you from evil, and return you and your comrades to us again in peace, if it may be, or, if it must be that you fall, be yours an honored grave, and ours, with you, by and by to enjoy the bliss of heaven. We pledge to you our prayers and anxious sympathy.

“You go forth as our representative; in it we feel honored. You are to make for us our history, and, joined with the patriot

army, are to crush, once and forever, rebels and rebellion, and put the despots of the world before a free people; to trample beneath your feet not only this rebellion but its cause, whereby the foundations of our republic shall be laid deeper, made broader and built firmer, over which our national ensign shall wave while time lasts."

To this Lieutenant BARCKLEY replied as follows:

"*Reverend Sir*—I accept these testimonials of regard from the patriotic citizens of my native town, who have confided them in trust to me, and here promise to hold them sacred, to use them where duty calls, and never return them dishonored. And to the ladies, this beautiful sash I shall ever hold in remembrance of your attachments to the cause we all hold so dear."

The regiment which he joined, commanded by Colonel MORRIS, left Albany August 14, 1862, and were assigned to the defences of Washington and stationed at Fort Reno, afterwards called Fort Pennsylvania. Subsequently, the regiment, changed to the Seventh New York Heavy Artillery, was ordered to the front and engaged in several battles and skirmishes, and finally in the terrible conflicts at Coal Harbor. There this noble youth was mortally wounded. A shell struck him below his right knee and he fell with his face towards the enemy, on Saturday, the 4th of June, 1864.

After suffering upon the field, he was taken to the surgeon's quarters, where his limb was amputated above the knee. He did not long survive the operation, but died on the 6th of July, 1864, at ten o'clock, P. M. He was attended by his devoted mother, who did all in her power to alleviate his sufferings.

During his sickness he was calm, communicative and cheerful, and felt that in serving his country he had served his God. Just before his death, he said he could not die in a better cause. He was regarded as one of the bravest of the brave, and greatly beloved by all who were associated with him. His remains were borne away from the hospital by his friends and relatives and attended, with military honors, to his native hills.

The funeral services of Lieutenant BARCKLEY were attended on Sabbath, the 10th of July, in the Reformed Dutch Church at

Knox, his native village. The coffin was strewn with flowers, and the sword which had been presented to him upon his departure for the seat of war, and which he had so valiantly wielded in his country's defence, was lying upon it.

Citizens from every direction flocked to the house of mourning until the church was filled to its utmost capacity, the vestibule crowded, and the grounds in front filled by a multitude from far and near, who were deeply interested, and seemed to appreciate and realize the loss that the country and the community had sustained. The scene was truly solemn and impressive.

The Rev. WM. P. DAVIS, of Guilderland, assisted the pastor, the Rev. E. VEDDER, in the services. In view of this Providence being accepted by the community as a general affliction, Mr. VEDDER selected for his text, as an appropriate subject, the latter clause of the third verse of the tenth chapter of Leviticus: "And Aaron held his peace."

After the solemn exercises, the coffin being covered with the flag of his country, the assembly followed his remains, in slow and solemn procession, to the new cemetery; and in a most beautiful spot, overlooking the place that gave him birth, selected and given for that purpose, was deposited the lifeless form of the once loved and noble youth, Lieutenant BARCKLEY.

II.

LIEUT. CHARLES SWAINE EVANS,
OF RENSSELAERVILLE.

CHARLES SWAINE EVANS, the son of HENRY I. and EUNICE M. EVANS, was born in Rensselaerville November 10, 1840.

He early displayed a strong affection for his parents, and many amiable and noble qualities that endeared him to a large circle of friends. He became hopefully converted, and made a profession of religion in the winter of 1862, in the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Rensselaerville. His life clearly indicated the sincerity of his profession, the depth of his love for his Saviour.

Animated by a pure and lofty patriotism, he enlisted August 2d, 1862, in Company K, Seventh Heavy Artillery Regiment, and when promoted, he was transferred to Company I.

He was in the battles of Fredericksburg Road, Milford Station, North Anna River, Tollapotomy Creek and Coal Harbor. As a soldier, Lieut. EVANS was brave, cheerful and always at his post. He shrank from no duty, and was never intimidated by danger. His companions speak of him in terms of the highest praise. While suffering from long marches, unsuitable food and exposure to storms and the cold, he never was heard to utter a word of complaint. His letters, written to his dear parents and sisters at home, breathe a spirit of the warmest affection and deepest interest in their welfare, as well as devotion to his Saviour and to his country's cause.

The following letters, addressed to the members of the church with which he was connected, show his religious feelings while he was in the army:

FORT PENNSYLVANIA, HEAD QUARTERS 113TH }
REGIMENT N. Y. S. V., October 24, 1862. }

Brothers and Sisters of the M. E. Church at Rensselaerville:

My heart is with you, but I would that this Sabbath morning I might worship God with you in the old basement, and once more mingle my prayers and songs of praise with yours; and with you feel the influence of the Holy Spirit, strengthening us for the performance of our duty, and filling our whole soul with enjoyment. But God, who moves in a mysterious way, has ordered it otherwise, and in obedience to what I considered my sacred duty, I am to-day far from home and its comforts—far from privileges which I once so much enjoyed; yet I trust and firmly believe that I am not far from the Lord, and I will praise Him this morning. Nothing but my own acts can deprive me of the comforts of His religion, and the enjoyment of His presence.

The excitement of leaving home, the novelty of the soldier's life, and the influence of the associations into which I was thrown, notwithstanding I endeavored to be fortified by grace, all tended to lessen my enjoyment, and to separate me from the God I love. But I am grateful that I have never lost sight of Him, and that I have tried to be faithful in praying to Him, and in attending to all the means of grace within my reach. For the past few weeks I have been endeavoring, by reflection and prayer, to increase my faith, my enjoyment and my hold upon eternal life; and I have reason to think that God has blessed me. I have more strength, more confidence, more peace; and in writing these few lines, I feel great joy to think that, though absent, I can give in my testimony to the power of religion. May the Lord bless us, may His spirit guide us, and may we all at last dwell in the bright world above.

Conscious that I am trying to do my duty, and feeling that I am on the strongest side, because the Lord God is with me, I am perfectly contented.

You can realize the danger of the body to which I am exposed; but no one, unless by experience, can tell the danger to the soul.

Christians, pray for me, that I may be prepared for all that awaits me; that though I fall by the bullet or by disease, I may

come off conqueror. Pray that if it is the Lord's will, I may be preserved; but His will, not mine, be done. Meanwhile the Lord watch between us. Trusting in God,

I am, yours truly,

CHARLES SWAINE EVANS.

FORT RENO, D. C., *March 22, 1863.*

Brethren and Sisters—I deem it a great privilege, and may God bless me in the use of it, that though separated far from you, I am able to express my love for God's service, and my desire to be one of His most faithful servants, and to merit the promised reward. In looking over the past eight months, I cannot but see and feel very grateful for the many evidences I have of God's care. His mercy and His love have been manifested in the preservation of my life and health, in the midst of dangers, exposures and hardships; and the continued blessing of His Holy Spirit alone has kept me safe while in the midst of the temptation and the evil with which I am surrounded. I derive great enjoyment from the consciousness of God's approval, in the gift of my services to my country; and possessing, as I trust, His religion, I am better enabled to discharge my duties, undergo hardships and submit cheerfully to the deprivation of privileges and blessings. It seems to me now, that without this blessed religion of Christ's, the only thing which can satisfy and fill the human heart, my life would be blank indeed, and my situation almost unbearable.

Though we have weekly meetings, and the preaching of the gospel, which I am faithful in attending, I miss very much your Thursday evening prayer meetings, and Saturday night class meetings, which were such helps to me at home. But the memory of those early days in God's service, and of the vows I paid Him in your presence, and of our prayers, tears and songs of praise, give me strength to overcome much of the evil there is in camp life.

I am glad to hear that the spirit of the Lord has been at work in Rensselaerville, convicting, converting and saving souls that were dead in trespasses and in sins. I pray that God may keep you, and especially those who enlisted when I did, from the evil

in this world, and bless you in all your efforts to do good, and may He at last crown you in Heaven.

In return, give me your earnest prayers, that I too may be kept from sin, and may exert an influence for Christ, and never bring any reproach upon His name. Pray, if the Lord wills that I should live until this wicked rebellion is crushed, that I may be a useful member of society and a true Christian, constant in the discharge of duty. But if it is the Lord's will that I should lose my life, may I die a Christian soldier, gaining an entrance to Heaven, where no war nor battle sound is heard, and where we can all praise God through eternity.

Your brother in Christ,

C. SWAINE EVANS,
Co. K., 7th N. Y. Vol. Artillery.

The sentiments and principles expressed in these letters, Lieut. EVANS labored to carry out in his daily life. Among the soldiers, he was the consistent, faithful and earnest Christian, and the warm, sympathizing friend. His reliance upon God was constant and firm, and he never forgot that he was the professed disciple of Jesus Christ. His religion sustained him in the camp, on the battle field, and in the last trying hour.

On the 3d day of June, 1864, at three o'clock in the morning, a terrible charge was made on the enemy's works at Coal Harbor. Through that severe fight Lieut. EVANS passed unharmed. But two days afterwards he was wounded by a sharpshooter, and after lingering a few hours in great agony, he expired. He was conscious to the last, and expressed his perfect trust in the blessed Saviour.

He was buried the same day at Coal Harbor, where his remains still rest. Everything possible has been done to recover them, but the place where he was buried is now plowed over, and the headboard was found two miles from the spot.

Among several letters received by the friends at home, is the following from Mr. BLANCHARD:

GALLUPVILLE, *April 8, 1866.*

My acquaintance with Lieut. C. S. EVANS was somewhat limited. His mind was well cultivated, and his Christian charac-

ter without blemish. He was always reliable, and everywhere truthful, affectionate and kind. He was a model young man and Christian. He gave good evidence of his patriotism by leaving his friends and the work of preparation for a life of usefulness, as an ambassador for Christ, to endure the trials and exposures of the battle field. But he now rests from his labors, and has gone to his reward.

Yours truly,

H. BLANCHARD.

The following letter, written before Mr. EVANS was promoted to the Lieutenancy, shows the estimation in which he was held by a superior officer:

HEAD QUARTERS, DRAFT RENDEZVOUS, }
RIKER ISLAND, *February 17, 1864.* }

To all whom it may concern:

It is with great pleasure that I recommend Sergt. C. S. EVANS, Battery K, Seventh N. Y. Artillery, as capable of holding a commission. He has been under my command some four or five months, and during that time I never found him away from his post. He was always ready and willing to do his duty. He is a good soldier and a perfect gentleman, and nothing could give me greater pleasure than to see him receive his commission, for I think he has honestly earned it. He could do our country, in this her hour of need, better service in such a position than the one he now holds. If it were necessary to say more for him, I would do so.

CHARLES C. BAKER,

Major 39th Regiment N. Y. V.

Of the fond brother a dear sister thus writes:

“None knew him but to love; none named him but to praise. We miss him in the home circle, for he was so kind, so good, so noble. But he is to-day in a brighter and better world than this, and we are trying, by the grace of God, to exclaim: ‘Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.’”

LII.

LIEUT. CHARLES L. YEARSLEY.

CHARLES L. YEARSLEY was the son of HENRY and SARAH A. YEARSLEY, and was born in West Troy May 19, 1843.

He received a Christian education, and his amiable qualities and affectionate disposition made him a great favorite in the home circle, and among all his friends. Early in life he became a member of the Sabbath school, and was very conscientious in observing the Sabbath, and attending upon the public worship of God.

From the commencement of the war he was very desirous of entering the army and fighting for his country. He often urged his parents to let him go, but they were for some time unwilling to part with the object of their affections. His love for his mother was very strong, but he said to her one day, "the love of country and the love for one's mother are alike, and we ought to be willing to die for either."

He enlisted August 13th, 1862, in Company H, One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment, afterwards the Seventh Heavy Artillery, and left Albany for the defence of Washington on the 19th of August. There he remained until May 15, 1864.

Towards the latter part of the year 1863 he was promoted to the position of Orderly Sergeant, and on the 15th of April, 1864, was made Lieutenant, in consequence of his faithful services and superior soldierly qualities.

In June he was ordered to charge the enemy's works in front of Petersburg, and having had the command of Company G from the third of that month, he led them forward. As the engagement opened he was badly wounded, and his friends urged him to go to the rear. But he pushed on, and was again wounded.

Still he nobly and fearlessly pressed forward, and was struck by a bullet for the third time, and fell mortally wounded. He died in about ten minutes, with his face still towards the enemy.

In the death of this noble patriot the country lost one of its truest friends; the company one of its noblest officers, and his parents one of the best of sons.

He sleeps with a large number of Christian heroes in the Albany Rural Cemetery. His precious life was given to the noblest of causes, and the priceless treasure that he helped to secure, he leaves as his legacy to coming generations.

The following letters were written to his father after CHARLES fell:

OPPOSITE PETERSBURG, VA., *June 17, 1864.*

HENRY YEARSLEY, Esq:

Dear Sir—It is with feelings of the deepest regret I write to inform you of the death of your son, CHARLES L., Lieutenant in Battery G, Seventh New York Heavy Artillery. He was killed while charging the enemy's works. In your sad bereavement I would offer you my heartfelt sympathies. It could be well said of him, that none knew him but to love him. Pleasing in personal appearance and manners, he won friends by his gentleness and kindness. He was as brave as a lion, and faithful in the discharge of his duty, whether in the camp or in the face of the foe. In him our country loses one of its noblest defenders; our regiment one of its most efficient officers; and myself one of my warmest personal friends. He died a soldier's death, with his face to the foe. Our regiment was ordered to charge the works of the enemy, and while nobly pressing his men forward, and within a few yards of the works, he fell, shot through the stomach, dying in about ten minutes. His body we have been unable to recover, as it is between our lines. I will see that he is decently buried and his grave marked.

His watch is in my possession; I will, as he wished, send it to you by the first opportunity I have, and will try to send you his sword, although I am afraid it will be impossible.

Please sir allow me to sympathize with you in this your great

affliction, at the same time trusting that "He who doeth all things well" will comfort you. I am sir, truly yours,

JOHN S. McEWAN,

Capt. Seventh N. Y. H. Artillery, Com. Battery G.

QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE, 7TH N. Y. A., }
 4TH BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION, 2D CORPS. }
 IN THE FIELD NEAR PETERSBURG, *June 25, 1864.* }

MR. HENRY YEARSLEY, *West Troy, N. Y.*

Dear Sir—Your letter, dated 22d inst. I have just received, and will hasten to reply. I wrote a letter to Mr. CHARLES LACK some days ago, in which I referred to your son CHARLES, and I presume that by this time you have learned either by this letter or some other, of the fate of your noble boy. It therefore only remains for me to comply with your request, contained in the last part of your letter, and detail some of the circumstances connected with his last moments. Perhaps I may be permitted however, to first say a few words in relation to my previous intercourse with him. Our intimacy commenced soon after our regiment left Albany, in August 1862. There were three of us who occupied the same tent; the third was Lieut. McCLURE. We enjoyed each other's society very much during the almost twelve months we were together. But I felt from the first, a particular feeling of congeniality towards CHARLIE, which I never lost; I discovered at once in him a spirit so noble and generous, and such a determination to do right, that I at once respected and loved him. Our duties afterwards separated us, but our friendship continued to grow stronger up to the time of his death.

During the first two weeks service of our regiment in this campaign, I was in all the engagements in which it participated, and my position on the staff of Col. MORRIS as aid, during that time, afforded me a good opportunity to judge of the merits and fighting qualities of our officers. And I can say, that in the very high opinion I had formed of Lieutenant YEARSLEY's soldierly qualities, I was not mistaken. He was as brave and true a soldier as ever lived. And since the second of this month I have been acting Regimental Quartermaster, and my duties, as

such, required me to be with the supply train a good share of the time. I was not in the engagement of the sixteenth, and must therefore state the particulars concerning your son as I heard them from those who were last with him. He had been the only officer in his company for duty since the regiment was at Coal Harbor, and he went into the charge before Petersburg in command of the company. I am told he was wounded three times before he gave up. While cheering on his men he was struck by a bullet, and fell to the ground. But immediately rising he assured his men that he was not hurt much, and urged them to press forward. He was hit the second time, and the third shot struck him in the stomach, and proved to be a mortal wound. The brigade advanced to the enemy's rear works, and found they were in a place where they could not get out, and a surrender was unavailable.

A few, however, made their escape, among them Captain MAGUIRE, and a few of his men, and it is from them that I learned the following facts: The enemy had apparently discovered that the escape of our regiment was impossible; and they put their heads over their breast works and called on the "Yankees" to throw down their arms and come in, assuring them that they would not be hurt. Captain MAGUIRE replied, that they would not get him while he was able to run, and he immediately started to make his escape followed by four of his men, and a shower of rebel bullets. In escaping over the field, across which the charge had been made, a few minutes before, two men passed Lieutenant YEARSLEY as he lay on the field; he called after them saying, "don't leave me." They took him up and carried him until they saw that his spirit had fled, when they laid him down and hastened to our lines.

The following day, First Sergeant SHAW, with a detail of men from our regiment, went out under a flag of truce and buried the body of Lieutenant YEARSLEY. The Sergeant assured me yesterday, that he could find the grave at any time. It is now within our lines, but I think it would be impossible for you to get permission to take it up before the first of November.

A few minutes before going into the charge the Lieutenant

handed his watch to one of his company, and it has since been handed over to me. I will send it to you the first opportunity I can get.

A feeling of sadness comes over me while recounting the circumstances of his death, and how much greater must be the sadness of a fond father and loving mother; a mother whom I know he loved, and whose pious counsels contained in her letters to him, I know he heeded and treasured up in his heart. When first learning of his death, it seemed to me that his young life had been taken too soon—that his career of usefulness had hardly commenced. But God knew best. I believe he has taken him to Himself, and though it was not permitted his friends to be with him in his parting moments, or to witness his cheerful deportment and christian conduct and fortitude amid the hardships of this dreadful campaign, yet I certainly think that they should not be “like those who are without hope.”

With the earnest wish, that you may receive strength from on high, to bear up under this great affliction, I close by subscribing myself, with much respect,

Your obedient servant,

R. S. NORTON,

Lt. and A. R. Q. M. 7th N. Y. Art.

LIII.

LIEUT. JOHN T. B. GOEWEEY.

JOHN T. B. GOEWEEY was born January 17th, 1842. He was the youngest of nine children. His father, JACOB GOEWEEY, was from one of the old Dutch families of Albany, and his mother, MARIA BAKER, was a descendant of the Puritans of Massachusetts.

He was baptized, in childhood, by the Rev. Dr. WYCKOFF, in the Middle Dutch Church, his parents being members of that church.

His health was poor until he was ten years of age. He was naturally of a nervous temperament and quick perceptions. As his father's means were limited, he simply received an ordinary education.

When quite young he had a great desire to go to West Point, but as circumstances would not admit of it, he reluctantly gave up the idea.

He went to Cleveland, Ohio, in 1857, with his parents, and entered a book store as clerk. He also joined the Bible Class in the Second Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Mr. ELLIS, pastor. When in that city he joined a military company, called the Cleveland Light Guards. He, with his parents, returned to Albany in 1859. When the war broke out, in 1861, he enlisted in the Twenty-fifth Regiment, but not being of age, his father would not consent to his going.

In the riot of July 12th, 1863, he was one of the thirty members of the Twenty-fifth Regiment that left Albany, and were gone five days on guard at Yonkers. He afterwards enlisted in the Tenth Regiment, but could not get his father's consent to let him go. He often said: "Father, they want another man. Do you know who it is? That one is myself." After waiting

patiently for a year, he persuaded his father finally to give his consent, and, with several young members of Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, of which he was a member, he enlisted August 30th, 1864, in the Twenty-third Independent Battery, N. Y. Vols., stationed at Newbern, N. C.

He left Albany, September 9th, and arrived at Newbern one week before the yellow fever broke out. The battery having more men than was requisite, they were transferred to the Eighth New York Heavy Artillery, and left Newbern, June 19th, for Hotchkiss' Run, Petersburg.

He received a commission, dated December 27th, 1865, as First Lieutenant of Company I, in the One Hundred and Seventieth Regiment New York Volunteers, Second Division, Second Army Corps. He was in all the battles from the time of leaving Petersburg, until the surrender of Gen. LEE. His health was good while at Berksville, Va., and at Richmond. But often needing proper food and rest, his constitution was severely taxed. Passing through Richmond, he was much oppressed with the heat, and at night a heavy rain storm came on, and he took a severe cold. A fever set in, and in that condition he was obliged to take command of his company, the Captain being dead.

When he arrived at Fredericksburg, he was conveyed from thence in an ambulance, to a field hospital near Alexandria, three days after which he died. He expired May 18th, 1865, aged twenty-three years, four months and one day. His remains were brought home, and on the 25th of May, 1865, were borne to the Albany Rural Cemetery.

We deeply mourn his loss, as he was an affectionate and dutiful son, a kind brother, a true patriot, a brave soldier, and a warm and sincere friend.

The following deserved tribute was paid to his memory:

“At a special meeting of Protection Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, held Friday evening, May 19th, 1865, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

“*Whereas*, The great Creator, in His infinite wisdom and mercy, has removed from among us our late friend and companion, Lieut.

JOHN T. GOEWEEY, of the One Hundred and Seventieth N. Y. Vols., while nobly engaged in his country's service:

“Resolved, That while we deplore his loss as an active member, an agreeable companion and warm friend, we bow with submission to the decree of an all-wise Providence, who does every thing for the best.

“Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy, and join them in mourning the departure of one, who, in all the social relations of life, proved himself an affectionate son and devoted brother.

“Resolved, That the house of this company be draped in mourning for thirty days, in memory of the deceased, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to his family, and published in the city papers.

“MATTHEW QUINN, President.

“ROBERT H. MOORE, Secretary.”

LIV.

LIEUT. JOHN B. READ.

JOHN B. READ, First Lieutenant and Adjutant Seventh N. Y. Heavy Artillery, was born October 8th, 1830, at Stuyvesant, Columbia county, N. Y. His father's name is JOEL READ, and his mother's, MARY A. BURNS.

In his domestic relations he was everything that could be desired, and he will be ever remembered as a dutiful son, the kindest of brothers, an affectionate husband and father, and a firm and faithful friend.

He entered the United States service from motives of the purest patriotism. When disaster befell the Federal troops in the battles in front of Richmond, and the second Bull Run, and the call was made for more troops, he at once tendered his services, notwithstanding he had an impediment in his speech, which would have exempted him from all military duty. As a reward for his services in recruiting, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant in Co. A, One Hundred and Thirteenth N. Y. Infantry, August 4, 1862, and was presented, by the citizens of the Eighth ward, with a sword, sash and belt. On the 19th August, 1862, the regiment left Albany for Washington, and upon reaching there, it was assigned to duty in the defences of that city. When the regiment was changed to heavy artillery, Lieut. READ was selected to recruit the additional men required. This duty he accomplished to the entire satisfaction of his superior officers. So highly were his services appreciated that he was promoted to First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the regiment.

The regiment left Washington, May 15th, 1864, to join the Army of the Potomac, where it arrived in time to participate in the battles of Spottsylvania Court House, Milford Station, North

Anna and Coal Harbor. In all these battles Lieut. READ was engaged, and on every occasion he displayed all the qualities of an old and tried officer.

In the last named battle, he was seriously wounded, and was left within the rebel lines. In all probability he perished upon the field, as nothing definite has ever been heard from him.

Lieut. READ's qualities as a soldier were such that he not only won the respect and affection of the men under his charge, but also, by his pleasing manners and numerous acts of kindness, endeared himself to his superior officers. Whether in the camp or on the battle field, he invariably manifested a deep interest in the welfare of those with whom he was brought in contact. After being wounded, he was unwilling to accept of the services of his fellow soldiers to remove him from the field, knowing from the pressing emergencies of the time that every available man was required, in order to insure the success of the Union forces.

The mystery which hangs over the fate of this noble soldier, has been a source of the deepest anxiety and sorrow to his relatives and friends. They have used every endeavor to ascertain whether he died on the field, or lingered in one of the horrible southern prisons. But they have been unable to learn anything respecting his last days and hours, and can only leave him in the hands of a merciful God, with the hope of meeting him again, where all is peace and joy, and where the good shall meet to part no more.

LV.

LIEUT. HENRY McCONNELL.

THIS officer was a native of Ireland, and at the time of the breaking out of the late civil war, a resident of Albany, where he had lived many years. He had a family, and was a carpenter by trade. He followed that occupation till his entrance into the service of the United States, as Second Lieutenant of Company K, Sixty-third Regiment New York Volunteers, in September, 1861. His regiment at once joined Gen. THOMAS F. MEAGHER'S Brigade.

He passed with the regiment through the Peninsula campaign, in 1862, and fought in many of the battles against Richmond, escaping without a wound.

At the battle of Antietam, on the 17th of September, 1862, he fell mortally wounded, and expired on the field. He was about thirty-five years of age. He was a man of good character, modest and unassuming, but brave. He left a wife and one child.

These are the only facts, of interest to the reader, known, in reference to this gallant patriot, whose life was sacrificed on the altar of his adopted country.

“ I only know, I only care to know,
You died for me—for me and country bled;
A thousand springs, and wild December snows
Will weep for each of all our Northern dead.”

LVI.

LIEUT. MATTHEW BELL.

FROM A. S. KIBBEE, ESQ.

REV. R. W. CLARK :

Dear Sir—It gives me pleasure to send to you the following tribute to the memory of Lieutenant MATTHEW BELL, who was a member of our church (The First Congregationalist.) I have been intimately acquainted with him for the past twenty years. He was of Scotch parents; was born in Scotland, and came to this country alone when a small boy. Through the force of unyielding determination, coupled with honesty and integrity of purpose, he won his way into the confidence and esteem of many friends. He was converted and united with our church in 1857. Ever after he was a cordial co-worker with us in everything that pertained to the advancement of the interests of Zion. He was with us from about the first of our organization, and in our Sabbath school, and also in the mission school, he was most efficient. He was one that could be relied upon. A superintendent knows how to value such men.

Through the early part of the war he felt it to be his duty to enter the army, and it was only the wants of his family and their entire dependence upon him, that prevented him from doing so. But when the dark trying days came, he could no longer remain at home and he volunteered (when bounties were comparatively unknown) as a private in the One Hundred and Thirteenth New York Regiment. He had received a military education and was very efficient while the regiment was in the course of formation, in drilling and preparing it for active service in the field. Before the regiment reached Washington he was promoted to the position of Second Lieutenant, and shortly after was made First Lieut.

It was my good fortune to visit the regiment while stationed at Fort Reno, one of the defences of Washington, and while there I learned what I might have expected, that he was considered by his superior officers and also by the men of his company, as one of the best officers in the regiment. He maintained his integrity and was faithful in the discharge of every duty.

Very shortly after his arrival at the fort, he contracted a cold from which he never recovered.

He died as he had lived, a true patriot and a sincere christian. His remains lie in the Albany Rural Cemetery.

Yours very truly,
A. S. KIBBEE.

LVII.

LIEUT. LUTHER HECKLEY HILL.

LUTHER HECKLEY HILL was one of that numerous band of youthful heroes, brought out of the peaceful pursuits of civil life into public action and notice by the late rebellion. He was the second son of WILLIAM and MATILDA HILL and was born on the 26th of September, 1835. He was a young man of good moral character, upright and honorable in his dealings, and social and friendly in his intercourse with his fellow men. He was a bookbinder by trade, and an excellent and ingenious workman.

Some months previous to the breaking out of the war, he commenced business for himself in West Troy, and was just beginning to get along comfortably. But as soon as the news of the attack on Fort Sumter reached him, he was fired with patriotic enthusiasm, and his loyal heart burned with an intense desire to put the traitors down. He immediately sold out, at a sacrifice, what he could of his stock and tools, and what he could not sell he either gave or stowed away, as though he thought he would have no more use for them. He then went zealously to work in raising a company, and, so untiring were his efforts, that in a few days he collected about forty men and was chosen their Captain, for which position he was well qualified, having been for a long time First Lieutenant of a military company.

He intended to have joined the Second Regiment, but was too late, as it had completed its organization a few hours before he applied. Disappointed, but not disheartened, he disbanded his men, who parted from him with feelings of regret and went into other companies.

Several persons offered their influence to obtain for him an office, but he refused, saying, "I will enter the ranks and make

my way up on my own merits." He was, however, afterwards, persuaded to accept the office of Orderly Sergeant in Company A, Captain OSWALD, Thirty-fourth Regiment New York State Volunteers. This was in May, 1861. Two days before his departure, he was married to Miss ANNA WESTERN, of Albany. As a soldier and officer he faithfully discharged every duty, and, being of a buoyant and happy disposition, he endeared himself to his comrades, and soon became a favorite with the officers and men of the whole regiment. While on picket duty near the Potomac, he had the misfortune to badly rupture himself, and was strongly urged by both surgeon and officers, to get his discharge and return home. This he refused to do.

In a letter to his mother he said: "I am coming home on a short furlough to have my injuries attended to, and then I shall return, and I will leave my bones to bleach and whiten in the sunny South, before I will desert my country when she needs my services."

A few days before his furlough expired, being informed that the army had moved, nothing could restrain his impatience, and he took an affectionate leave of his wife and relatives and hastened back. On arriving at Washington, learning that the regiment had gone, and that no conveyance could be obtained, he went on foot, and after a walk of seventeen miles he met the regiment returning, and he retraced his steps.

He was twice promoted; first as Sergeant Major and then as First Lieutenant of Company G, in which capacity he was acting at the time he was killed. He seems to have had the impression that he would not survive a battle, as he had expressed himself to that effect on one or two occasions. It proved to be but too true, for he was killed in the first engagement on the bloody field of Fair Oaks, 31st of May, 1862. A few moments before he was shot, turning to a friend, he said, "if anything happens to me, write immediately to my wife and mother;" and almost in the next instant, at the third volley from the enemy, he fell pierced by a bullet through the heart. He died like a brave man in defence of the glorious flag of our Union, confronting the traitors who had thrown off its protection and would have

trampled it into the dust, and yielding up his precious life a willing sacrifice upon the altar of his country's liberty.

His body was taken to the rear, and was afterwards buried with that of Sergeant MIDDLEBROOK. A few rails were placed around their graves, and head boards to mark the spot.

Three weeks after, his grave was opened by some of his former companions, and his remains placed in a rude coffin, in which condition they remained till after the close of the war; his relatives not being able to obtain them on account of the rebels having possession of that part of Virginia. Lieut. HILL had three brothers, the eldest of whom died at the age of twenty; eleven months after his brother was killed. His two remaining brothers, WILLIAM W. and PHILIP H., served in the N. Y. Seventh N. G. when stationed at Fort Federal Hill, Baltimore. It is a great satisfaction and comfort to the bereaved parents, especially to their father, who has been entirely blind for eighteen years, to know that they were all true and loyal to their country, in the recent terrible struggle to maintain our national existence.

His remains were fully identified and brought home by his brother WILLIAM W. and buried in the Albany Rural Cemetery, October 7th, 1865.

The following tribute is from his blind and afflicted father:

There side by side in peace he sleeps
With his young brother fair;
And o'er their graves the green moss creeps,
And flowers are blooming there.

Though ne'er on earth we meet again
To press each other's hand,
I know that I shall meet with them
When in the Spirit Land.

And that the veil which wraps me here
In solitude and night,
Will then forever disappear
In its celestial light.

LVIII.

LIEUT. WILLIAM PAIGE CLARK.

LIEUT. CLARK was born in the town of Watervliet on the 27th day of January, 1835. On the 25th day of June, 1836, his father met with an accident while traveling on the Albany and Schenectady railroad, by which he lost his life. He left two children (boys) WILLIAM being the eldest. Shortly after this affliction Mrs. CLARK removed to the city of Albany, where she still resides.

The early life of WILLIAM was passed without anything of special interest. He received a good common school education and learned the trade of a tinsmith. For a number of years he worked for Mr. E. C. BLAKEMAN, of Albany.

In the year 1860 he was married to Miss ALIDA HARE, of Esperance, Schoharie county. When the war broke out in the spring of 1861, and the Twenty-fifth Regiment N. Y. S. M. was preparing to take the field, Mr. CLARK was among the earliest to volunteer to accompany them. He served faithfully the three months, and on the return of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, finding the Ninety-first N. Y. V. about being organized for three years' service, he, in September, enlisted as Third Sergeant in Company A. of that Regiment. He remained with them in the Florida and Louisiana campaign until the battle of Irish Bend, April 14th, 1863, when he fell, shot through the head, while nobly doing his duty in a charge on the enemy. He lived about an hour after being struck, but was not conscious of anything. At the time of his death he was acting as Second Sergeant of his company. A commission as Second Lieutenant from March 9th had been awarded to him, but had not reached him when he fell upon the field.

LIX.

LIEUT. JOHN PETER PHILLIPS.

JOHN PETER PHILLIPS, was First Lieutenant in company F, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment N. Y. S. V. He was born in the village of Fishkill, Dutchess county N. Y., on the 25th of July, 1829. His parents gave him a good education and trained him in the principles of honesty and virtue. At the early age of sixteen he left home for New York. Here he showed great energy in the prosecution of his business, and in resisting the temptations of the city. He removed from New York to Albany where his efforts in business were crowned with success. Here he married on the 18th of April, 1852. He was very fond of his home, and greatly enjoyed it till the tocsin of war sounded through the land. He was then a member of the Tenth Regiment, and had made himself master of the drill, and manual of arms. When the Twenty-fifth Regiment started for the seat of war, he very much wished to go with them, and nothing but the ties of family restrained him. At this time the people were not impressed with the magnitude of the struggle, and expected it would soon be over. At last his regiment was called into service, and he cheerfully obeyed the call. "I go," he said, "not with the expectation of any pecuniary reward, but because I believe that it is my duty to give up everything for my country." The regiment were ordered to Louisiana, and when they arrived there, were marched up the country. At Bonnet Carré Lieutenant PHILLIPS was seized with the typhoid fever, from which he never recovered. When they reached Baton Rouge he was very weak, and soon after, the regiment's time being out, they were ordered home. Lieutenant PHILLIPS arrived in Albany in a state

of great bodily prostration.' He was unable to caress his children, whom he deeply loved, or to make himself understood by his fond wife. On the fourth day of his return, and the 4th day of September, 1863, he departed this life. His remains were interred in the Albany Rural Cemetery, there to rest till the bright morning of the resurrection day.

So sinks the soldier to his rest
With all his country's wishes blest

LX.

LIEUT. SYLVESTER BARRETT SHEPARD.

THE subject of this sketch was the eldest son of SYLVESTER F. and CATHARINE B. SHEPARD. He was born in Albany, New York, July 25, 1841, and was killed at the siege of Port Hudson, June 14, 1863. Amiable in his disposition, active in his habits, and quick in perception, his manly deportment and generous feelings made him a favorite with his companions. He very early offered his services to the government, and enlisted as a private in the Albany Burgesses Corps, which left Albany April 30, 1861, and became connected with the Twenty-fifth Regiment, stationed at Arlington Heights.

He returned after three months' service, and immediately commenced recruiting a company for the Ninety-first Regiment, then organizing. Enlisting for three years, from December 6, 1861, his energy and success in raising a company secured him the appointment of Second Lieutenant in company C. The regiment, numbering nearly nine hundred men, left Albany, for Governor's Island, December 25, 1861; which place it left for Key West, January 8, 1862, arriving there on the 20th. It remained at Key West until May 2d, when it was ordered to Pensacola. In the fall of 1862, Mr. SHEPARD returned north to recruit, and, after partial success in regaining his health, he returned in time to join the regiment before it was ordered to Baton Rouge, to join the expedition under General BANKS.

The wearisome and varied marches of the troops in this division, from the early spring of 1863 to the fall of Port Hudson, are matters of history. A letter from a member of the Ninety-first, dated July 27th, says: "The siege of Port Hudson was a weary work, and both parties fought with the greatest bravery. Our own regiment suffered severely, and the men behaved nobly. On the 14th of June we made an assault on the enemy's fortifi-

cations, but were repulsed, and such a scene of carnage I never wish again to witness. Our regiment acted as grenadiers, approaching the breastworks with hand grenades, under a perfect shower of bullets, which mowed down the brave fellows by scores. But few reached the trenches, and those only to be repulsed and taken prisoners. I laid for five hours within half pistol range of the enemy, continually exposed to the cross fire from the rifle pits, with my comrades falling around me."

In this engagement, Lieutenant SHEPARD took a prominent and brave part. The attack, which was one of the most hazardous and disastrous of the war, was made early in the morning, and the Captain of his company fell at the beginning of the engagement. The command devolving upon young SHEPARD, he was encouraging and leading the men forward when a ball pierced his left breast, and the noble hero fell a sacrifice to his country's cause. His remains were recovered and subsequently brought home.

An Albany paper, speaking of the event said: "The loss of young SHEPARD is a terrible blow to his family and friends. Highly gifted, and enthusiastic in his profession, had he been spared he would have made his mark in the army. He met his fate worthy of a brave boy. He died, with his face to the enemy, while leading his men up to the mouth of the enemy's cannon. His memory will be cherished by his many young friends, who sadly deplore his premature death."

A letter from Captain WILSON, of the Ninety-first, to a member of his family, says: "Your brother has earned for himself the reputation of being a gallant and brave officer; and I have heard the men speak in glowing terms of his conduct in several hard fought battles, especially those of the 25th and 27th of May. You have the proud satisfaction of knowing that he died for his country, and that he faithfully did his duty as an officer and gentleman, and that he fell as a soldier should, with his face to the enemy, gallantly leading his men to the charge. He was a great favorite with the Colonel, who sincerely mourns his loss, as well as all the other members of the regiment."

Lieut. SHEPARD was promoted to the First Lieutenancy of his company, May 19, 1862, and appointed Adjutant of the regiment.

LXI.

LIEUT. PATRICK MAHER.

PATRICK MAHER was born about the year 1821, near Roserea, in the county of Tipperary, Ireland. He came with his parents to the United States about the year 1824. The family settled in Albany, where his father and mother died. He married early in life, and had two sons, both of whom are now living. His occupation was a saloon keeper, and he was highly respected by every one who knew him. He served for twelve years in the Twenty-fifth Regiment N. Y. S. M., and was a prominent member of the Emmet Guards, being treasurer and Second Lieutenant of said company.

He went to California, where he was not very successful, and after many years returned to Albany.

At the commencement of the late war, he went with the Twenty-fifth (Colonel M. K. BRYAN) to Virginia, as Sergeant in company B, Montgomery Guards. A few months after the expiration of his term of service, he enlisted in Captain MICHAEL O'SULLIVAN's company (F,) Sixty-third N. Y. V., Irish Brigade, and his son DANIEL enlisted with him. He was promoted to the position of Commissary Sergeant, and in the discharge of his duties gave universal satisfaction. On the battle field of Antietam he was promoted First Lieutenant, a just tribute to his integrity as well as to his military talents.

He commanded company F, while Captain O'SULLIVAN was absent from wounds received at the battle of Antietam. He also commanded the company after his Captain's discharge through disability from March to June, 1863, when he was mustered out with other officers, in consequence of the consolidation of the Sixty-third into two companies. He returned home, and resumed

his old occupation. He re-enlisted as private in the same regiment, and was present in the sanguinary battles of the Wilderness, Chancellorsville, &c., and in those at Petersburg. His courage and capacity for command being severely tested, he was recommended for promotion to Governor FENTON, and was at once placed in command of a company.

In one of the engagements at Petersburg, June, 1864, a ball shattered his left thigh and amputation became necessary. He came home and died in Albany, and was buried by the Emmet Guards, the company in which he commenced his military career.

He had the satisfaction to receive his commission as First Lieutenant a few days previous to his death, as a recognition of his services in the field, and of his devotion to the Union.

LXII.

LIEUT. ROBERT G. NOXON,
OF WATERVLIET.

ROBERT G. NOXON, son of PETER B. and HELEN NOXON, was born in the town of Bethlehem.

Actuated by the true spirit of patriotism, he enlisted in Company F, Thirtieth Regiment, October 8th, 1862. He remarked to his mother that she should be proud to have a son in the American army, to sustain the government and the Union.

Lieut. Noxon was in several battles, in which his bravery and devotion to his country were conspicuous. After the battle of Fredericksburg, he was transferred to the Seventy-sixth Regiment, Company F.

In the terrible battle at Gettysburg, he was mortally wounded, and laid upon the field for fifty-four hours, in great suffering. He was wounded in the thigh by a Minnie ball, that passed through the bone and fractured it. It was several days after he was wounded before he was taken to the hospital. He survived his wound but forty days, when he was released by death from his extreme sufferings. His remains rest in the Albany Rural Cemetery.

LXIII.

LIEUT. JAMES McALISTER SOUTHWICK.

LIEUT. SOUTHWICK, the son of HENRY C. and MARY SOUTHWICK, was born in the city of Albany, September 5th, 1841; and died in camp near Warwick Court House, Va., on the 4th day of May, 1862.

As a child he was noted for truthfulness, moral courage, kindness of heart and obedience to his parents. When he grew older, these qualities were strengthened and brightened by his manly and courageous advocacy of those principles which he deemed to be right and just.

When the storm of war burst forth, he never hesitated or doubted as to the line of duty, but immediately began to prepare for the contest. He was in the employ of Gen. JOHN F. RATHBONE, who bears testimony to his high integrity of character. Although his connection with him was of a business nature, the General pressed him into service as an assistant, at the barracks in this city, where he was employed during the fall of 1861.

Becoming impatient to participate in active service in the field, he joined the Ninety-third Regiment New York State Volunteers, then organizing at the barracks, and was immediately elected Second Lieutenant of Company A. He left the city with the regiment, and the following letters give a partial account of his movements:

MERIDIAN HILL, *March 23, 1862.*

My dear Parents—I doubt not that by this time you are quite vexed at me on account of my very great tardiness in not writing you before. But better late than never, you know, so please send me this time, and accept better this, in future.

When we left New York it was almost dark, you will remember, so that it brought us to Philadelphia at midnight exactly, where a most welcome and sumptuous repast awaited us. We had then to march about one mile through the city to the depot, where we took the cars, and laid in them all night, in the depot, on account of a train, which left before we got there, having broke down just out of the city.

At last, about seven A. M., we got started, and, after many stops and vexatious delays, about one P. M. arrived at Perryville, Md., where the cars were taken on to the ferry boat and ferried bodily over to Havre de Grace. There the Fourth New York Regiment is stationed. We left there immediately, arriving in Baltimore about dusk, when we marched through Pratt street, where you remember the Eighth Massachusetts boys met with trouble last spring. We here partook of the hospitalities of Baltimore, provided for us by the citizens, and I assure you I never felt so grateful for a meal in my life as I did for that. I tell you what it is, the boys of the Ninety-third New York will long and gratefully remember the gentlemen and ladies of Philadelphia and Baltimore.

We rested here about two hours, when we again jumped on the cars for Washington, which place we reached about five o'clock A. M. About noon we left the city, marching about two miles out on the Bladensburg road, where we pitched our tents, and got our first taste of camp life; and I assure you that that night's sleep was most deliciously enjoyed by about eight hundred and fifty of the most tired and forlorn looking fellows that ever formed a regiment. We were most beautifully situated here, on a high hill overlooking the country around for miles; and wherever the eye could reach, nothing, hardly, but little white tents dotted the landscape.

But already it has got to be an old story here to visit a camp, or to stand in the evening, looking at the camp fires of a neighboring regiment, and wake up in the morning to find the camp deserted, and not a sign or vestige left to remind a person, that the night before a bustling crowd of blue coats had been there.

Where had they gone? Well, that was just what nobody knew; and so it goes.

Last Tuesday we received orders to leave Bladensburg for this place, expecting to leave the next morning for Alexandria, there to start for James river. But here we are yet.

We are in Gen. PALMER's Brigade, CASEY's Division, and have had marching orders since we have been here; but it is my honest opinion we will never get more than fifty miles from here. I am perfectly contented and satisfied here, and enjoy myself very much. * * *

My most affectionate love to you all, beloved parents, brothers and sisters. Write me soon.

Your affectionate son,

JAMES.

IN CAMP, SEVEN MILES FROM FORTRESS MONROE, }
April 2, 1862. }

My dear Father—You will no doubt be rather surprised to learn of our sudden departure from Washington, which we left last Thursday P. M.

We left Meridian Hill last Thursday about five P. M., crossing the Long bridge in total darkness, and marching that night seven miles to Alexandria. We arrived there about eleven-thirty P. M., and camped on the sidewalks, in doorways, and under stoops, which was very uncomfortable, I assure you. I sat up all night in a doorway, with a blanket around me, but slept not at all. The next day, Saturday, we marched out about two miles from the city and camped, would you believe, in the midst of a heavy snow storm, which shortly, however, turned into rain. Our men had to lie right down in it, on account of our tents not arriving. They were detained by a great crowd of wagons on the road, sixteen thousand men having crossed the bridge the same day we did. We laid there that night, and the next morning, Sunday, we again commenced our march, returning to Alexandria, where we embarked on the steamer "Vanderbilt" for Fortress Monroe. On our way down the river, we had a fine view of Mathias Point, and of a number of splendid fortifications, but lately evacuated

by the rebels. We arrived at the Fortress at nine A. M. Tuesday, April 1st.

We disembarked under the guns of the Fortress, and marched three miles to Hampton, which you remember was laid in ruins by the rebels, under MAGRUDER. The walls are still standing, and also the stockade and earthworks, erected by the rebels. Our men that night slept in the ruins of a church and in the grave yard attached to it, on top of graves, &c., which I assure you was rather a new situation for your son JIM to be placed in. At any rate, no ghosts disturbed my slumbers, which were pretty sound, I assure you, after our tiresome journey. We arose with the dawn, and started on five miles further to this place, where we camped a few hours since. What the name of this place is, I could not say, but suffice it to say that Norfolk is just over the river, and possibly my next letter may be dated from there.

I am just as fresh this moment as though I had not marched a foot, with all my goods in a knapsack on my back. I send you a peach bud, plucked in Hampton, which was just handed me by one of the men. The trees are all blossoming, birds singing, and the weather beautiful in the day, but chilly at night. My most affectionate love to mother, JULIA, and my dear brothers and sisters.

Your affectionate son,

JAMES.

NEAR NEWPORT NEWS, VA.,
FRIDAY, *April 11*, 1862. }

My dear Sister—I received your very truly welcome letter last evening, and though suffering from a very severe sore throat, brought on by the cold rains of the past few days, I hasten thus early to answer it. You speak of BEN having commenced a letter, which I assure you I would be very happy to receive, not having heard from him since leaving home.

The “Merrimac” is flying around here, making the folks at Newport News and vicinity feel anything but easy. She captured two of our transports yesterday, and it was expected that she would attempt to run past the fort. If she ever gets out, there will be a big time, for they will have to run her ashore or tip

her over before they can take her. A year ago to-day, Sumter was bombarded.

Sunday, April 13, 1862.—I have done no duty in three days, on account of my throat, which has worried me considerably.

I am, your affectionate brother,

JAMES.

Lieut. SOUTHWICK remained with his command until he was taken ill with the disease which terminated his life. Had he been less earnest in the discharge of his military duties, his life might have been prolonged; but after being sent to the hospital at Newport News, he learned that the regiment had marched for Yorktown. He rose from his cot, and rode on an army wagon to Warwick Court House, where the regiment was then quartered, a distance of several miles, and immediately applied himself to his duties. But the fever proved too strong, and he was forced again to a sick bed, from which he never rose. On the day that our army marched into the rebel intrenchments at Yorktown, his spirit took its flight to the eternal world.

Thus he passed away in the flush of youth, and with the brightest prospects before him; for he was richly endowed with those qualities of mind and character which, had he been spared, would have won for him honor and promotion. He was a soldier of undaunted courage, inflexible integrity, and was scrupulous and self-exacting in the discharge of every duty devolving upon him. He won the respect and esteem of all who knew him, and his family lament the loss of an obedient, truthful son, and a loving and affectionate brother.

The following letter respecting him, was received from Col. CROCKER:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May 22, 1866.*

Sir—It affords me much pleasure to be able to certify to the excellent character and great personal worth of Second Lieutenant JAMES M. SOUTHWICK, late of the Ninety-third New York Volunteers. I was familiarly acquainted with him and highly esteemed him on account of his manly virtues, his excellent qualities as an officer, and his patriotic zeal in the cause of his country.

He joined my regiment (the Ninety-third New York Volunteers) in November, 1861, and was soon after commissioned Second Lieutenant of Company A, and continued to serve as such until his death, which occurred at the siege of Yorktown, Va., May 4th, 1862.

In the great contest in which his country was engaged he manifested the strongest feeling in behalf of the Government, and emphatically denounced the efforts of rebels and traitors to destroy it. He never seemed to doubt but that the Government would prevail against its enemies, and that the war would result in more firmly establishing the institutions of the country upon the principles expressed in her Declaration of Independence, than ever before. He expressed a desire to serve his country in her hour of trial, and a willingness to risk his life in her just cause. Such I believe were the motives that led him to enlist.

As an officer, he studied to know his duty, and always performed it nobly and well. He was gentlemanly and courteous in his deportment; a man of most excellent morals, and he seemed to be guided by the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." He was kind and attentive to the wants of soldiers in his charge, and they appreciated him as one of their best friends. He won the confidence and respect of all the officers of the regiment, and his loss was most heartily deplored by the entire command.

His disease was typhoid fever. He first complained of ill health about the 20th of April, and by my directions was sent to the hospital. But the next day, learning that the regiment was ordered to move to the extreme front, he left the hospital to rejoin his command, stating that he felt better and desired to be with his regiment in the expected engagement; that he could not endure the idea of his men going into a fight and he not with them to share the duties and dangers of battle. Most of the baggage had been left in the rear, and the weather being rainy and bad, he was necessarily exposed.

The severe hardships and exposures of the camp proved too much for him, and brought on his disease with renewed force, and terminated his life, as before stated.

In his death we all felt that the regiment had lost one of its best officers, and the country one of its noblest and bravest defenders. Every officer and man in the regiment was a sincere mourner over the event, which had so suddenly and unexpectedly deprived them of their brave and true comrade in arms.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

JOHN S. CROCKER,

Late Colonel 93d N. Y. Vols., Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. V.

To H. C. SOUTHWICK, *Albany, N. Y.*

The following resolutions were adopted by the officers of the Ninety-third Regiment N. Y. S. V., on the death of Lieut. JAMES M. SOUTHWICK:

BIVOUAC OF THE 93D REGIMENT, N Y. S. V. }
NEAR WEST POINT, VA., May 10, 1862. }

At a meeting of the officers of the Ninety-third Regiment New York State Volunteers, held at the Bivouac, near West Point, Va., May 10th, 1862, Capt. GEORGE B. MOSHIER was appointed chairman, and Lieut. HENRY P. SMITH secretary. On motion of Lieut. HENRY C. NEWTON, a committee of three was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the feelings of the officers of the regiment, on the announcement of the death of Lieut. JAMES M. SOUTHWICK, of Company A, Ninety-third New York Volunteers.

The following named officers were appointed as such committee, viz:—Lieut. HENRY C. NEWTON, Capt. N. J. JOHNSON, and Lieut. JAMES W. RACE.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, The officers of the Ninety-third Regiment New York Volunteers have heard with profound sorrow of the death of Lieut. JAMES M. SOUTHWICK, (formerly of Albany) which occurred at our late camp near Warwick Court House, Va., on the 4th day of May, 1862:

Resolved, That by the death of Lieut. JAMES M. SOUTHWICK, the army has lost an accomplished and efficient officer, and his fellow officers a trusty and valuable friend, who had become

endeared to them by his many noble and generous impulses—his manly and upright bearing and gentlemanly deportment.

Resolved, That we sincerely and deeply deplore his death, and that we will ever cherish a lively recollection of his many virtues, and that his memory will never be obliterated from our hearts.

Resolved, That we tender his family and many friends our heartfelt sympathies.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the different newspapers at Albany, and a copy transmitted to his parents.

Lieut. HENRY C. NEWTON,

Capt. N. J. JOHNSON,

Lieut. JAMES W. RACE.

Committee.

LXIV.

LIEUT. EDWARD BAYARD HILL.

ON the list of patriotic names of the brave and gallant men who went forth to battle, and perchance to death for the salvation of their country in the hour of her greatest peril, that of EDWARD BAYARD HILL claims a place in the foremost rank.

He descended from a parentage of strongly marked and striking characteristics, and gave unequivocal evidence that he inherited a large share of the intellectual power and energy, which distinguished both his father and his grandfather. The latter at the age of fifteen years, entered the Revolutionary army almost at the commencement of that great struggle, and continued in it to the end. It is probable that he never attended school a single day in his life. He was therefore truly a self-made man. At an early day after the close of the Revolutionary war, he purchased a farm in the town of Florida, in the county of Montgomery, upon which he resided, and which he cultivated with his own hands for a period of over sixty years, and until his death, which occurred about nine years ago.

At the time Mr. HILL the elder settled in Florida, the country was new and mechanics were few and far between. To a man of his intellectual resources and indomitable will, this occasioned little or no inconvenience.

He wanted a house and a barn, and he built them. He wanted blacksmith work, and he furnished it from his own hands. Indeed, whatever he needed for himself and family, he made. He did all this, although he had never served one day as an apprentice to any trade. Some years after the close of the revolutionary war, Mr. HILL united with the Methodist Episcopal church, and became an effective local preacher of that denomination. His discourses were marked with the fervor and earnest-

ness which might have been expected from a strong but uncultivated intellect.

A gentleman of high standing in the county of Montgomery, who was perfectly competent to express an opinion upon such a subject, was accustomed to say that if NICHOLAS HILL, the elder, had been an educated man and had directed his attention to either of the learned professions, he would have made a very distinguished man—a declaration in which all who knew him most heartily concur.

Mr. HILL, the elder, was a man of most commanding and imposing presence. He was tall, erect and well proportioned. His face was strongly marked with those intellectual qualities which arrest attention and command respect. He was one who could not walk the street without arresting the attention of the passer by, and being recognized, at once, as a man of mark.

NICHOLAS HILL, Jr., the father of Lieutenant HILL, and one of the most distinguished members of the American bar, was too well known to require any particular description. He had the advantage of his father in the enjoyment of a common school education. But not satisfied with this he left the paternal roof and by his own energy secured academic advantages, which his father's means were not sufficient to provide.

Lieutenant HILL was born in the county of Saratoga, but came with his father to Albany at an early period of his life, where he resided some twenty years before he entered the service.

He studied law with his father, and obtained a license to practice. After his father's death, he became a partner in the firm of CAGGER, PORTER & HILL. His professional career was hardly opened, when he was summoned to another field of action. When the news of the attack on Fort Sumter reached the north, Lieutenant HILL, in common with thousands of our young men whose names have since become historic, at once resolved to enter the service of his country.

He applied to several influential friends of Albany to sign a recommendation for his appointment to some office in the regular army. He obtained such a recommendation and started for Washington, at that critical juncture when the massacre of the

Massachusetts soldiers at Baltimore had interrupted all communication between the northern States and the Capital. To get to Washington through Baltimore at that time, required all the courage, coolness, and strategical skill, which are usually needful in the movements of armies through a hostile territory. That coolness and that skill were exhibited by the youthful private, in making his way to the quarters of the beleaguered Commander-in-chief.

He went to Washington through Baltimore, and his arrival there at midnight, by a devious and perilous route, with important military intelligence from the north, was a joyful surprise to General Scott, the President and Cabinet. The value of the service was immediately recognized by his appointment as a Lieutenant in the regular army.

Lieutenant HILL had command of a battery in the first Bull Run battle, in July, 1861, and young and inexperienced as he was, obtained the credit, which cannot be awarded to all, upon that occasion, of saving his battery and bringing it back to the Union lines uncaptured and unsundered.

In one of the battles on the Chickahominy, in July, 1862, Lieut. HILL was wounded in the arm by a Minnie ball, which entered his wrist and came out near the shoulder. The wound, though severe, was not deemed mortal. He was brought to the Brevoort House, in New York, where every attention was bestowed upon him by an affectionate mother and kind friends; but these proved unavailing, and he died on the 13th of June, 1862, in the twenty-eighth year of his age.

His manly bearing as an officer, his courteous treatment of his subordinates, his coolness and unquestioned bravery in the hour of conflict, had greatly endeared him to all his companions in arms, and to all with whom he had become acquainted. He possessed all those qualities which were well calculated to inspire hopes of distinguished services and a brilliant professional career.

Thus perished one among the thousands of those generous and patriotic young men who, like Lieut. HILL, rushed into the combat, and freely gave their lives for the freedom and independence of their country.

LXV.

ORDERLY SERGT. PETER M. STALKER.

PETER M. STALKER, son of JAMES and ISABELLA STALKER, was born on the 11th of March, 1842, at Perthshire, Parish of St. Maides, Scotland.

When ten years of age he accompanied his parents to America. Ten weeks after their arrival, his father and older brother died of cholera. This occurred the 22d of August, 1854. Both were lain in the same grave in Ida Hill Cemetery, Troy, N. Y.

PETER and his mother were now left alone in a strange land; but nothing could induce them to return to their friends at home. This soil had become sacred, for it held their dead.

At eleven years of age PETER went to work, that he might not be dependent upon his mother; but he still continued his efforts to acquire an education, and was never happier than when engaged in the evening with his books, at his mother's side.

When he was about sixteen years old, they came to Albany, and shortly after he commenced fitting himself for a trade. He won the confidence of all by his industry, faithfulness and piety.

At this time he became a member of the Tenth Regiment, Capt. DODDS. When the war broke out, this regiment volunteered, and he was among the first to fight for his adopted country. Leaving home, he enjoyed perfect health, and escaped all injury until the 24th of March, 1863, when he was wounded at Ponchatoula, La.

He was taken at first to the Marine Hospital with his Captain, who was also wounded by the same ball. After a short time the Captain, having somewhat recovered, returned to his regiment, and the Sergeant also returned to camp, preferring to be with the "boys." And here we must pay a tribute to the lamented

Lieut. WILLIAMSON. On the arrival of the Sergeant, the Lieutenant gave up his tent and bed to the wounded soldier, and did all that he could to contribute to his comfort. This is but one of his many acts of Christian kindness. None knew or appreciated him better than our young friend.

His wound was not considered dangerous, and he would probably have recovered from it, but was seized with diarrhœa, which, in conjunction with the wound, resulted fatally. He died in the hospital at Bonnet Carré on the 18th of July, 1863.

Although death came unexpectedly, he was not the less prepared to meet it. In his many letters he always expressed a willingness and readiness to die if necessary, placing his dependence upon Him who notices even the fall of a sparrow.

After some months, Capt. FILKINS kindly volunteered to go on and bring home the remains of the dead heroes.

Sergt. STALKER was among the number who were brought to our city, and buried, with military honors, in the Albany Rural Cemetery. His funeral took place on the 10th January, 1864. He is now resting in the north part of the cemetery, where a beautiful stone has been erected by his mother.

His memory will be cherished by his numerous friends, whose grief at his early death has this consolation, that he was prepared to die, and died cheerfully for his adopted country.

LXVI.

SERGT. MAJOR IRVING P. JAQUES.

IRVING P. JAQUES, son of EDWARD and EMILY JAQUES, was born at Nassau, N. Y., on the 6th of March, 1844. His character for energy and bravery began to develop in very early youth. At school he was the acknowledged leader in study or sport, and was the pride of his teacher. He was distinguished for his powers of oratory, and his knowledge of mathematics.

In manners he was gentle and affectionate, to a feminine degree. Indeed, so remarkable were his personal attractions that every one seemed drawn towards him. In the home circle he was the idol of his family, being remarkable for his strong affections and prompt obedience.

While filling the situation of a clerk in a village store, the sound of the first gun fired in Fort Sumter reached his ears; and though scarce seventeen summers had passed over his head, he was inspired with an uncontrollable desire to assist in maintaining the rights of his country. Accordingly he enlisted, August, 1861, in the Forty-seventh New York Regiment, "Washington Greys." The regiment was, in two months, ordered to Annapolis, to take part in the expedition to Port Royal, under Gen. SHERMAN. Here the brave but frail boy, while in camp, was attacked with typhoid fever, which so prostrated him that his superior officer, Col. MOORE, advised him to quit the service. The first intimation his parents received of his condition, was the following letter, received from the State Comptroller of Maryland.

ANNAPOLIS, *October 20, 1861.*

E. JAQUES, Esq.:

My dear Sir—Your son IRVING is now lying sick of typhoid fever, and is expecting his discharge from service. His regi-

ment was ordered to strike tents and embark on Friday last, and had no time to arrange for his comfort and care. I have taken him to my home, and called my family physician to see him, who thinks his case decidedly improving. I think he is very anxious to get home, although he uses but few words. He has just said he would like to have you to come here immediately, and there is little doubt but that he would improve more rapidly in the atmosphere of home. Until you come, I will see that all necessary attention is given him.

Yours very respectfully,

W. L. W. SEABROOK.

IRVING's father immediately responded to the call, and, in a few days, the sick boy was at home, and again received to hearts filled with gratitude to God for his safe return. They also felt inexpressible thankfulness towards the ministering angels of the stranger family, who had so kindly supplied to him the place of both father and mother. Mrs. SEABROOK, as well as her husband, had strongly espoused the Union cause, and was an active worker in it, visiting the sick soldiers in camp, and making every one as comfortable as circumstances would allow. While thus engaged, she heard of IRVING in the following manner. She was told that a young man had been left behind by his regiment, on their departure for Port Royal, but where he was, no one could tell. She, however, determined, if possible, to find him, and made the tour of the town. After a long search, amid many discouragements, she found him at the house of a colored nurse, where he had been kindly placed by the Captain of his company. Immediately, and while even ignorant of his name, she procured a carriage, and carried him to her own home, and attended him as carefully as though he had been her own son. God bless the Christian patriot, Mrs. W. L. W. SEABROOK.

IRVING's discharge from the army was soon procured, and, on the recovery of his health, he entered the store of an uncle, in Marion, Wayne county, in the capacity of bookkeeper. But he found it impossible, while the dismal clouds of war grew thicker and blacker, to remain contented at his occupation. Accordingly,

in July, 1862, he again enlisted in the One Hundred and Eleventh Regiment, raised in the counties of Wayne and Cayuga.

Passing over his camp life, we find him at the inglorious surrender of Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862. He was paroled and sent to camp Douglass, Chicago. While there, he was chief clerk in the office of Brigadier General TYLER. He returned to Washington in the winter of 1862; encamped at Centreville, Va., and was immediately promoted to Sergeant Major, from the ranks, over all non-commissioned officers, by Colonel McDOUGALL. The Colonel had, for a long time, been sensible of his fine military qualifications, and he fully appreciated his upright soldierly conduct. During the time that he was Sergeant Major, he won the admiration and esteem of both officers and men.

But his active spirit chafed at the dullness of camp life, and when the order to march to Gettysburg came, he had a great desire to become an active participator in the approaching battle. He made all necessary arrangements, borrowed a rifle of a comrade and received a reluctant permit from his Colonel to step into the ranks of the Second Corps, prepared for a deadly charge upon the rebel batteries, on the eve of July 2d. Yet it was evident that the poor boy was not hurrying on to his fate without some misgivings. Just before taking his place in the ranks, he turned to a comrade, saying: "STERLING, do you think we shall have a hard fight?" "Yes," his friend replied, "IRVING, I'm sure we will." He gazed a moment thoughtfully and mournfully into his friend's face, then silently tearing a leaf from his memorandum book, he wrote his parents' address and handed it to him, saying: "STERLING, if I fall, tell my father and mother." He turned, stepped into his place, and, in a moment more, lay dead at his friend's side. "Mother," was the last word he ever spoke. "Mother," was the last word he ever wrote, and "good night, dear mother," were the closing words to his last letter written home, a short time before that fatal evening. Oh, 'tis a long, long good night where no morning is to come. May God look with pity upon every mother in the land who has thus received from her soldier boy the long "good night." The

circumstances of the dear boy's death are given in the following letters, addressed to his afflicted mother:

HEAD QUARTERS, 111th REGIMENT, N. Y. V. }
CAMP NEAR ELK RUN, VA., *August 16, 1863.* }

Dear Madam—I have just returned to the regiment and found your letter awaiting my arrival. I hasten to reply, regretting that I did not receive your letter sooner. It is my sad duty to inform you that your son was killed at Gettysburg, Thursday, July 2d. He was killed instantly in the beginning of the action, being shot through the head. I saw that he was buried by himself, and his grave marked with his name and regiment. I visited his grave and wept over the last resting place of the brave boy. He was a young man of whom I thought very highly. He died nobly doing his duty, and in a glorious cause. I sympathise with you in this your deep affliction. I mourn for him myself, as one of the bravest and most gifted young men who fell on that bloody battle field.

My own wound has nearly healed. I was in Albany last week, on my way back. Had I known you resided there, I would have called upon you, and explained these things to you. You have my sincerest sympathies in this, your affliction.

I am, very truly yours,

C. D. McDOUGALL, *Col. 111th N. Y. V.*

WARRENTON JUNCTION, VA., *July 29, 1863.*

Mrs. JAKES—I received a letter from you yesterday, dated July 17th, making inquiries in regard to the death of your son at the late battle of Gettysburg. IRVING had insisted all along on the march from Centreville, and contrary to the wishes of his superior officers, that if a battle occurred, he might be allowed to take a place in the ranks of the company of which he was a member. There is a strong probability that if he had remained in the rear of the regiment, he might have been alive to-day. But his ambition and courage prompted him to go into the ranks and share the dangers of his companions, with a musket in his hands.

It was about sundown on the 2nd of July, when part of our forces had been driven back by the enemy, that our brigade was brought into the fight. IRVING was killed in less than ten minutes after they started, by a bullet through his head. He left no parting word for he was killed instantly. He was buried on the field on the spot where he fell. You have lost a noble son. It is hard to part with him, but he leaves sweet and glorious memories behind him, and his name is added to the long list of those who have died that a nation might live. I tender to you in behalf of the regiment, our tenderest sympathies in your bereavement. That you may receive that support and consolation, that flow from an implicit reliance upon the divine power, that orders all thing well, is the prayer of

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM VOSBURGH, *Surg.* 111th N. Y. V.

Thus fell the noble boy at the age of nineteen years, a young martyr to liberty and the Union. He now sleeps his last sleep in the little graveyard at Nassau, almost in sight of the home where he first saw the light, and where death and sorrow had never before come.

LXVII.

SERGT. CHARLES H. FREDENRICH.

CHARLES H. FREDENRICH, the son of PHILIP and SARAH FREDENRICH, was born in Albany, October 23d, 1841.

He was a youth of a retiring and generous nature, and was greatly beloved by a large circle of friends. Leaving school at an early age, he assisted his father in his business, and displayed great energy and perseverance in discharging his duties. He was an affectionate son and brother, and greatly contributed to the happiness of the home circle.

CHARLES enlisted in Company B, Tenth or One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New York Regiment. On the eve of his departure with his regiment, his friends presented him with a sword and accoutrements, as evidences of their appreciation of his patriotism and valor.

His virtues as a man and a soldier, and the time and circumstances of his death, may be learned from the following letters:

Died, at Bonnet Carré, La., March 10th, 1863, Sergeant CHARLES H. FREDENRICH, of Company B, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment N. Y. State Volunteers.

TO PHILIP FREDENRICH, Esq.:

Dear Sir—The painful duty of communicating to you the above sad intelligence devolves upon me. I can scarcely find words to express my feelings in transmitting to you this painful intelligence. Death has again entered our ranks, and robbed you of a beloved son, and us of a beloved comrade.

God, in his infinite wisdom, has seen fit to take him from us, in the bloom of his youth. In the freshness of his strength, he has been called upon to yield upon the altar of his country, all

that a soldier has to give—his services and his life. While we bow in humble submission to the will of “Him who doeth all things well,” we would drop the tear of regret upon the grave of our departed brother. To you, sir, and all of the members of your family, we, as a company, offer our heartfelt sympathy, and pray that God, in his infinite mercy, may sustain you in this your greatest trial.

Your son died of typhoid fever, after an illness of about three weeks. We did not think him dangerously ill, until a few days previous to his death. All that medical skill, combined with watchful care, could do, were done, but without avail. He retained his reason (with a few momentary exceptions) to the last, and wished to be remembered to his parents, a few moments before he expired. HENRY SAYRE, of our company, attended him during the last few days of his existence here, who will communicate to you more particularly than I have. His remains have been interred here, and his grave plainly marked. His personal effects I will forward to you the first opportunity.

Again offering you our condolence, with wishes for your health and welfare, I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

CHAS. E. DAVIS,

Capt. Co. B, 177th N. Y. S. V.

BONNET CARRE, *April 10, 1833.*

Dear bereaved Friends—Having had the care of your son CHARLES, I thought it my duty as a friend to tell you of his illness and of his last wishes.

A few days after his first attack, I was asked by Dr. CRAIG to go and take the full charge of him, and I consented. The same morning I went to the hospital and found CHARLES pretty ill, although perfectly rational. He seemed very much pleased to think I had come to take care of him, and I saw that he felt better than he had done. The doctor also noticed it. Having had the care of several that had been sick with the same disease, the doctor told me to do as I had done for all the rest. I went immediately and got sponges to bathe his parched face and forehead. Never before have I seen a fever take hold of a person as

it did of him. It was impossible for him to sleep, or get any rest. His face could not be left over fifteen minutes at a time without bathing. After three days the fever took a turn, and as you have been ere this informed, for the worse. I immediately told CHARLES of his condition, and asked him if he had anything to send to his parents. He received my words with perfect composure, and put his hand out to take hold of mine. I took his hand, and as long as I live, I shall never forget the looks he gave me. I give you his words: "Oh! HENRY, bid my father and mother, and brothers and sisters, good bye. Tell them I am going to leave this world. I am tired of this life, and am satisfied to die." This was about eleven o'clock. He lingered until about one o'clock, when his senses left him, and at ten minutes of two o'clock he expired. Several times I heard him call for his mother, saying: "Why don't she come."

My feelings at his death can only be equaled by your own. If it had been my brother, I could not have felt any worse. I read the Bible to him, and did all that was in my power to make him comfortable.

I took his effects, as he gave them to me, when I first went to take care of him, and turned them over to Capt. DAVIS. I saw that he was properly laid out. After he was put in the coffin, I marked and cut his name on a board, and placed it at his last resting place, which is in a field selected by the General for the purpose. It is about one-quarter of a mile from the camp.

He was buried by the whole regiment, the Colonel dispensing with all duties that afternoon, to give the companies an opportunity to be present. Every officer, from the Colonel down, was in the line, and every private out of the hospital also. He was beloved and respected by all who knew him. As far as practicable, while sick, he was visited by all the officers—the Colonel seldom letting a morning pass without seeing him. Hoping that I may return and tell you more particulars,

I remain, your obedient servant,

HENRY SAYRE, *Co. B, 177th N. Y. S. V.*

To PHILIP FREDENRICH and family,

No 208 Jay street, Albany, N. Y.

HEAD QUARTERS 177TH REGT. N. Y. V., DEPARTMENT }
OF THE GULF, BONNET CARRE BEND, *March* 18, 1863. }

MR. PHILIP FREDENRICH:

Dear Sir—Ere you receive this, you will have been informed of the sickness and death of your beloved son. CHARLES stood the sea voyage and our march well, and weighed twenty-five pounds more than he did when he left home; in fact, was the picture of health, and the admiration of the regiment until the 21st of February, when he was taken ill with symptoms of fever. The Sergeant at once sent him to the hospital, hoping by prompt treatment to avert the threatened malady, but each day more fully developed the progress of the fever; and although the surgeons were watchful and untiring in their efforts to save his life, and the nurses, together with a special nurse detailed from Company B, were unceasing in their labors of love and devotion to him, and to save a beloved comrade from sinking beneath the ravages of the disease. Alas! it was all of no effect.

Death loves a shining mark, and on the 10th inst., at four o'clock P. M., a beloved brother's spirit left its tenement of clay, when mourning and sorrow marked each countenance, as the sad announcement passed from street to street, and from tent to tent.

The funeral services were held in the camp on the 11th inst., at three o'clock P. M., and were solemn and impressive; when the remains were borne to the silent grave (attended by a large military cortege), where they were interred beside Sergt. BRIDGMAN, of Company B. How true it is, "that in life, we are in the midst of death."

My dear brother, in the death of your son there will be a loss to a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, and to society, an elevated and polished member. I had marked with glowing pleasure his rapid, developing manhood, and the many indications of robust, physical health. But, alas! he has been stricken down in his vigor, and in the midst of those bright hopes which fill up the measure of a young man's life.

In his every action was manifested the generous impulses of a noble soul—a soul too delicately and finely strung to mingle with the gross and selfish of this wicked world. His was a tem-

perament always unruffled, and a demeanor always manly, polite and noble, with a disposition to follow the moral and intellectual instincts of his generous nature. And although cut down in the midst of the enemy's country, at the opening of a career that gave great promise of brilliancy and honor, we all cannot but feel that our loss is his eternal gain.

Yours very respectfully,

IRA W. AINSWORTH,

Colonel Commanding 177th Regiment N. Y. V.

The following notice appeared in the "Albany Evening Journal" March 25th, 1863:

Mr. Editor—We see by your columns last evening that another young Albanian has offered up his life on the altar of his country.

CHARLES H. FREDENRICH died at Bonnet Carré, La., of typhoid fever. He was a young man of high moral character, a devoted son and brother, whose loss is irreparable. His military education was of a high order. He was a thorough soldier, and highly esteemed by his companions in arms.

He declined prominent positions tendered to him by his numerous friends, in various companies raised here last summer, from his timidity of an officer's duty. But when his own company (B) was called upon to make up the Tenth Regiment, he was prompt to answer his country's call, and sunder the tenderest associations for her sake.

Few young men have been taken from our midst that will be more deeply lamented than CHARLES H. FREDENRICH.

ONE WHO KNEW HIM WELL.

LXVIII.

SERGT. WALTER HENRY ANGUS.

WALTER HENRY ANGUS, son of ROBERT and BRIDGET ANGUS, was born on the 10th of June, 1845. From his earliest childhood he was distinguished for his amiable qualities, his prompt obedience to his parents, and his conscientious desire to do what he thought to be right. At school he made such rapid progress in his studies, and won so many testimonials from his teachers, for good conduct and accurate scholarship, that his parents thought of consecrating him to the work of the gospel ministry. But these plans were thwarted by the sickness and death of his father.

At the commencement of the war, the spirit of patriotism was stirred in his young heart, and he often expressed to his mother his earnest wish to serve his country as a soldier. But, as he was an only son, and so young, she could not entertain the thought of parting with one so dear to her. At length, however, his appeals were so earnest that she reluctantly consented to yield to his desire, and committed her boy to the care of a covenant-keeping God.

WALTER enlisted, on the 21st of October, 1861, as a private, in the Forty-fourth New York Regiment, when but little over sixteen years of age. A taste of the hardships of the camp and the battle field did not, in the least degree, cool his ardor or lessen his courage. His letters, written to his mother, through the whole period of his connection with the army, reveal a degree of patience under suffering; a persistence in laboring to accomplish his purposes, and a heroic daring in the hour of battle, that would have reflected honor upon many of maturer years.

The first experience that our youthful hero had of the fearful realities of war was in the battle near Hanover Court House, in May, 1862. In writing to his mother, after the battle, under date of May 28th, he says: "By the time this letter reaches you, you will, doubtless, have heard of our fight. I have time to give you only a few particulars. Yesterday, the 27th inst., it rained all day, as it had the night before, and in the afternoon we received orders to leave our camps with one day's rations, and without our knapsacks. We started in the pouring rain, with the mud nearly up to our knees. We marched about twelve miles, when our regiment was ordered to support ALLEN's Battery. We halted in the woods and had been there about fifteen minutes when the order came to Colonel STRYKER, to advance with those under his command. At the same time, we started the battery and went about two miles, where we halted and took our position.

We engaged with the enemy, and soon we saw a regiment of them retreating as fast as they could. For the first time in my life, I then saw the boasted stars and bars in their hands. Seeing us, they turned and fired, and two boys in our company dropped at the first fire. We retreated to the road, taking the whole of the enemy's fire for one hour. The fire was so heavy that the battery and the Twenty-fifth New York Regiment had to retreat. Our Colonel was cool and brave, and, at one time, saved the lives of the whole regiment. Our Lieutenant Colonel was the bravest man I ever saw. He had his horse shot from under him and his sword shot from his side, and still he had two men loading guns for him, which he fired. One gun was fired so often that the powder exploded from the heat, and scorched his eye badly.

Company F, from old Albany, was cut to pieces; out of the sixty-seven men that came upon the field, only thirty-one escaped without injury. All my best friends are either killed or wounded; my old friend JAMES YOUNG is dead. He was wounded twice, once in the neck and again in his leg. He died clasping our flag staff in his arms. All our boys acted bravely. After the first I was all right, and I trust that some of my bul

lets did some good. Our Major and our Adjutant were both wounded. Had not reinforcements come up just when they did, we should have been terribly cut up. But suffice it to say, we whipped them, and have taken a great many prisoners. Our cavalry are bringing them in every minute. I have passed through my first fight, thank the Lord, and I hope that I shall pass safely through many more. Good bye my dear, dear mother.

From your affectionate son,

WALTER H. ANGUS.

The wish expressed in this letter that he might pass safely through many more battles, was most remarkably realized. For at Gettysburg, in the attacks upon Fredericksburg, at Cold Spring, and in many other battles, he was always in the thickest of the fight. Men fell at his side, on the right hand, and on the left; shells exploded above and around him; balls flew near him repeatedly, and still in his letters, he constantly thanks the Lord for having so wonderfully preserved him. He never was wounded, nor received any personal injury; nor had he been sick a day, up to the moment, when a single fatal shot hurried him into eternity.

In giving an account of his first engagement before Fredericksburg, he speaks of the fearful havoc among our men as a wholesale butchery. He says, "the rebels were on a large hill with batteries so placed, as to have an enfilade fire upon our men across a level plain, just outside of the city. For our brigade to get into position, we had to cross this plain, and it is a miracle to me how so many of us escaped alive. One regiment lost between forty and fifty, killed or wounded. I thought I had been in hot places before, but that was the hottest one of all. Through the Lord's mercy, however, I came out safe and sound."

The uniform bravery and unexceptionable deportment of young ANGUS, won for him the respect of his officers and the warm affection of his comrades in arms. His friends too, at home, took a deep interest in his welfare; and through their influence, and especially through the kind efforts of ERASTUS CORNING, Esq.,

and his lady, he was appointed Corporal and Sergeant at the same time.

On the 9th of October, 1863, he was appointed, by Governor HORATIO SEYMOUR, Second Lieutenant in the Forty-fourth Regiment of Infantry, New York State Volunteers. The regiment, however, was so reduced by the war that WALTER was not called to discharge the duties of this office, but continued to act as Sergeant.

In May, 1864, he was sent out on a skirmish, and was taken a prisoner with twenty others. As they were approaching a railroad, they met General SHERMAN's forces, who were on a raid, and were released by them. As they could not return to their camp, they were obliged, in order to keep out of the hands of the enemy, to follow General SHERMAN on foot. They walked, in a week, one hundred and fifty miles; but, amid all their hardships and sufferings, no complaints escaped their lips.

On the morning of the 21st of June, 1864, he led his men out in front of Petersburg, on picket duty. As they were starting, he said to them: "Come, boys, let's go on to Richmond." After a very fatiguing day, late in the afternoon, he laid down on the ground to rest. In a moment a ball struck him in the head, and he died instantly.

Thus passed away the dutiful son, the pure patriot, the brave soldier, and the kind friend. His companions, in their letters to his bereaved mother, speak of him in terms of the highest admiration and warmest affection.

The following letter shows us in what estimation he was held by one of his superior officers:

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPT., 44TH REGT. N. Y. S. V. {
NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., *June 25, 1864.* }

My dear Madam—Although a stranger to you, permit me to communicate these few lines in expressions of sympathy for you, upon the great affliction which has befallen you, in the untimely death of your son, who was killed on the skirmish line, on the afternoon of the 21st inst.

Being one of the original officers of the regiment, the oppor-

tunity has been afforded me to notice and mark the progress of your son, together with others of its members, from the very commencement of its career. Among the first to attract my attention, and for me more particularly and carefully to observe since our regiment left Albany, was your son WALTER.

Uniformly straightforward and upright in his demeanor, invariably prompt and efficient in the discharge of every duty, he fully merited, what he always received, the respect and confidence of his officers; while his intelligence and social qualities made him the agreeable and popular companion of all his associates.

I shall long remember the conversation I had with him in December last, when the subject of reënlistment was being agitated in our regiment; nor will I soon forget, when speaking of what he felt to be his duty at the time, the feeling and touching manner in which he alluded to his obligations to his mother.

He has gone—but how nobly he has fallen! In the front line, the foremost position, he was bravely skirmishing with the enemy; had ceased firing, thrust his musket into the ground, and laid down to rest, supporting his head upon his hand, when the fatal bullet struck him in the head. He died almost instantly.

He was carefully interred by his comrades, and his grave plainly marked. He now sleeps beneath an evergreen tree, near the spot where he fell.

On behalf of the officers and soldiers of his regiment, let me assure you of our deepest feelings of sorrow and condolence. We all mourn his loss as one whom we admired while he lived, and whom we honored when he died, fearlessly, faithfully, nobly discharging his duty—a *true soldier*.

With extreme sympathy, I am, my dear madam,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

LIEUT. FRED. R. MUNDY,
Quartermaster 44th Regt. N. Y. S. V.

LXIX.

SERGT. JAMES S. GERLING.

JAMES S. GERLING, son of THOMAS R. B. and ELIZA GERLING, was born in West Walton, Marshland, county of Norfolk, England, October 7, 1845. He came with his parents from London to New York, and arrived June 14th, 1854. Two years afterwards JAMES was sadly afflicted by the loss of his beloved and faithful mother. That bereavement he felt severely to the day of his death.

At school, JAMES was an obedient and diligent scholar, and faithfully performed every duty assigned to him. His memory was retentive, his judgment mature, and his moral character was without reproach. He loved, too, his Sabbath lessons, and appreciated the advantages of his Sabbath school.

As a son and brother, JAMES was kind and affectionate, and was ever ready to deny himself for the good of others. As a clerk, his employer ever found him truthful and trustworthy.

JAMES enlisted in the One Hundred and Thirteenth New York Regiment, in July, 1862. He was anxious, as he said, to serve his adopted country, especially in putting down a slaveholders' rebellion. He fully believed in human liberty, and adopted as his own, the words of our Declaration of Independence, declaring that all men are born free and equal.

Arriving with his regiment in Washington, he entered upon the duties of his position with patriotic enthusiasm. He became a brave soldier, and very rapidly made friends among the officers and soldiers with whom he was associated.

He kept his father informed, by frequent letters, of all his movements, and sought to allay his anxiety concerning him.

JAMES, by his own merits, rose to the position of Corporal, and was afterwards appointed Sergeant. Very often he received the warm commendations of his superior officers.

When Gen. GRANT ordered the regiment to the front, JAMES wrote to his father thus: "I am in excellent health and spirits. I know not where we are going; perhaps to Gen. MEADE's army. We have had to part with a great many things on our way, but whatever else I may have to part with, I shall try to keep the Bible you gave me. Pray for me, for I need your prayers."

He participated in the battle of the Wilderness, and on the morning of June the 3d, 1864, was in the charge made upon the rebels at Coal Harbor, where he was wounded. Having reached the rebel lines, his own gun for some reason, would not go off. He was stooping, in the act of taking the piece of a dead comrade, when he was shot in the shoulder. Our forces not being able to hold the line, had to retreat to their own lines, where his wound was dressed. He was then sent to the rear, and to the hospital.

The wound not being a dangerous one, he soon obtained a furlough to return home. On his way, he stopped at David's Island, East river, New York, where he heard a sermon from a young Episcopal minister, that made a deep and lasting impression on his mind.

While at home he took pleasure in attending upon religious worship, and visiting the Sabbath schools.

At the expiration of his furlough, he was urged to have it extended another month, as his wound was not entirely healed, but he refused, and resolved to report himself for duty. Accordingly he left home, July 26, 1864, and joined his regiment, then near the James river.

On the 24th of August, while engaged, with others, in tearing up a railroad, the rebels came in full force suddenly upon them, and he received a wound in his side, that afterwards proved fatal. He was taken to City Point, and thence to the Emory Hospital, in Washington. While there he wrote several letters to his father and brother, in which he expressed the hope that he would soon recover. He was attended by a skillful

surgeon and faithful nurse, and everything that was possible, was done for his comfort. But early in October he sank rapidly, and died October 8, 1864, aged nineteen years.

His father, who was with him, brought his remains home, and his funeral took place in the Bowery Methodist Episcopal Mission Church, where he had attended Sabbath school. A large number of sympathizing friends were present. Dr. HAWLEY officiated, and preached a most appropriate and affecting discourse, which was listened to with solemn attention. Thus has passed away another young martyr to the great cause of human liberty.

LXX.

SERGT. ALEXANDER DAVIDSON RICE.

SERG. ALEXANDER DAVIDSON RICE, sixth son of JOSEPH F. and JANE CUMMING RICE, was born in the city of Albany, N. Y., April 10th, 1837 and died June 28th, 1864, at Harewood Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Sergt. RICE enlisted August 6th, 1862, as private in Company C, Seventh Regiment, New York Heavy Artillery, and was promoted to Sergeant, which position he held until his death. He participated in the battles of Po River, Mine Run, North Anna, Polopotomoy Creek and Coal Harbor. The battle of Polopotomoy was one of the severest thus far, and there the regiment established its high reputation. It crossed the creek under a heavy fire, and drove the enemy from a strongly intrenched position.

On the morning of the memorable third day of June, 1864, at Coal Harbor, the regiment moved before sunrise to attack the enemy, and was the only regiment that penetrated their works. In the engagement, Sergt. RICE was wounded by a shot from one of the enemy's sharpshooters, the ball entering the right breast and coming out near the spine. After receiving the wound, he laid all day upon the field without surgical aid, as he fell between the fire of the enemy and our own. But in the evening his comrades succeeded in bringing him within our lines. There were previous unsuccessful attempts to accomplish this, in one of which Mr. JOHN BARTLETT of the same regiment, was wounded in the shoulder, from the effects of which he died on the 17th of June.

Sergt. RICE was removed to Harewood hospital, and appeared to be doing well. Indeed his wound seemed to improve suffi-

ciently to justify hopes that he might be with his friends in Albany about the first of July. But an unfavorable change occurred on the 26th of June, and he died suddenly at 8 A. M. of the 28th of the same month. He left a wife and two children.

While at the hospital, he evinced a great desire that his fellow sufferers might be made comfortable, and to this end ordered his nurse to expend the money he had remaining, in the purchase of such little articles as they most needed. His kindness endeared him to those who occupied the same ward with him, and when the sad news of his death was whispered around, many a pillow was wet with tears of profound regret, and many a prayer was breathed, that his freed soul might enjoy that perfect peace, that awaits the righteous in Heaven.

In the hospital his Bible was his most cherished companion, and his spiritual attendant there, Rev. WILLIAM P. EVERETT, at his own request, officiated at his funeral, which took place at Albany, July 6th, 1864. His remains were placed in the family grounds at Albany Rural Cemetery.

LXXI.

SERGT. GEORGE SANDERS.

GEORGE SANDERS was born in Stevington, County of Bedfordshire, England.

We have no reliable information concerning his parentage, and have not been able to ascertain his exact age. Those that knew him well, judged him to have been about thirty-five years at the time of his death. He came to this country with his grandfather when about fourteen years old, and has lived here ever since. His residence, most of the time, has been in Albany. As nearly as can be ascertained, he enlisted August the 1st, 1862, in Company D, Capt. CHARLES McCULLOCK, in what was then the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment, and left with his regiment August 19th, 1862, for Forts Gaines and Kearney near Washington, which forts the regiments helped to build and improve. After the regiment was changed into a Heavy Artillery Regiment, until in the spring of 1864, he, with his comrades were ordered to the front, where they fought with distinguished valor and bravery.

He had thus far taken all the risks and performed all the duties, of a soldier with safety; but at the battle of Coal Harbor, he was struck in the head by a piece of shell, which disabled him, and he was taken from the field. He was sent to Emory Hospital, Washington, D. C., but very shortly was removed to the Camden Street Hospital, Baltimore, Md., and reached there June 11th. He died there, June 18, 1864.

Mr. SANDERS had received a fair common school education, was fond of reading, and was well informed in regard to the questions of the day. He felt keenly the wrongs inflicted by the institution of American slavery, and he enlisted in the army

inspired by the purest patriotism, and the most earnest desires to uphold the Union and the cause of human liberty. He had also received a thorough religious education, and although not a professor of religion, was a believer in its doctrines, and deeply impressed with its truth. He sustained a fine moral character and with great firmness resisted the temptations of the camp and the field. In his letter to his wife, I find he expressed his determination not to disgrace himself or his family by yielding to temptation; and with God's help, he kept his resolution.

As a reward for his fidelity and bravery, he was made Corporal, April 11, 1863, and was made Sergeant, January 24, 1863; which position he held, and by which he was known until he died.

In June, 1863, he was wounded, and soon after died. His body was brought home on the 24th of that month, and buried under the following touching circumstances :

About the time he was wounded his wife was taken very ill with typhoid fever, and she died on the very day his body arrived in the city. During his sickness it was thought best not to inform her that her husband was wounded. Yet, during her lucid intervals from fever delirium, she stated that he was wounded; and before the telegram came announcing his death, she stated that she knew that he was dead.

The funeral services of both took place at the same time, from Rev. Dr. MAGOON's church, Sunday, June 26th, and they both lay beside their infant daughter in the Albany Rural Cemetery.

They have two children, boys, aged, at the time of their death, four and five years.

May a kind Providence guard the little orphans thus deprived on the same day of both of their dear parents.

LXXII.

SERGT. JOSEPH COWAN VANDERHOOF.

IN Albany, JOSEPH COWAN VANDERHOOF was born, July 25, 1843. His childhood was spent with his grand-parents in Cuyahoga county, Ohio, in the public schools of which he received the principal part of his education.

He returned to Albany when about thirteen years old, and attended school for a few months. He attended regularly on the ministrations of the Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE, of the Second Presbyterian church.

Soon after his return to Albany he was apprenticed to the marble cutting business, at which he worked till the breaking out of the rebellion. In answer to the President's call for troops on the 19th of April, 1861, he joined Company A, Twenty-fifth Regiment as a private, and left with the regiment on the 21st of the same month. They remained in Washington till the 23d of May, when they were ordered to take possession of Arlington Heights. The regiment crossed the Long Bridge at midnight, and once on the soil of Virginia, Company A having the right of the line, were detailed to scour the woods, when it fell to the lot of private VANDERHOOF to take what are believed to be the first prisoners captured in the war for the Union. These were two cavalymen on foot, who were doubtless trying to escape the vigilance of the advance, as their horses were afterwards found tied in the woods. Nothing further of note occurred during his connection with the Twenty-fifth, with which he remained until the term of service expired, when they returned home and were mustered out of service.

He resumed work at his trade, but with a desire to continue his connection with military men, he joined Company D, Tenth

Regiment, N. Y. S. M., where, by his diligence and attention to duty, he soon merited and received promotion to the rank of Sergeant, which rank he retained until his death.

On a subsequent call for troops, the Tenth offered their services, and were accepted on a nine months term of service, and were officially designated as the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment N. Y. S. V. They left December 16, 1862, their destination being Louisiana. During the short but eventful history of this regiment, Sergt. COWAN was ever at his post, discharging his duties with alacrity, and undergoing with unflinching zeal their toils, privations and exposures at Bonnet Carré, Baton Rouge and Port Hudson.

Fatigue and exposure, however, proved too much for him, and for some weeks before the regiment left, he was ill with typhoid fever. On the 20th of August, 1863, when the regiment embarked on their return, he was deemed sufficiently recovered to accompany them; but the seeming convalescence proved only transitory, for on the 26th of August he died, on the way up the Mississippi. His remains were interred at Cairo.

His mother, stricken by the blow which fell so heavily on her, for he was the only son of his mother, and she a widow, longed earnestly that his remains might sleep with kindred dust; and overcoming every obstacle, she went to Cairo, had the remains disinterred and brought to Albany, where they rest in the Albany Rural Cemetery.

LXXIII.

SERGT. ANDREW T. HOTALING,
OF NEW BALTIMORE.

ANDREW T. HOTALING, Sergeant Company A, Seventh New York Heavy Artillery, was born in New Baltimore July 23, 1838. His father's name is EPHRAIM HOTALING, and his mother's, AMY GAY.

His character as a citizen was marked by no unusual traits. He was beloved by his friends for his domestic virtues. Losing his mother at an early age, the greater part of his life was spent with an uncle at New Baltimore, for whom he felt a strong affection through life. He joined the army from motives of the purest patriotism.

He entered the United States service, as a recruit, in Company A, Seventh New York Heavy Artillery, November 7, 1862, at Albany, N. Y. He at once joined the regiment, which was stationed in the defences of Washington. He was appointed Corporal, December 1, 1862; then Sergeant, May 1, 1863. His regiment left Washington to join the Army of the Potomac May 15, 1864.

He was engaged in the battles of Spottsylvania Court House, Milford Station, North Anna, Coal Harbor, and the battles in front of Petersburg, of June 16th and 22d.

In the last engagement he was wounded in the foot, and amputation became necessary. After lingering a few weeks, the wound proved fatal, and he died the 26th day of July, 1864, at Lincoln Hospital, Washington.

During his sickness, he was brought to see his condition as a sinner, and to feel his need of a Saviour; and putting his trust in Him, died in the full hope of pardon through His blood.

Through the kindness of Mr. WM. McELROY, Secretary of the Christian Commission, who was at Washington at the time, his body was embalmed and forwarded to his friends.

As a soldier, he was faithful in the performance of his duties, and always acted as though he had the best interests of his country at heart. He was very gentlemanly in his deportment, and kind to all with whom he was associated. His fellow soldiers respected and loved him, and greatly mourned his loss.

The following letter he wrote to his uncle a short time before his death:

WASHINGTON, *July*, 1864.

Dear Uncle—I received a letter from you the other day, and was glad to get it. My foot was taken off on the 13th of July, and I fear it has not done as well as it might. I had a fever ten days, and it has left me very low. I shall never get well. I have put my trust in Christ ever since the day I was wounded. I believe the Saviour has heard my prayers, and that he is able and willing to take me to himself.

They have telegraphed to my sister, Mrs. J. B. READ. I expect her on here to-night or some time to-morrow. I want to see her very much, and hope she will come. Good bye, dear uncle. If it is God's will that I should not see you again on earth, I hope we may meet in Heaven.

Your affectionate nephew,

ANDREW T. HOTALING.

JAMES HOTALING, Esq.

LXXIV.

SERGT. WILLIAM HENRY BELL,
OF BERN.

WILLIAM HENRY BELL was the only son of HENRY and CORNELIA BELL, and was born in the town of Bern, March 28th, 1841.

He was an active and cheerful youth, and sustained an excellent moral character. His motives in entering the army were purely patriotic. On the 18th of August, 1862, he enlisted in Company K, One Hundred and Thirteenth New York Regiment. He was never in any battle, but faithfully discharged every duty that devolved upon him.

While at Fort Reno he was seized with inflammation of the lungs, and died in one week, on the 15th of March, 1864, aged twenty-three years. Only a short time before his sickness, he had been promoted to the position of Sergeant.

His remains were followed to the grave, in the town of Broome, Schoharie county, by a large number of sympathizing and mourning friends. He was greatly beloved and respected by all who knew him.

LXXV.

SERGT. PAUL QUAY,
OF KNOX.

PAUL QUAY, the son of JOHN and ELIZABETH QUAY, was born in the town of Knox, July 30th, 1841.

From his early youth he was a regular attendant at the Sabbath school, and in the winter of 1861 he became a hopeful Christian, and united with the Reformed Dutch Church in Knoxville. He was very conscientious in the discharge of all his duties, and was an active and useful Christian.

Patriotism induced him to enlist in his country's service, and he joined the Seventh Heavy Artillery about the 1st of August, 1862.

He was in all the battles in which his regiment was engaged during GRANT'S campaign till he was taken prisoner on the 16th day of June, 1864. He was sent to Andersonville, where he suffered all the hardships and horrors incident to that horrible pen. Thence he was sent to Milan, where he died some time during the following winter. During his confinement in these Southern prisons he was never able to send a single letter to his friends at home, nor to receive one from them. He suffered all the agonies of disease and starvation without one human being to offer him the least relief, or offer to him one word of consolation. Those by whom he was surrounded delighted in his pains and wretchedness, and wished him to die. His remains lie somewhere in the Southern States, but where his friends do not know.

He died a child of God, a friend of Jesus, and a martyr to the cause of American liberty.

The following touching lines were composed by a prisoner, a

member of a Pennsylvania regiment, who felt that more should have been done for their release:

“ OH, YE WHO YET CAN SAVE US, WILL YOU LEAVE US HERE TO DIE? ”

When our country called for men, we came from forge, store and mill,
From workshop, farm and factory, the broken ranks to fill;
We left our quiet, happy homes, and those we loved so well,
To vanquish all our Union foes, or fall as others fell.
Now in prison drear we languish, and it is our constant cry,
Oh ! ye who yet can save us, will you leave us here to die?

The voice of slander tells you, that our hearts were weak with fear,
That all, or nearly all, of us were captured in the rear;
But scars upon our bodies, from musket ball and shell,
The missing legs and shattered arms a truer tale will tell.
We have *tried* to do our duty in sight of God on high;
Oh ! ye who, yet can save us, will you leave us here to die?

There are hearts with hopes still beating, in our pleasant northern homes,
Waiting, watching for the loved ones that may never, never come.
In southern prisons drear, meagre, tattered, pale and gaunt;
Growing weaker, daily, from pinching cold and want,
There brothers, sons and husbands, poor, helpless captives lie,
Oh ! ye who yet can *save* us, *will you leave us here to die?*

From out our prison gate, there is a grave yard close at hand,
Where lie fourteen thousand Union men, beneath the Georgia sand,
And scores are laid beside them, as day succeeds each day;
And thus it ever will be till all shall pass away;
And the last can say, when dying, with upturned, glaring eye,
Both *love* and *faith* are dead at home, they have left us here to die

LXXVI.

SERGT. WILLIAM CROUNSE,
OF GUILDERLAND.

WILLIAM CROUNSE, fourth son of ABRAHAM and MAGDALEN CROUNSE, was born in the town of Guilderland, Albany County, September 19, 1830. Under the supervision of an eminently pious mother, his youth was spent without anything more than the ordinary events of quiet farm life. If there was any one trait in his character most predominant, it was his respect and love for his parents.

At the age of twenty-one he became united in marriage with the daughter of FREDERICK MATHIAS of the town of New Scotland. After this, for several years, he was associated with his father in the management of the farm. In 1855 he left the farm and became united in business with his brother, in the city of Albany.

At the outbreak of the rebellion, he being a member of a militia organization, expressed his determination to enlist in the service of his country. But by the advice and solicitations of his friends, he was induced to relinquish the idea for the time.

Soon after he was offered a commission as Lieutenant in a regiment then forming, which he declined, because he preferred to go out as a private in his own regiment, which was then making strenuous efforts to recruit up to the required number.

The One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment being accepted, he was mustered into the service as a member of B Co., October 10th, 1862. He left with the regiment for New Orleans, December 16th of the same year.

Previous to his departure, his friends endeavored to persuade him to apply for a discharge on account of his health, which for

some time previous had been very poor. His reply was, "my country needs every man she can get, and it is my duty to assist her all I can." But disease had marked him for a victim. On the rough passage to New Orleans he suffered greatly; still, on reaching their first camp at Bonnet Carre, La., his health was such as to enable him to attend to his duty with the regiment. While there he was promoted to the rank of Orderly Sergeant, and was detailed to duty as Assistant Provost Marshal.

His disease, which had never left him, was slowly and surely wasting away his life, and when his regiment was ordered to Port Hudson, he was obliged, though much against his desire, to remain behind on the sick list.

Although not a professor of religion, he was a constant attendant at divine service. While at home and in camp, he kept aloof from the vices and abuses to which, from a social and lively temperament, he was particularly exposed.

He died at Bonnet Carre, La., June 28th, 1863, at the age of thirty-two years and six months. He passed away quietly and peacefully, relying on the infinite mercy of his Redeemer, and expressing a firm conviction of his acceptance.

He was buried in the regimental burying ground at Bonnet Carre in December 1863; but his remains were disinterred, taken home, and deposited in the Albany Cemetery.

The following letter from Capt. E. H. MERRIHEW, was received by the brother of the deceased.

BONNET CARRE, LA., *June 29, 1863.*

CONRAD CROUNSE:

Dear Sir—The painful duty of announcing to you the sad intelligence of the death of your brother WILLIAM, devolves upon me. WILLIAM died yesterday, Sunday, June 28, 1863, at about noon. You, no doubt, had been informed of his previous illness and of his again being convalescent. But he was again taken seriously ill on or about the twenty-first inst., and commenced sinking so very rapidly, that, towards the latter part of the week his friends here gave up all hopes of his recovery. Thus he continued until Sunday, when death put an end to his sufferings

on earth. I do not know very much of the circumstances attending his sickness, as I have been away from here the last two months with the regiment. Fortunately, I called here on my way from Port Hudson to New Orleans, about the time he was last taken down, and on my way back, I arrived at camp just in time to be with him when he expired. His mental faculties were unimpaired until a few hours previous to his death.

His loss has cast a deeper gloom over the camp, than any event of the kind that I have before witnessed. We shall miss him. You will miss him, and there is one who will miss him more than us all. I have not written to her, but I wish you to break to her the sad intelligence. Tell her that everything was done for him that a good physician and careful nursing could do. But all was of no avail. It seems that his time had come, and no mortal hand could save him. It might have been different, had he been at home, but we cannot tell.

He expressed a wish or thought, that he would make application for his discharge and go home. But that could not be done without taking considerable time. He has gone from us, and while we mourn his departure, our loss may be his eternal gain.

Yours truly,

E. H. MERRIHEW,

Captain Company B, 177th N. Y. S. V.

LXXVII.

SERGT. GUSTAVUS A. PERCY,
OF WATERVLIET.

GUSTAVUS A. PERCY, the second son of JOHN and ELIZA ANN PERCY, was born in Albany, January 1st, 1833.

In the spring of 1862, he went, with his family, to the State of Illinois, and feeling that it was his duty to aid in suppressing the rebellion, he enlisted in Company E, Seventh Illinois Infantry. The regiment went first to Staten Island, and thence to the front, in Virginia, where he participated in several battles. He fought at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and other places. He entered the army as a private, but was soon promoted to the position of Sergeant. He was faithful in the discharge of every duty assigned to him, courteous and kind in the camp, and fearless upon the battle field. He inherited many of the qualities and virtues of his excellent mother, and was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

At the terrible slaughter at Gettysburg he fell mortally wounded, and was buried upon the battle field.

Mr. PERCY leaves a wife and little daughter, and a large circle of friends, to mourn his early and sudden death.

LXXVIII.

CORPORAL WILLIAM MURRY.

WILLIAM MURRY was born in Dublin, Ireland, March 4, 1825. He came to this country with his parents in 1830, and became a resident of Albany in 1846. He was a most consistent and useful member of the North Pearl Street Methodist Episcopal Church, and beloved by all who knew him.

In 1848 he enlisted in the service of the United States, and was a faithful and brave soldier during the Mexican war. At the close of that war he returned home, and lived a useful and quiet life, until the Southern rebellion broke out. He then felt it to be his duty to again buckle on his armor, and he enlisted, August 26th, 1862, in the Forty-third Regiment.

During his absence from home, his letters to his beloved wife and friends, were always full of hope for success in the great contest for national existence, and they breathed the spirit of earnest patriotism.

In evidence of his heroism, we cite the following from a letter dated Culpepper, October 4, 1863:

"I think I can say I have done my duty. Wherever my company has been I have been with them, and in the front rank. I will never have it said of me that, when I got within hearing of the cannon, I retired to the woods until the battle was over. My opinion is, every man who will desert his friends in time of battle, deserves to be shot."

Under date, December 4, 1863, near Brandy Station, he wrote these noble words to his wife: "I am fighting for God and my country. I feel proud to be found in the service of my country. What if I do suffer here, I will be rewarded hereafter."

A beautiful evidence of his religious character, as also of his

conjugal affection, is found in a letter dated March 25, 1864, from Brandy Station: "My prayer is that I may get home to see you, my dear wife. You are always in my thoughts. I expected to reach home before now; but this is a world of disappointment. My trust is in God, and in Him alone. Thus far He has been good to me, and I know He will be with me to the end. I am trying to do my duty. My dear, let us trust God, and be faithful until death, and all will be well."

Under date of May 1, 1864, he says: "If anything befalls me I have friends here that will inform you; but don't be discouraged, God is with us. He has brought us safe thus far, and why not trust him in time to come! O, let us be faithful until death, so that we may meet in heaven."

After having escaped many dangers, Mr. MURRY was killed at the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, May 10, 1864. A carefully kept and neatly written diary, from July 25, 1863, to April 13, 1864, shows that Mr. MURRY was one of the noble heroes of our patriotic army, ever ready for duty, always hopeful, never sacrificing his honor nor his Christian character. Like thousands, his lonely wife is comforted, amid sorrow, by the assurance that her husband died in a good cause, and she hopes to meet his brave and sanctified spirit, in the land of everlasting rest.

The following testimonial to the character of the departed is given by Professor J. T. CAMERON, of Albany:

"Mr. MURRY came to the Washington Avenue Methodist Church in 1849, and was one of our most substantial members. He was benevolent and kind to all; modest and retiring in his deportment. While he was ready to do all in his power for the church, yet he shrank from assuming the responsibilities of office. Being induced, however, to accept the position of class leader, he was faithful, and secured the confidence of all. Every object that was proposed for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom found in him a warm supporter.

It was with deep regret that we were obliged to part with him, and, in the last official meeting, resolutions expressive of our feelings were passed. At the last prayer meeting he endeavored

to cheer his weeping friends and said, "If I fall, I hope to fall into the arms of Jesus."

The following letter has been received from Colonel TERRELL:

ALBANY, *March 6, 1866.*

It is with pleasure that I can bear testimony to the Christian and heroic soldier, Corporal WILLIAM MURRY. For almost three long years he endured all the hardships of a soldier's life without a murmur, and striving to do his duty in the most faithful manner.

He participated in every engagement with his regiment, and, by his remarkable coolness in action, won the highest esteem of his comrades and officers. He possessed that quiet but determined spirit of a brave man, who looks death calmly in the face, and is prepared to go should it be his fate.

His conduct was most exemplary. His Bible was his constant companion, and often, in passing through the regiment, he could be seen alone by himself, reading his book. He never would take part in the coarse jokes or wild frolics of his comrades, but strived to press more sober and solemn thoughts upon their minds. At the storming of Marye's Heights, under a terrible and galling fire, he was one of the first to reach the top, and, by his coolness, inspired his fellow soldiers with confidence and spirit, enabling them to hold what they had so nobly taken.

The campaign again opened, and the long, weary marches were drawing both armies nearer together. At last the grand fight began. Those who were there, and lived through it, will never forget the battles of the Wilderness. It was while the fight was at its highest, and while every gallant son was doing his best to gain the day, that the Corporal, worn out with hard fighting, and faint, was placed by his comrades against a tree for support. The shot and shell were flying in all directions, and our side had to give way, under the dreadful fire which was sweeping away the noble fellows that were unable to walk amid the rain of death. It was not long before our gallant men regained what they had lost; and not until then did they find the mangled forms of their comrades. The Corporal was never

found. No doubt the brave man dragged his weary body to some lone spot, to die alone amid the thundering of the deadly conflict. All mourned his loss as one that could not be replaced. He was respected while he lived, honored when he died.

Respectfully,

WM. H. TERRELL,
Late Lt. Col. 43d N. Y. Vols.

LXXIX.

CORPORAL GEORGE T. GATES.

GEORGE T. GATES was born November 17, 1843, in Chicopee, Mass. He had resided in Albany since he was eight years old, up to the time of his enlistment, with the exception of two summers, which had been spent in the country. In March, 1861, he left home to engage in farming, his favorite employment.

His feelings at this time were very tender, and he showed unusual interest in the subject of religion, which caused his friends to hope that he was earnestly seeking the salvation of his soul. Early in April a letter was received from him, in which he expressed a hope that he had chosen Christ as his friend and portion. A desire for the salvation of his friends and companions manifested itself, in conversing with and writing to them on the subject.

He soon expressed a wish, to use his own words, "to be enrolled in the army of Christ," and on the first communion season, which was the first Sabbath in July, he came home and united with the Congregational Church, then under the pastoral care of Dr. PALMER, of whom he frequently spoke in his letters. Once after this he was permitted to sit with his friends at the table of the Lord, before leaving to enter upon what he regarded as duty.

GEORGE was much interested in the affairs of the nation from a boy, and though but a youth when the war broke out, he availed himself of all the information within his reach in relation to its progress. In a letter written to his parents in August, he said: "I feel as if I ought to be serving my country."

In September he wrote again, saying that, after much thought and prayer, having counted the cost, he felt it to be his duty to

give himself to his country, if this met with the approbation of his parents. Accordingly, in October, he came home, and enlisted in the Forty-fourth N. Y. Regiment on the 15th of October, and left for New York on the 20th of that month.

He was in Company A, Capt. CHAPIN, and was the youngest in the company, not being eighteen years of age at the time of his enlistment. His Captain said of him three months afterwards: "GEORGE makes one of the best soldiers in the company. Besides, he has secured for himself the friendship of his fellows, and the confidence of his officers."

He was made Corporal in December, 1862: afterwards he was appointed color Corporal as a mark of honor for his coolness in battle, with a promise of promotion. But promotion he never sought, and being spoken to upon the subject, he said, "I did not come here for promotion or pay, and I can serve my country just as faithfully as a private."

GEORGE's first experience in battle was at Hanover Court House, after which, he says, "I write just to say that I am alive, though our regiment has suffered severely. Several of our officers are wounded, the Major, badly. One flag is riddled by forty-eight shots."

Then, June 29th, while the seven days' battles were in progress, he says, "I am alive and well after a hard-fought battle which occurred on Friday last. Our loss was severe. We lost our knapsacks and almost everything, except what we had on. I had many very narrow escapes, and am very thankful to that kind Providence that kept me through scenes of so much danger."

Again, July 4th, he writes, "During the last week I have been in two different battles and one skirmish, and escaped without a scratch; but in the battle of July 1st, was slightly wounded in my right shoulder. I was struck by a piece of shell, but shall not leave our skeleton regiment, though I think many have left who were not wounded any worse, if as badly. Don't be alarmed if you see my name in the list of wounded. Our loss is very severe. Company A lost just half the men that we went in with.

"The regiment made a bayonet charge, in which we ran over the bodies of the dead and wounded rebels piled three or four deep. There were three files on each side of me mowed down. I have seen plenty of fighting, just all I wish to." Again he writes, in prospect of going into battle, "We may be called into action at any moment. My prayer is that God will spare my life to glorify Him, and do much for the furtherance of His cause, but if it is His will that I fall, may He receive my soul."

At another time, after the Peninsular campaign, in the midst of marches and battles he says, "Cease not to pray for me, that through the merits of Jesus Christ I may be fully prepared for any event. If it should please God that I lay my life on the altar of my country, pray that I may through the riches of His grace in Christ our Saviour, be accepted and saved."

After the battle of Bull Run he says, "We fought a good fight, Company A lost sixteen men."

In October, he writes, "How I should have enjoyed sitting with you at the table of the Lord. I hope the time is not far distant when I shall be able to do so, and to enjoy the numerous privileges of which I am now deprived. O pray that strength and grace may be given me to withstand all the temptations around me, and come out purified."

The first Sabbath in his twentieth year he says, "I am striving to live nearer to my God than I did last year. Pray, dear mother, that I may look to Christ alone for strength to perform my duties as a christian."

He was in the battle of Fredericksburg and says, "We had the comfort of taking care of our dead and wounded. We were two days and nights at the front, where we advanced under very heavy fire."

After the battle of Gettysburg, July 4, 1863, he writes, "We have to be very thankful for our kind Heavenly Father's preserving care over me through another of those scenes of awful carnage. Our corps was engaged day before yesterday, and we lost very heavily, but repulsed the enemy. Our company lost four killed and seventeen wounded. The boys were shot on each side of me."

After most bravely fighting in fourteen battles and several skirmishes, our young hero patriot entered the battle of the Wilderness to offer up his precious life for the American Republic. While charging the enemy a ball penetrated his forehead, and killed him instantly. His body was not recovered, and his friends cannot learn that any one was near him when he expired. He fell on the 8th of May, 1864. The last message received from him was under date of April 30, after the order to be ready at any moment to move with six days rations in their haversacks.

He writes, "with good management, which I think we will have, we shall strike a blow at the rebellion by which it will be crushed. Of course I shall be exposed to great danger, but our kind Heavenly Father, who has so long preserved my life, is the same merciful God, and if it is His holy will he can still preserve me. But if his will be otherwise, I hope and pray to be prepared to meet Him in heaven with all my dear friends."

On the 5th we hear of him in battle, through a tent-mate who was wounded, and whom GEORGE assisted in carrying off the field. Of him this companion says, "GEORGE was a good, brave soldier, one who was beloved by all who knew him. His whole heart was in his duty."

The following, concerning our young hero was received from Gen. RICE, under date of September 14, 1863.

"It was my intention after the battle of Gettysburg to make your son a Second Lieutenant. During the first hour of the battle of the second day, I fought side by side with him near the colors, and can say, with great satisfaction, that not a braver or more faithful soldier ever entered the service. During that hour while all were killed or wounded around us, he never flinched for a moment, but calmly loaded and fired, as if on parade or drill; and every shot of his told. I was also firing, and we frequently talked with each other as to the ranks of the enemy where our fire would do the most execution. I recollect of his saying to me during the severest of the struggle, 'Colonel, you cannot reach those on the hill, they are beyond musket range; but here is a line in the ravine that needs our attention.'

“ He is a cool, brave and faithful soldier, and I never saw in him any quality but to commend. During the battle, Col. VINCENT fell, and I took command of the brigade, which separated me from the immediate command of the regiment.

“ Now let me explain to you why your son was not promoted before this. By a law of Congress, no Second Lieutenant could be mustered into a regiment which was reduced below a given number. Our regiment was below that number. If I had remained in command until the regiment was filled up, your son would have been made Lieutenant for his bravery at Gettysburg. I will now write to Lieut. Col. CONNOR, urging him to promote your son as soon as possible.

“ Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“ J. C. RICE,

“ *Brig. Gen. Com. Division.*”

The dear boy asked for no promotion on earth. With singleness of heart, and with the loftiest sentiments of honor and integrity he desired to do his duty to God, and to his country; and most faithfully did he serve both, until the fatal shot terminated his career. His memory we will cherish with the warmest gratitude and affection, and the name of GEORGE T. GATES will live in the admiration of posterity.

LXXX.

CORPORAL CHARLES G. LATHAM.

CHARLES GOLDSTONE LATHAM, of the Second Regiment of U. S. Cavalry, was born September 20th, 1836, at Mystic, Conn. He was the second son of JASPER and JANE M. LATHAM, both of whom preceded him to the Heavenly world.

CHARLES had the benefit of an early and thorough Christian education, and was carefully trained to discharge every duty.

He acquired with rapidity the rudiments of knowledge, and early developed marked intellectual ability. After attending several schools, he enjoyed the instruction of the Hon. JOHN W. BUCKLEY, now superintendent of the public schools of Brooklyn.

Mr. B. often remarked to visitors at his school, after they had witnessed young LATHAM's proficiency, "That lad is the smartest scholar I have; at the same time he gives me the most trouble. Would he study as hard as some do, he would become a prodigy." CHARLES was very fond of reading history, works of romance, and the writings of SHAKESPEARE and DICKENS. The two latter authors were his favorites; such was his memory that he could repeat correctly whole pages, and present the characters that they delineate, with wonderful minuteness and accuracy.

He early became connected with the newspaper press of Albany, and his first writings were made public through the "Evening Transcript," of which paper he was local editor. To the ordinary items of city news, he was able to give great freshness and attractiveness, by the ease and vigor of his style.

He was subsequently connected with the "Albany Morning Times" and "Evening Statesman," and to both those journals was a most valuable adjunct.

When of the required age, he joined the Albany Burgesses

Corps and was still on the company rolls at the time of his death. It is manifest that the schooling he received while a member of this company, prompted the early desire he exhibited, that the Corps should go to the defence of the National Capital, when the threats of the hostile south were developed by an attempted march upon Washington. He was one among the first to affix his name to the roll of volunteers, and was, his officers freely admit, ever prompt, zealous and unflinching when danger was the most imminent.

Returning with the Twenty-fifth Regiment New York State Militia, after being relieved from the defences of Washington, and after building that model fort, Fort Albany, he remained unsettled in his purposes. He had had a taste of military life, and though not physically constituted to withstand exposure and fatigue, still he entered the regular service, by enlisting on the 18th of November, 1862, at Boston, Mass., in the Second United States Cavalry, having previously refused a commission in the volunteer service. His intelligence and excellent chirography induced his retention at that post, where his clerical services made him a valuable acquisition to the officer in charge. But many months after, when a change in the commander of the post was made, he was transferred to Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania. There he was almost immediately created post clerk. But while discharging the duties of that office he was taken sick, with that scourge of all armies, "camp fever."

It was while on his sick bed, that a grand division of the Southern army, by a most strategic feint, made the attempt to enter Pennsylvania and capture Harrisburg. General HOOKER had just been relieved, and General MEADE placed in command. The southerners, believing that he would be found inadequate to the post assigned to him, availed themselves of the opportunity to attempt a surprise.

How the battle of Gettysburg, fought July 4th, 1863, resulted is known to all, but it was found necessary to vacate Carlisle Barracks and move on to Camp Curtin. Young LATHAM was placed in a rumbling ambulance, which was hastened over the roads, with all the speed of an army in retreat, to Camp Curtin.

The exposure and exertion were too much for his enfeebled energies, and that journey proved to be his journey to the grave. On the 4th of July, 1863, he was buried with military honors at Camp Curtin; but a brother's love for a dear and only brother, induced the exhumation of his remains, and they were brought to this city, and now lie beneath the green sward of our own beautiful cemetery. The Albany Burgesses Corps, and very many citizens, paid funeral respect to the memory of the gallant young LATHAM.

The press of the city paid feeling tributes to the memory of the deceased. The following, from the "Morning Express," is indicative of the esteem and high regard in which he was held by his contemporaries:

"We yesterday morning briefly announced the death of CHAS. G. LATHAM, at Camp Curtin, Pa. The intelligence received here Sunday afternoon, cast a deep gloom over a large circle of warm friends and intimate acquaintances. The deceased, before entering the army, was connected with the newspaper fraternity as local reporter, in which capacity he had gained considerable distinction among his associates. He possessed rare natural ability, and was gifted with a fine power of appreciation, blended with keen wit and satire.

"His first efforts as local editor were published in the 'Evening Transcript,' and those who remember them, will bear witness to their terseness and power to interest. Subsequently, he was engaged in the same capacity on other daily journals, to all of which he imparted an interest that made their daily issues acceptable and readable.

"He was truly a noble hearted fellow, firm in his attachments to his friends, and devoted to the interests of his employers. He was a young man of true genius, and some of his writings, we now remember, as sparkled with bright gems of thought and sentiment.

"His death is a sad blow to his brother and his family, who will have the heartfelt sympathy of all who knew and loved him."

As an evidence of the esteem in which he was held by his com-

rades in camp, we append the letter of Chaplain Ross, U. S. A., to Mr. GEORGE E. LATHAM, brother of deceased:

HARRISBURG, *July 7*, 1863.

MR. LATHAM:

Dear Sir—I was very sorry I did not get to see you when on your errand of love and sorrow. I knew your brother well, and loved him much. He was quiet, sober and thoughtful. I never knew him to be in bad company, but I do know he shunned all such.

When he was well I conversed with him frequently, and during his sickness I visited him often, and talked and prayed for him. He was sane a part of the time, and knew he would not live. The last call I made he was flighty at times; still, he knew me, and called me by name. I asked him to confide in Jesus Christ, and meet me in a better home, to which he assented, and shook my hand heartily.

I hope he is better off. I enclose all his letters that have been put in my possession. Any information or anything you may wish me to do, I shall do freely. Wishing you and yours all good blessings,

I am, truly yours,

J. A. ROSS, *Chaplain U. S. A.*

While the Twenty-fifth Regiment was absent from Albany, Corp. LATHAM was the historian of their doings. We give one of his graphic letters, published in the "Albany Morning Times:"

PARK BARRACKS, NEW YORK, *May 2*, 1861.

Dear Times—I have only time to write you a line or two, but I know that anything from the boys who have "gone to the wars" from old Albany, will be acceptable to your readers.

We have been quartered here since our arrival, and although we don't get our china or fancy dishes, we get first rate, substantial, well cooked rations, good enough for us "or any other man."

So far there is no sign of ill health among us, and all are anxious to do something for the cause in which we are enlisted. You know before we left, that hundreds of good fellows, eager

to serve their country, wished to join us, but a lack of uniforms prevented us from taking them.

It has been just so here: splendid fellows who have been attracted by the appearance of the company, and their complete outfit, have applied to go with us, but, of course, we were obliged to refuse them.

As an evidence of the feeling we create, I will mention one instance: Yesterday morning, a young man, formerly a resident of Albany, and a member of the corps, appeared as the company was drawn up in line, in front of the Astor House, and offered any man in the company, two hundred dollars if he would give up his uniform to him. Not a man responded, showing that we have those who mean business, and leave their homes for the defence of their country and not to "play the soldier."

We have had scores of our Albany friends here with us since our arrival. "LEM" ROGERS and others of No. 8 Engine, have been among the most constant to us, and there is not a man in our company who has not experienced their generous and untiring exertions to make everything as pleasant as possible. They left this afternoon, escorted to the cars by a section, and as the train moved off the most cordial and affectionate farewells were exchanged. Tears fell like rain, and hands were wrung at parting, and (but it's no use, soldiers are men you know and oft times are as children) no man can say, that it is any discredit for a stalwart man to shed a tear on occasions of this kind. It is an evidence that he has a heart within him, and that it is in the right place.

New Yorkers, too, have been among us, and fairly overwhelmed us with attentions. It may not be out of place to mention that CHARLES STETSON, Esq., of the Astor House, remarked as we marched up Broadway, after our arrival, that we were the finest appearing and best equipped body of men that he had seen since the war excitement began. Mr. STETSON is a military man, and has had an opportunity of seeing all the troops here, and such an expression from him may be considered as quite a "feather in our cap."

As I write, our boys crowd around me, and wish to let their friends know that they are all well and in good spirits.

At six o'clock this evening we were drawn up in line, and our Orderly announced that we were to leave to-morrow, at noon, in the splendid frigate "Niagara," for Washington. The announcement was greeted with a hearty Albany cheer, that made the barracks ring again. We are all anxious to go and prove that we have enlisted for something more than fun.

I am compelled to stop for the present, but whenever an opportunity occurs, you shall hear from the

CORPORAL.

LXXXI.

CORPORAL ALBERT C. SMITH.

ALBERT C. SMITH was born in the State of Rhode Island, and was the eldest of a large family of children. His father, WILLIAM B. SMITH, removed to Norway, Herkimer county, N. Y., many years ago, and subsequently ALBERT resided in Hartford, Connecticut. He married the fourth daughter of the late DONALD FISHER, who was formerly an officer in the English army, under the Duke of Kent.

At the time the rebellion broke out, Mr. SMITH was residing with his family in the city of Albany. He was a member of the North Pearl Street Baptist Church, and was baptized by the venerable Dr. WELCH, to whom he was very much attached.

In early life, ALBERT was remarkable for his amiable qualities, and affectionate disposition, and he sought to promote the happiness of all around him. As a Christian, he was conscientious, faithful and consistent.

In the year 1861, he enlisted in Company B, Ninety-first New York Regiment. He went to Florida, and was very sick at Key West with inflammation of the lungs. He was discharged on the surgeon's certificate, and returned home. By great care and faithful nursing his health was restored, and with it came back his ardent desire to serve his country. It was a great struggle for him to leave his dear family again, but commending them to the divine care and protection, he re-enlisted in the army, and went to Bonnet Carré, and was afterwards ordered to Port Hudson. There he was prostrated by a fever, and died. In his last days he was attended by a noble youth, by the name of EDWIN DAVIS, who was himself also an invalid. To Mr. DAVIS he con-

fided several messages to his wife; but before Mr. D. reached Albany, he was called away from time into eternity.

When Mr. SMITH last wrote to his wife, he seemed to be very cheerful, and spoke with great joy of once more seeing his happy home. At the close of the letter he very affectionately commended her to the care of our Heavenly Father, and said that his prayer was that God would permit them to meet again. As both husband and wife were the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ, they will meet where they part no more.

LXXXII.

CORPORAL ROBERT H. CAMERON.

ROBERT H. CAMERON, son of JOHN and MARY I. CAMERON, was born in Belfast, Ireland, July 2. 1837, and came to this country at the age of two years. In his youth, he was remarkable for his frank and truthful disposition. Gentle and affectionate in his nature, he was constantly seeking opportunities for the performance of some of those little offices of kindness, which makes our daily life so pleasant. Although never having made a public profession of religion, yet he had the most exalted opinion of the worth of Christianity, and would not suffer it to be spoken lightly of in his presence. If he could not change the subject, he would withdraw from the company, and would not ever give such conversation the sanction of his presence.

Possessing business capacities of a very high order, life opened upon him with very flattering prospects. But when the tocsin of war sounded through the land, and called for those who were willing to sacrifice all for their country, ROBERT was found among the foremost. He was ready to give up his business prospects, to sunder the ties which bound him to a home he highly prized, and to his wife and child, who were as dear to him as life itself. We can realize something of the sacrifice he made. His motto was, "my country first," and for the time his country became mother, wife and child to him.

Enlisting in April, 1861, as private in Company A, Hawkins' Zouaves, he arrived with them June 8th at Newport News, then in part occupied by the rebels. Here his company had their full share of the lonely picket guard duty, and the long weary marches. While there, they suffered a great deal from the bad quality of the food, and the insufficiency of shelter provided for

them, for we then were in our infancy in all matters which pertained to war.

Writing from Newport News, of a very narrow escape from capture, he says:

“Last evening about nine o'clock, our company was ordered out on a scouting expedition. We marched through woods all night, and in the morning found ourselves but a very short distance from the enemy's camp. We continued to march very cautiously until we suddenly came upon the enemy's picket guard, when they sounded the alarm, and a large body of infantry and cavalry immediately started in pursuit of us. The order was given to retreat, and we immediately made the best time possible for a piece of woods a short distance in our rear, and succeeded in reaching it, when each one of us posted ourselves behind trees, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible. We all thought our time had come; but the enemy, instead of engaging us, seemed determined to capture the whole company. They divided themselves into two parties to cut off our retreat; but instead of returning by any of the roads, we made our way through the woods until we came to the river. When the enemy found we had taken this route, they endeavored to prevent our effecting this, but we were too soon for them, and succeeded in reaching camp without losing a single man. We were almost dead, however, from fatigue.

“Some of the men were ready to give up, and wanted to lie down; and they had to be almost carried along, to prevent their being captured by the enemy.

After our return from this expedition, another company of our regiment being ordered on a similar scout, were attacked by the rebels, and after a sharp fight in which they lost their Colonel and eight privates, our boys succeeded in reaching camp safely.”

While at Newport News at a general inspection, ROBERT was offered his discharge on account of defective sight, but he refused to receive it, saying to those who offered it, “when I joined the regiment I joined them to stay with them, and I shall not leave them while the war lasts, if I am able to remain. I

should be ashamed to be seen in the streets of Albany at this time, when the country needs every man so much."

From Newport News the regiment went to Hatteras Inlet, where the real sufferings of the regiment began. Provided with tents which formed no real protection against the rain storms of that section, and at the most inclement season of the year, when the miasma arising from the low swampy lands upon which they were encamped, sent fever through the system with every breath they drew, sickness soon began to show itself in the regiment. Often after lying down at night, they would be roused by the water flowing all around them, and they would be obliged to move their tents and seek some drier spot; and sometimes this would be repeated in the course of the night. This exposure, added to their long and severe marches, soon wore out a constitution not naturally very strong, and forced Mr. CAMERON to the hospital, from which very few who entered it with this fever, ever came forth alive.

Writing to his wife from Hatteras very soon after his arrival there, he said, "I am well as yet, and have to be thankful in being able to say that; for around me on every hand, are lying comrades not able to leave their tents, and many of them scarcely expecting to leave them alive. Even now as I write, I hear the solemn notes of the dead march wailed out, as some company marches past with the remains of a dead comrade for interment. Now that the cold season is but just commencing, I fear that many more will follow him unless we are speedily ordered from this place. You will better understand why it is so unhealthy, when I tell you, that every heavy rain we have, entirely floods this part of the island on which we are quartered, sometimes driving us entirely out of our tents, to seek protection on the highest part of the island. So far, I have escaped, while many with apparently stronger constitutions have been taken sick and died; but we have some hopes of leaving here soon."

That order did not come in time to save him. He soon sickened, and lingering but a short time, died. During his sickness, he begged of his comrades not to write to his mother. He said, "I shall be around again in a few days, and then I will write and

tell them I have been sick." So careful was he, lest he should cause her any unnecessary anxiety. But his comrades, seeing that his recovery was impossible, wrote to his mother, who immediately started for Hatteras, that she might give him a mother's care in his sickness. But the summons reached her too late. When she arrived there she found him dead and buried. He had received his final discharge.

His companions, to whom he was sincerely attached, mourned his loss as that of a brother.

Col. HAWKINS, writing to ROBERT's mother after his death, says, "He was universally mourned in the regiment. From the highest officer to the lowest private, each one felt that in ROBERT's death, he had lost a friend and that there was a vacant place made, which could not be easily filled."

A member of his own company in speaking of him said, "I will say, that, in his departure from this life, the members of Company A lost one of their best friends. He was loved and respected by all. With his Captain he was an especial favorite. There was something in his manner and appearance which commanded respect, and he could have an order obeyed at any time, without any grumbling on the part of the men. I shall never forget the appearance of the men as they took the last look of poor CAMERON. Turning away from the dead face of their comrade, they could not restrain their grief. The tears and broken sobs, told what a loss they had sustained."

About a week after he was buried, his mother, who in feeble health, had made the journey from Albany alone, arrived. Her intense grief at finding her dear son dead and buried, can be more easily imagined than described. She found, however, many sympathizing hearts among the brave and noble soldiers of our army. She had the precious remains disinterred and brought home, and they now rest in our beautiful cemetery, with the many other heroes of the war.

LXXXIII.

CORPORAL JAMES YOUNG.

JAMES YOUNG left the city of Albany in Company F. of the Forty-fourth Regiment. He was a cheerful and active young man, and was noted for his skill as a boatman, and in many athletic sports. He was the life of his company in the barracks and the camp, and had a most happy influence upon all his associates.

On the morning of the 27th of May, 1862, while on a march from the camp, he rebuked some who were complaining of their hardships, in the following language: "Come, let's have no grumbling; we came out here as soldiers, let us act like soldiers." That day, soon after the battle of Hanover Court House commenced, he was struck, by a ball, in the leg, making what would be considered a serious wound by less courageous men. He stooped, examined it, and said that was not much of a hurt. He had scarcely straightened himself up, having loaded his piece, and was in the act of firing it, when a second ball struck him in the neck, killing him instantly. He was buried on the battle field.

LXXXIV.

CORPORAL ALONZO E. LEWIS.

THE subject of this sketch was the son of THOMAS and NANCY LEWIS, and was born August 4, 1844. He received a Christian education, and was distinguished for his excellent moral character and for the good influence that he exerted over others.

He enlisted October 14, 1861, and was connected with company F, Third New York Regiment. He served his country with great faithfulness and bravery, until July 17, 1863, when he died of typhoid fever in Hampton Hospital, Virginia.

The following resolutions and letter, give us a view of his character and services:

At a meeting of the members of F Company, Third Regiment Infantry New York Volunteers, held at Camp Alford, near Portsmouth, Virginia, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty Ruler of the Universe to remove, by the hand of death, our esteemed and beloved comrade, Corporal ALONZO E. LEWIS, and,

Whereas, We have always found him, during his stay with us, a sincere friend and true patriot, as well as a brave and gallant soldier, therefore,

Resolved, That, in the death of Corporal ALONZO E. LEWIS, we are called upon to sustain the loss of a dear friend and brother soldier; one who has always commanded our admiration for his abilities and integrity as a soldier, and our esteem as a gentleman, for the uniform courtesy which marked his intercourse with all.

Resolved, That, while we deeply deplore his early death, we sympathize sincerely with his bereaved family, and we shall long

cherish the fond recollection of his many acts of kindness when living.

Resolved, That, as soon as practicable, we, as a company, will endeavor to have his remains sent to his family, that they may inter them by the side of those loved ones who have gone before him.

Resolved, That the above preamble and resolutions be published in the "Albany Evening Journal" and "Albany Times," and that a copy be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

THOMAS C. FLYNN,
JAMES McCAFFREY,
O. H. VAN VALEN,
W. H. KEARNS.

RICHARD V. LEWIS, *Sec'y*.

CAMP ALFORD, VA., *July* 26, 1863.

Dear Madam—As commanding officer of F Company, Second Infantry New York Volunteers, with which your son, Corporal ALONZO E. LEWIS, was connected, I trust you will allow me to bear testimony to his amiability, gentlemanly manners, and high toned principles as a man; to his faithfulness, constant attention to duty, and obedience as a soldier; and to offer, with his comrades, my sincere sympathy in this time of your sudden and severe bereavement.

During our expedition, when we were encamped at Yorktown, I first noticed the illness of your son, and urged him, in strong terms, to go back in company with others who were sent at that time. But his courage was greater than his strength, and consequently he accompanied his company as far as the White House, when the Doctor found it absolutely necessary to dispose of his case at once. I regret that, being on the march, it was impossible for me to do more for him in person. As it was, I saw him placed under the care of a skillful physician at the earliest possible moment.

So far as his pay now due is concerned, I will draw it myself, if possible, and send it to you by express. If the Paymaster refuses to put me in charge of it, I will acquaint you at once

with the proper means of obtaining it yourself. All his effects will be forwarded to you at once, if such is your desire.

And now, my dear Madam, though the consolation offered by strangers may be, to a mother's wounded heart, but small indeed, yet be assured that there are many here who share with you this deep grief. For myself, I can say that during my association with him as a private soldier, I found him a firm friend and an honorable man, and that I mourn his loss the more because so few have so successfully resisted the contaminating influences of a military life.

Should you find it necessary to ask any items of information, my address, for the present, is: Camp Alford, near Portsmouth, Va.

Very respectfully, &c.,

F. A. SMITH,

2d Lieut. Com'd'g F Co., 2d N. Y. V.

Mrs. NANCY LEWIS.

LXXXV.

CORPORAL WILLIAM H. MOON.

WILLIAM H. MOON, the only son of RICHARD and ANNA MARIA MOON, was born at Albany on the 22d June, 1844.

The most marked traits of his character, during boyhood and youth, were docility and obedience to his parents, united with tenacity of purpose.

He was a member of the Sabbath school of the Second Reformed Dutch Church, where, by his correct deportment and amiable qualities, he won the regard both of his teachers and fellow scholars. From an early age until the time of his enlistment, he was a regular and punctual attendant at that school; and in the only furlough he enjoyed during a connection with the army of over three years, he showed his attachment by repeatedly visiting his old class. He was also constant in his attendance at church, of which his parents were members.

At the age of fourteen years, he united himself with the Albany Division No. 4 of the order of Sons of Temperance. To his obligations as a member of this society he was always faithful, resisting the numerous temptations which assail a young man in the city or a soldier in the army, to indulge in spirituous drinks.

WILLIAM had, from boyhood, a strong inclination to military pursuits. He was at one time desirous of entering the military school at West Point, and took some steps toward procuring an appointment, but was not successful.

From the first outbreak of the war he was, although then a mere boy, (less than seventeen years of age,) and by no means of robust frame, very anxious to become a soldier. On the return of a brother-in-law, who went from Albany on the first

three months' term of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, his ardor was freshly excited. He plied his mother with solicitations to allow him to enlist. He would say: "I am no better than others, who are the only sons of their parents. ELLSWORTH was an only son," and he urged that it would be no harder for his mother to spare him, than it had been for ELLSWORTH's parents. While thus earnest in his purpose to serve his country, he yet expressed his intention not to go to the war, unless his father and mother consented. At length, one day as he was persuading his mother, she said to him: "Well go, my son, and God be with you."

This point gained, he immediately went to his father, at his place of business, to get his acquiescence. The latter reminded him of the hardships and dangers which must be endured, and asked him if he could bear it all. He replied that he could, and the long looked for consent was granted.

He enlisted on the 10th of August, 1861, in Company A, Forty-third Regiment, organized by Capt. JOHN WILSON (afterwards Colonel), whose excellent character had great weight in inducing Mr. and Mrs. MOON to put their son under his care.

The officers bore testimony to WILLIAM's good qualities. But his letters to his friends show his unflinching determination to do his duty as a soldier, in spite of all hardships, privations and dangers.

He was connected, throughout his whole term of service, with the Army of the Potomac, and was a member of the illustrious Sixth Corps. He was in almost every battle of note, in which that army was engaged: Yorktown, Williamsburg, the seven days' battles on the Peninsula, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Second Bull Run, Antietam, etc., etc. It is remarkable that in describing these battles, he never utters a murmur or a fear. On one occasion, at the charge of the rebel forces on Fort Stevens, near Washington, which the Sixth Corps repelled, he was struck by a bullet, which passed through his pocket, carrying away a part of his wallet, but doing him no personal injury. In writing home of this incident, he expresses his gratitude to God for his deliverance.

As before stated, only once during the three years of his soldier life, did he leave the army. This was at the expiration of his first term of service, when he re-enlisted in the same company for three years longer. He was now promoted to the position of Corporal.

His last battle was on the severely fought and gloriously won field of Winchester, September 19, 1864. He was struck in the head by a shell which killed him instantly. His company were at the time, by order of their commanding officer, lying down, and a comrade near him states that he thought that perhaps WILLIAM had fallen asleep. But it was the sleep of death.

This same friend buried him on the field near the fatal spot, marking his grave. His remains were afterwards removed and brought to Albany, and interred in the Rural Cemetery.

LXXXVI.

CORPORAL ROBERT B. DARLING,
OF WATERVLIET.

Among the noble band of young men who left their home, in Albany county, for the battle field, there are few more deserving of commemorative eulogy than ROBERT BURNETT DARLING.

Combining energy and perseverance in whatever he undertook, with high moral qualities, he endeared himself to a large circle of friends. His promptness and zeal in the discharge of his religious duties have rendered his memory precious in the church of God.

From his childhood ROBERT evinced a keenness of moral sensibility. Especially was this apparent in his solemn regard for the truth. His abhorrence of falsehood, in every form, was a marked feature in his character. His brief history furnishes but few materials for a biographical sketch. He was born January 24, 1836, in Westford, Otsego county, New York. His father, Mr. JOHN DARLING, is the proprietor and cultivator of a farm located at Newtonville, town of Watervliet, Albany county. His mother's name is Mrs. ELIZA MYERS DARLING. To this estimable lady ROBERT was indebted, for many of those excellencies of character, which were so happily developed in subsequent manhood.

It was intended by his parents, as he advanced toward maturity, that he should aid his father in the cultivation of his farm. But his frequently expressed desire for an education, and the indications of more than usual powers of mind, induced them to place him at an academy, located at Wilbraham, Massachusetts, under the direction of Professor RAYMOND.

While prosecuting his studies there, he became the subject of

renewing grace. There was, at this time, a revival of religion in the village, and many of the pupils were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. Into this work of mercy, young DARLING entered with all the force of his earnest nature. His convictions were pungent, and his joy and faith correspondingly elevated.

He was baptized, at Newtonville, on the first Sabbath of July, 1854. He entered at once and devotedly into the works of faith and labors of love, to which, by his profession he had been sacredly consecrated. Upon the prayer meetings of the church, he was a constant attendant, and never did he hesitate to take a part in prayer with his brethren. His labors as a Sunday school teacher were earnest and successful.

Having completed his academic studies at Wilbraham, he returned to the farm, and again engaged in aiding his father in the labors of the field. But his earnest desire for knowledge induced him, with the consent of his parents, to enter the Normal school, in the city of Albany, then under the charge of Professor COCHRAN. In that institution he prosecuted his studies during three terms, and graduated with the confidence and esteem of both his teachers and fellow students.

It is somewhat remarkable that a disposition so amiable and so full of kind and generous feeling should ever have cherished the least inclination for the clash of arms, and the perils and hardships of war. But ROBERT dearly loved his country and felt deeply indignant at the wrongs inflicted upon her, and the contemptuous insults poured upon her flag. When Professor KIMBALL, who had been his teacher in the Normal School, proposed to organize a company for the United States service, a number of his pupils engaged to follow him to the field. Young DARLING united with them, and enlisted in the service of the United States on the 14th of August, 1862, in Company E, Forty-fourth Regiment. Thus the beloved preceptor, who had led them in the paths of knowledge, was now to lead them into scenes of peril and sanguinary conflict.

ROBERT took an active part in all the battles in which his regiment was engaged, with the exception of Gettysburg. While

that sanguinary struggle was in progress, he was upon the sick list, and confined to the hospital. In every battle, he manifested a courage, steadiness and soldierly bearing, that won for him the confidence of the officers and men.

But he was also a soldier of the cross. Amid the stirring events of the war, the deprivations of the camp, and perils by which he was surrounded, he ever bore with him the love of Jesus in his heart, and found in Him a blessed source of strength and consolation. He originated and attended the prayer meetings of his company, encouraging the hearts of his comrades to the exercise of a holy faith. As opportunity was offered him he stood, a servant of Christ, by the bedside of the sick, and into the ears of the dying whispered the words of consolation and hope. His presence was ever hailed with pleasure, because he everywhere diffused around him the sweet spirit of a sincere Christian. He was repeatedly urged to accept of a chaplaincy. His pastor was especially desirous that he should occupy this position, for the duties of which he appears to have been eminently qualified. But this office he steadfastly declined. His modest estimation of himself made him shrink from the responsibilities it involved. Indeed, he refused promotion to any rank, and to the solicitations of his pastor he replied: "No, I have enlisted in the ranks, and in that position intend to fight through the war." At the earnest and repeated solicitation, however, of his company, he accepted the post of Corporal, but no consideration could induce him to take any higher office.

His death occurred on the 19th of June, 1864. On the morning of that day he was in the trenches directly opposite Petersburg, and in near proximity to the enemy. Having raised his head above the bank, a bullet from the rifle of a rebel sharpshooter, sent with unerring aim, struck him immediately above the left eye, penetrating the brain. The blow was mortal. He fell and instantly expired without uttering a word, nor did a sigh or groan pass his lips.

His remains were interred by his comrades near the Norfolk and Petersburg railroad, and although his grave had been care-

fully marked with his name, company and regiment placed at the head, his bereaved friends have sought for him in vain.

Thus passed away a useful and very lovely life. A painful bereavement, indeed, to those who are more immediately connected with him. But there is light amid the gloom, and a sweet solace to their sorrows. They have the precious consolation, which the gospel affords, that ROBERT now rests not only from the alarms of war, but from all the trials and sorrows of earth, in the bosom of his covenant God.

“ Champion of Jesus, man of God,
 Servant of Christ, well done.
Thy path of thorns hath now been trod,
 Thy red cross crown it won.

“ Champion of Jesus. on that breast,
 From whence thy fervor flowed,
Thou hast obtained eternal rest,
 The bosom of thy God.”

LXXXVII.

CORPORAL PHILIP VAN DENBURG,
OF GUILDERLAND.

PHILIP VAN DENBURG, son of TEUNIS and MARIA VAN DENBURG, was born in the town of New Scotland, Albany county, March 13, 1841. His early life was not marked with anything of more than ordinary interest. As a son and brother, he was very affectionate, kind and self-denying. He was modest in his deportment, and loved retirement.

In childhood, he had no fondness for books, but at the age of fifteen, through the efforts of an excellent teacher, he became interested in his studies, and soon loved them. Early in the morning and late at night he was found devoting himself with enthusiasm to the work of obtaining a thorough and complete education, and very soon he surpassed some who had been his superiors in study.

At the age of seventeen, through the influence of his elder brother, he was converted to Christ, in the town of Knox, and soon after united with the M. E. Church, of which his parents and three sisters were members.

As a Christian, he was devoted to his Master, and patient and forbearing under severe trials. Living in a neighborhood where true Christians were few, his only counselors were his parents, his brother and sisters; and his Bible, which was his daily companion. Often would he be found in his room, upon his knees, reading the words of life. Once he remarked to his sister: "The word to me is made plainer when I read it thus."

After his conversion, his desire for knowledge increased, and during the winter months he devoted all his leisure hours to

study. During the other seasons he was obliged to labor on his father's farm.

He taught one year, when his health failed, and he could neither study nor labor. In a letter to his brother at that time he says:

"I dare not study much now, yet nothing would suit me better than to be with my books all day. I have thought strongly of enlisting in the army, but mother and father will not hear of it in my present state of health; but I think it would be for my good. I am certainly not good for much here, and in the army I might be useful. If I am killed, I shall only go home to Jesus. I should not think of going to the war if I had no hope in God, for without religion I should make a poor soldier. But I believe I am ready to face death for our country, and who should be ready to go if not Christians. I shudder when I think of men going to battle without a hope of Heaven. I can scarcely keep easy when I think of it, so great is my desire to go. If it were not for mother's entreaties, I believe I should in spite of all other obstacles. For this I am thankful, that I can pray for my country if I may not fight for her, and perhaps I can do more by prayer than with a gun or sword. I mean to try, anyway."

This was at the time of the first call for volunteers. Soon after he spoke to his physician about enlisting in the army, and being told that a soldier's life might benefit him, he could be detained no longer, and he immediately joined a company which was being raised in the town of New Scotland, by his uncle, Capt. CROUNSE. This was in July, 1861. Before enlisting, he wrote to his parents, asking their consent and advice. And as if fearing opposition, he says, "you ought not to oppose me, when ministers are bidding their sons 'God speed.' I feel it to be my duty, and I know that I am prepared for all that may come; even for death. It will, indeed, be hard to part with you all, but that time must come sooner or later. It will be less painful as we know that we shall meet in Heaven, if never again on this earth."

On one occasion, while in conversation with his mother, who was trying to prepare his mind for the realities of the battle-field,

and said it was a dreadful place in which to die, he said, "I will not mind it at all if I only have an opportunity to pray before entering battle;" and to his sister he said, "there is nothing in this so hard, as for me to say, good-bye to mother." Yet when the hour came he said it bravely as a soldier, and spoke encouragingly of coming home again. But his fond home where he was greatly beloved, he was never permitted to see again. Just before entering the army he sent his mother the following lines:

PARTING REQUEST.

Dear mother, now the time has come
For me to go to war,
To part with dearest *friends* and *home*,
Perhaps to meet no more.
But when I've left you all so dear,
And I am far away
Exposed to wiles of wicked men,
Then, mother, for me pray.
And when upon the battle field
'Mid cannon's deafening roar,
And bullets flying thick and fast
The earth with dead strewn o'er;
When those dread sights shall daunt my heart
And my arm begins to stay
From striking for my country's flag,
Oh, mother, for me pray.
I would nerve my soul for greater deeds,
And drive my fears away,
To know my mother ceased to mourn,
But never ceased to pray.
And should I live, we'll meet again,
When war has passed away,
Oh! then you'll know that God doth hear,
And answer those who pray.
But if we never meet again,
While in this house of clay,
We'll surely meet when Jesus comes
To take His own, who pray.

He was sworn in the service of the United States on the 30th of September, 1861, as Corporal of Company D, Ninety-first Regiment. He never was in battle, although he desired to be, and seemed impatient because his company was not sent forward

into action. In a letter to his sister he says, "I am tired of this lying still, and long for action; I hope we shall soon be removed where we will have some fighting to do, for I am fully well drilled now, and believe I could do my part in a skirmish with the rebels; yet I would rather they would see their mistake, and lay down their arms. But that they do not seem inclined to do, therefore we must fight, and I am anxious to do my share." He never uttered a complaint in any way, but rather presented the bright side of everything, especially when writing to his parents or sisters.

After faithfully serving his country, he was taken sick with typhoid fever. So rapid was his disease that in six days he died at Key West, Florida, April 29, 1862. He was buried there, having a soldier's funeral. A comrade, who lived to return home, told his sister that he never knew a person so universally esteemed as PHILIP was, and that there was scarcely a dry eye in the regiment, when he was buried.

Another member of the regiment but not of his company, was speaking of him to his aunt, not knowing she was his relative, and said, "There was one young man died at Key West whose loss was deeply felt. He was beloved by all. A truer, braver, soldier never entered the ranks, and a better christian never lived. He was always on duty, and ever ready to do his part at all times and in every place. A more patriotic young man I never saw."

Another, in writing to a friend speaks thus of PHILIP, "We have been called to-day to the painful task of laying beneath the sod one of our very best men. He was sick but a few days, and I was with him when he died. He was delirious, until a few hours before he died, when he seemed to be communing with his God. He sang a hymn through with a beautiful clear voice. A smile then lighted up his face, and a few moments after he expired. I believe he has gone to his better home.

"We all feel his loss deeply, and shall miss him much. He was one who conversed but little, and never burdened others with his troubles; but kept them within his own breast; so that few knew what he suffered."

Captain CROUNSE writes thus in apprising his friends of his decease:

KEY WEST, FLORIDA, *May* 1, 1862.

TEUNIS VAN DENBURG and family:

Dear Friends—I take this opportunity to give you the sad news, that Corporal PHILIP VANDENBURG is no more. He died on the 29th of April, in the hospital. He was taken with the typhoid fever, and died in six days from the time he was taken. He was first put in the regimental hospital, and soon after removed to the general hospital, which is one mile distant.

I did not see him from the time he was taken until he died. I was very busy and could not go to see him. Nor did I suppose him to be dangerously ill. I sent one of his comrades to see him two days before he died. He said he was pretty sick, but did not think him dangerous. I had him buried with funeral honors, covering his coffin with the flag of his country; and services were held at the grave.

When we first came to this place, he was sick for near three weeks, but recovered, and seemed to be healthy again. I never saw him apparently so well as before he was taken sick.

Dear friends, you have my sympathy, knowing this will be sad news to you all. PHILIP was loved by all in the company, and I never have heard any ill of him since he has been with us. * * * *

Yours in sympathy,
CAPTAIN H. CROUNSE.

LXXXVIII.

CORPORAL MARTIN SITTERLY,
OF GUILDERLAND.

MARTIN SITTERLY was born March 29, 1838. He enlisted in the Forty-fourth Regiment for three years, August 8, 1861, and was killed at Hanover Court House, May 29, 1862.

All the information that we have received concerning him, after his enlistment, is contained in the following letters to his mother, and a letter from Lieutenant ROBERTS, and a short notice taken from a Rochester paper :

CAMP BEFORE YORKTOWN, VA., *May 3, 1862.*

Dear Mother—As my time will allow me to write a few lines this pleasant morning, I do so with much pleasure, knowing as I do, that you like to hear from me often. To begin, my health is as good as I could possibly expect; for, as I have written before, we are laboring under a great many disadvantages. But the hardships we endure seem light as long as one has good health. There is a great deal of sickness in this regiment at present, but we all hope it will disappear soon. JESSE WHITE and I have made up our minds to stand together as long as life lasts, and you need not feel worried about us. We are making our works here as formidable as possible, but the rebels have annoyed us a great deal for the last forty-eight hours, and we do not get much sleep. We do heavy fatigue duty in the daytime, and at nights we go out and help support the field batteries. We lie on the ground all night witnessing the heavy shells, thrown by, and bursting inside of our entrenchments.

* * * * Write soon and often to,

Your obedient and affectionate son,

MARTIN.

HEAD QUARTERS, FORTY-FOURTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. V., }
CAMP BEFORE RICHMOND, VA., *May* 22, 1862. }

Dear Mother—We are on the march, and have been for the last three days, and such warm weather I never experienced before. *JESSE* and I are enjoying the best of health on this long and hard march; although *JESSE* came pretty near, yesterday, giving out of the ranks on the road, and would have done so if we had marched half a mile further. As for myself, they can't tire me out, if my health is only good. This, indeed, is my only hope of seeing home again. When one can sleep on the cold ground, with only a thin blanket under him and one over him and take comfort, you would naturally think that we must be hardy. The heaviest of our marching is over, for we are within a few miles of the rebel capital. Within two or three miles of us there are one hundred and eighty thousand secesh troops, and they will give us warm work, I apprehend, when we attack them. The country through which we have been marching is the finest I ever saw. The wheat is all headed out, strawberries are ripe, clover in blow, and the cherries almost full grown. If the weather was not quite so warm our marching would be very pleasant. Love to all.

Your affectionate
MARTIN.

His character and the circumstances of his death are given in the following letter and notice of the battle in which he fell:

CAMP NEAR NEWBRIDGE, VA., *May* 30, 1862.

MR. SITTERLY:

Dear Sir—It is with feelings of the greatest sorrow that I communicate to you the sad news of the death of your son *MARTIN*. Since he became a member of this company his bearing has been such as to enable me to place every confidence in him, and to rest with satisfaction over any duty allotted to him. In the engagement, he stood by me until death claimed him. He fell in the front of the battle. To you as a father, I can only

say your son nobly performed his duty, and died with his confidence and hope in God.

I offer you my warmest sympathy, and pray Heaven to sustain you and yours under this great trial. In his death I lose a good faithful soldier and friend.

I beg leave to remain yours,

Lieut. McROBERTS.

“Macauley,” the army correspondent of the “Rochester Democrat,” thus speaks of MARTIN SITTERLY of Guilderland, who fell at the battle of Hanover Court House:

“The engagement soon became general. The Forty-fourth bore the brunt of the battle, and had a man flinched all would have been lost. We were badly cut up; sixty wounded and twenty killed. Among the latter was the gallant MARTIN SITTERLY, Corporal of Co. C, Forty-fourth Regiment; a man of noble size, vigorous, patient and resolute; a born soldier. He was worth a score of common men. He fell, as I thought he would, in the first action in which he was engaged.

LXXXIX.

CORPORAL LEWIS W. QUAY,
OF KNOX.

LEWIS W. QUAY, son of DANIEL and ANNA B. QUAY, was born in the town of Knox, Albany County, on the 30th of November, 1841.

He was a member of the Sabbath school connected with the Lutheran Church in Knox.

Patriotism induced him to enlist in his country's service, and he joined the Seventh Heavy Artillery, Co. K, on the 6th day of August, 1862.

He was in no engagements, his regiment being stationed at Fort Reno, D. C., at which place he died of typhoid fever, on the 26th day of July, 1863.

Previous to his going into the army he was not a professor of religion; but he wrote several letters to his mother which indicated his readiness to die, and his earnest desire to meet his dear mother in Heaven.

His remains were brought home and he was buried at Knox, April 1st, 1862.

XC.

CORPORAL ISAAC J. ROACH,
OF KNOX

ISAAC J. ROACH, was the son of JOHN and PHEBE ROACH, and was born in Knox, August 27th, 1837.

When a child, he was remarkable for his kind and obliging disposition, and was very fond of relieving the wants of the poor. Early in life he became hopefully converted, and united with the Methodist church in the town of Knox. When the war broke out he felt a great anxiety to have the union of the United States preserved, and he thought that the Government needed his services more than they were needed at home.

Like most of the noble men whose careers we have sketched, he received, on enlisting, no bounty money, but was influenced by the purest patriotism.

He joined Co. F, Forty-fourth New York Regiment, in August 1861, and his military life was very brief. While at Camp Butterfield, Hall's Hill, Virginia, he was taken with the typhoid fever, and died Dec. 29, 1861. His remains were brought home to Knox and buried.

The two following letters were received, addressed to his brother, which furnish all the information that I have been able to obtain concerning his last hours.

CAMP BUTTERFIELD, *Jan.* 29, 1862.

MR. ROBERT D. ROACH:

Dear Sir—Your kind note, dated January 7th, is at hand. It appears that you and myself have alike been sick, and are both recovering. Would to God that your brother, who was my best friend, had also been preserved. But I think, judging from

what I have seen of him, that he is happier now than when among us.

He was with us some two weeks previous to his going to the hospital, after he was taken sick. He was taken to the hospital on Friday, and on Sunday I was taken down with a fever, and confined to my tent. After he entered the hospital, he appeared to grow better. In fact, so much so, that he talked of coming over to see us in camp. But, alas! he never came. He soon grew rapidly worse, until death ended his sufferings.

How gladly would I have been with him more than I was, that I might have administered to his wants. But I was not able to leave my tent until within a few days previous to his death. On the Friday previous I went over to see him. My surprise was great to see how changed he had become. I saw plainly the impress of death marked upon that noble brow. I felt that my esteemed friend and camp chum, he who had been my companion on our southern march, and who had promised to stand by me in the time of need, must surely die. Never shall I forget that meeting. He partly arose in his bed as he extended his hand to me, and as our hands were thus grasped, he acted as though he would have me join him, in his heavenward journey. Owing to the nature of his disease, his mind wandered at times, until within a day or two of his death, when he became rational. He frequently spoke of the different members of your family, calling each of you by name. * * *

Truly yours,

JOHN A. RAMSEY,
4th Sergeant Co. F, 44th Regt.

Mr. ROBERT ROACH:

Dear Sir—You have already been informed of the much lamented death of your highly esteemed brother. You have indeed laid a costly and most precious offering on the altar of our much loved common country—the altar of civil and religious liberty. I sympathize deeply with you in the loss, and feel his death like the loss of a brother. His tent was close by mine, and he was always so kind, so brotherly, so ready to assist me whenever I wanted anything done, that I shall feel his death very

much. Besides, it was so unexpected to me, and he seemed, as I thought from his apparently vigorous frame, to give such promise of long life and great usefulness, that I find it hard to feel reconciled. And then for the last few days, he was more or less delirious, so that when we began to fear that he would not recover, there was no opportunity of communicating with him or he with us.

But terribly painful as the trial is, it is all right. For it is all by His specific appointment and arrangement, who never made a mistake; who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind; who loves us better than we love ourselves, and who will cause all things to work together for good to those who love Him.

I believe, however, that with him the sting of death was taken away, and that our loss is his infinite and eternal gain. Though we have not in his case the evidence of death-bed religious experiences, we have, I think, what is far preferable—the evidence of a life of piety.

I deeply sympathize with you, and with his parents, and pray that God will be unto them better than sons and daughters, and to you a friend, that sticketh closer than a brother. I hope that neither you or they will ever regret sending him forth, or feel that he has lived in vain, or that he would have been spared, if he had remained at home. I pray you, do not regret that he died away from home. He died not alone or unattended, and the Saviour was as near him while here, as he could have been if he had been at home. The road to Heaven is as straight and short from hence as from your own home. And he could not have died in a more glorious cause, or filled a more honored grave, or leave behind him a more fragrant and enduring remembrance. And he being dead, speaketh, and will speak many years to come, to multitudes, and thus, I hope, like Sampson, accomplish more by his death, than he could have done if he had lived to the longest period allotted to man.

Thus did SAM. I. MILLS, and HARRIET NEWEL, and HENRY MARTYN, and HENRY KIRK WHITE, and many others in earlier and later times. And why should it not be so with him? It is

true the battle was soon over with him. But if he has fought the good fight, he has come off more than conqueror.

Let us, then, each prepare to follow. And let us remember,

“Hearts, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.”

I may never meet you, perhaps, on earth, but I hope to meet you where sickness and sorrow, pain and death, are felt and feared no more. In the mean time, please accept the sympathies of a stranger, but a friend, and present my sympathies to your greatly afflicted parents.

Yours truly,

L. H. PEASE,
Chaplain 44th N. Y. S. V.

HALL'S HILL, VA., *Dec. 30.*

XCI.

CORPORAL JOHN E BAILEY.

JOHN E. BAILEY, Corporal of Company B, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment, N. Y. S. V., was born in Schoharie county, and was the son of HIRAM and CAROLINE BAILEY.

He received a good education in early life, and then labored for a time on his father's farm. Becoming tired of farming he went to Long Island, where he taught school. There he was married, and then returned to Schoharie county. He next removed to Albany, and became a clerk in the grocery store of MESSRS. T. LAWRENCE & SON. Soon after settling in this city, he joined Company B as a private, and became a very active member.

When the war broke out, his patriotism was greatly excited, and without bounty or promise of promotion, he left his wife and family and marched away with his comrades to save his country. His regiment arriving at Baton Rouge, La., he was taken sick and was not permitted to be in but one skirmish, where, with a few others, he withstood the onslaught of the rebels in vastly superior numbers, until relieved.

At the taking of Port Hudson, he could not be restrained from taking a part in the action, and arose from a sick couch, and against the doctor's orders, marched with his company to participate in its downfall. But becoming weak and exhausted, he fainted by the road side, and was carried back again. Upon the return of the regiment from Baton Rouge for home, although very feeble, he was taken on board the vessel, and with no care except such as a few of his comrades could give him, he died just before the regiment reached Cairo.

There he was buried, but his remains have since been brought home, and buried in the family burying ground at Schoharie village.

At the time he went away he was a member of the Middle Dutch Church of Albany. In his death, his comrades mourn the loss of a faithful and earnest soldier; his wife, of a devoted husband; his mother, of a dutiful son, and society, of a respected and useful member.

XCII.

CORPORAL ERASTUS HAMILTON HOLMES,
OF WESTERLO.

MR. HOLMES was a native of the town of Westerlo, and was the son of JOHN and SARAH HOLMES, who were connected with the Methodist Church.

Influenced by a sincere and earnest desire to serve his country, he enlisted on the 5th of August, 1862, in Company K, Seventh Regiment, under the gallant Col. LEWIS O. MORRIS. He was stationed with this noble officer at Fort Reno, and was afterwards engaged in the assault on Petersburg. His bravery carried him in the thickest of the fight, and on the 16th of June, 1864, he was wounded in the hand, and was taken prisoner with many others. He was conveyed to Andersonville prison, where he, in common with multitudes of others, suffered everything, which the fiendish passions of their persecutors could heap upon them.

When Gen. SHERMAN marched through Georgia, Mr. HOLMES, with about fifteen hundred others, was removed to the Savannah prison. Here he encountered new forms of wretchedness and horror, and lingered until the 9th day of October, 1864, when he expired.

He leaves, in entire destitution, an interesting family, consisting of his widow, Mrs. SARAH ABIGAIL HOLMES, and five little children. The children are all under twelve years of age. Though left with no other inheritance but poverty, yet as they advance in years they will learn to appreciate the private virtues and public services of their noble father, who suffered and died a martyr for his country, and for the cause of human liberty.

XCIII.

CORPORAL ALONZO GROVE LUDDEN.

OF BERN.

The following sketch is taken from the "Lutheran Observer," published in Baltimore, Maryland:

On the 16th February, 1865, the angel of death entered the Lutheran parsonage at Bern, Albany county, New York, and laid his blighting hand upon the youthful form of ALONZO GROVE LUDDEN. ALONZO was the eldest son of the Rev. A. P. and CAROLINE LUDDEN, and was born in Augusta county, Virginia, on 28th February, 1846, and had, therefore, attained not quite nineteen years when his young life was quenched by the great destroyer.

The subject of this memoir was of a naturally amiable and affectionate disposition, and, almost from infancy, exhibited a religious tendency. Nurtured in a Christian home, his intellectual and moral natures were, in their first developments, brought under the moulding influences of a genuine and fervid piety, as exhibited in the daily lives of those, to whose parental training God had committed him. Watched over with all the solicitude which parental affection, quickened by a sense of Christian obligation always excites, he was early taught the great truths of our holy religion and was daily made the subject of earnest and faithful prayer. Under these circumstances we need not wonder, that the principles of Divine grace were very early implanted in his soul, and that, like BAXTER, "he could not remember the time when he did not love the Saviour."

At the very early age of *nine years*, he connected himself with the Lutheran Church at Madison Court House, Va., then under the pastoral care of his father. This step was taken voluntarily,

with great circumspection, and, as his conduct always afterwards proved, from an enlightened sense of the obligations which a Christian profession imposes. His piety exhibited very little of the emotional; it was the piety of principle, of thorough conviction of duty. Hence he never seemed to act from momentary impulse or mere excitement; never exhibited any excesses, either in language or action, but was always calm and self-possessed, and at the same time was fervid, thoroughly conscientious and ever consistent.

When only *fifteen years old*, he commenced to maintain the family altar, in the absence of his father, whose ministerial duties very frequently called him from home. About the same time he became a teacher in the Sabbath school, and was also appointed to lead the choir in the Lutheran church at Bern. He also took an active part in the prayer meeting. In every position he seemed to realize his responsibility, and acted with a promptitude and fidelity which indicated how deep and thorough were his convictions of duty.

In 1864, when only sixteen and a half years old, he entered the army as a volunteer in the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment New York State Volunteers. This step he did not take without the consent of his parents. He had made his duty to his country, in the present crisis, the subject of earnest prayer, and told his father that he felt a conviction that he ought to volunteer his services. His regiment was ordered to join General BANKS in his expedition against Port Hudson, and was engaged in two fierce and bloody, but fruitless assaults upon that stronghold of the enemy. After these repulses, General BANKS called for one thousand volunteers to act as a storming party; they were known as the "one thousand stormers." When the call for these volunteers was made, ALONZO, with three others, stepped forward to represent his company. Whilst, however, this storming party was drilling for the assault, the city surrendered.

As a soldier, as well as in private life, his virtues were equally conspicuous. Amidst all the temptations and corrupt influences of "camp life," he maintained a consistency of deportment and a purity of character which secured the confidence of his supe-

riors and the esteem of his associates. His Captain, in a letter to a friend, says: "I think Corporal LUDDEN is the most perfect of any representative of cool, quiet daring my eye ever saw. He, my dear sir, is a perfect stranger to fear. He calmly obeys every order, regardless of the risks it may involve. No man can surpass him in all the elements of a true soldier, and of a consistent Christian." The chaplain of his regiment bore testimony to his uniform propriety of life. He never, under any circumstances, deviated from the path of Christian rectitude. After the return of the regiment, the Chaplain remarked to his father: "I did not have a more faithful Christian than your son in my whole regiment."

After having been honorably discharged from the army, he spent some time at home recruiting his health, which had been very much impaired by his long and perilous campaign in the insalubrious climate of the south. As soon as he felt himself sufficiently restored to engage in business, he secured a situation as clerk in Mr. GRAY's book store, in the city of Albany. Before he had been there three months, he had so far won the confidence and esteem of his employer, that his salary was nearly doubled, and he was promoted to be book-keeper and bank clerk, the most responsible position in the establishment.

His constitution, however, had become greatly enfeebled by disease, contracted amidst the arduous campaigns of the army. Twice he was compelled to ask leave of absence to go home and endeavor to regain his health. In this he partially succeeded, and returned again to his business. But, alas! the seeds of fatal consumption, which had been planted in his system, began to develop themselves, and on the 10th of November he was compelled once more to return as an invalid to the parental roof. On entering the house he said to his mother, in a plaintive voice, but with a calm resignation: "Dear mother, I have come home to die."

For three months he lingered under the wastings of disease, uncomplainingly enduring much bodily suffering, and submitting to the Divine will with so much patience and resignation, that

even his physician was moved to tears, and said: "I have never, in all my practice, attended such a patient."

A short time before his death, it became the melancholy and painful duty of his affectionate father to inform him of his approaching dissolution. The sad announcement did not move him. With perfect composure he replied: "I, too, have thought my end was nigh; this intelligence does not alarm me at all; I feel fully resigned to God's will. I trust in my Saviour, and He is precious to me. I can hardly wait for the time of my departure. My faith in Christ enables me to talk calmly of my coffin and my burial place." His younger brother being alone in the room a few hours after, he called him to his bedside and said: "LUTHER, I want you to be a good boy, obey your parents, love your Saviour, and meet me in Heaven." On a subsequent occasion, he gave a like charge to each of his sisters.

A few days before his death he divided his effects. To his kind physician he gave his gold pen, saying: "Doctor, it is a good pen, keep it to remember me. You have done all that could be done to save me; I thank you for all your kindness, and hope to meet you in Heaven." To his eldest sister he gave his gold watch, and to each member of the family some token of his affection, that each might have some memento of him when they should see his face no more.

Having disposed of his earthly treasures, and spoken a word of affectionate counsel to his brother and sisters, he meekly composed himself to meet the final conflict. He was greatly reduced by disease, and his voice was feeble and trembling, yet his faith was firm and soul-sustaining. In gentle whispers he was heard to pray: "Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly." A scripture promise being repeated by his father, he seemed strengthened as by divine energy, and exclaimed in a loud, clear voice: "Lord Jesus, I thank thee that thou hast come. The holy angels are coming to carry me home. Oh! what sweet, delicious music I hear, such as no earthly instrument and no human voices ever made." As the hour of his departure drew near, his spiritual nature seemed to be endued with unearthly vigor, and several

times he exclaimed with great strength of voice; "Glory be to God in the highest; bless the Lord—oh! my soul."

To his deeply afflicted parents and friends he frequently said: "Weep not for me, for I shall soon be at rest." With a full, strong voice, he sung part of the hymn: "When I can read my title clear, &c.," and then requested that he might be turned on his back and his limbs composed. Calling his sisters and brother to his bedside, he reminded them of his admonitions, and gave them a farewell charge to meet him in Heaven. He took an affectionate leave of his parents, saying: "Kiss me, father; father, good bye. Kiss me, mother; mother, good bye. I want you all to kiss me." After all in the room had complied, he remarked: "I hope you all love the precious Saviour." In this happy, exulting, heavenly frame he continued for about half an hour, when he gently and quietly "fell asleep in Jesus," and the redeemed and disenthralled spirit went up to meet its Saviour and its God, amidst the bliss and glory of its heavenly home.

"Servant of Christ, well done!

Rest from thy labors now;

The battle fought, the victory won,

Enter into thy Master's joy.

"The pains of death are past—

Labor and sorrow cease—

And life's stern warfare closed at last,

Thy soul is found in peace."

The funeral services were held in the Lutheran Church, at Bern, on Saturday, Feb. 18th, in presence of one of the largest audiences ever there assembled. The Rev. Dr. LINTNER preached an eloquent and deeply affecting sermon from Phillippians, i, 2, 3: "I am in a strait betwixt two." The Rev. E. BELFOUR, of the Lutheran Church at Schobarie, and the Rev. E. MILLER, of the Dutch Reformed Church at Bern, each followed with an excellent address, all paying a warm tribute to this young and noble soldier of Christ, of whom it has been fittingly said: "He was early at the cross, early in the grave, and early in Heaven." His life was no doubt sacrificed in his desire to do his duty as a

soldier in defence of his country. But God mercifully spared him to return to his home and die peacefully upon his bed, amidst the sympathies and ministrations of those who loved him most tenderly, to bequeath his parting blessing to his parents, his sisters and brother, and to leave a legacy of sweet and hallowed memories, which will be forever sacred and precious, and whose blessed influences will never be lost.

“Death *should* come
Gently to one of gentle mould, like thee,
As light winds, wandering thro’ groves of bloom,
Detach the delicate blossoms from the tree.
Close thy sweet eyes calmly and without pain,
And we will trust in God, to see thee yet again.”

P. A. S.

BRUNSWICK CENTRE, *March* 1, 1865.

PRIVATE SOLDIERS.

XCIV.

JOHN H. CONLEY.

JOHN H. CONLEY was born in the city of New York on the 22d of October, 1815. He was at an early age deprived of a mother's care, and was dependent upon his own exertions for a support. At the age of sixteen he commenced learning the mason's trade, but employed every opportunity to obtain useful knowledge. At the age of twenty he experienced religion, and ever afterwards made the Bible his principal study. At twenty-two he was a tract distributor in New York, and in 1843 moved to Albany. Here he joined the Methodists, and was made local preacher by them. He was for four years chaplain of the Almshouse. In 1855 he moved with his family to Ogdensburg. There he joined the Baptists, and was chosen by them to preside over a small parish at Stockholm. In 1859 he was ordained a Baptist minister.

After laboring at Stockholm some two years, he returned to Albany, and on account of the state of his health, followed his trade until the fall of 1862.

Carried away by a patriotic enthusiasm, he resolved to sacrifice business, home, family, and the comforts of a peaceful life, to engage in the great struggle for the Union. Failing to secure the position of chaplain, he enlisted as a private in the ranks of Company G, One Hundred and Sixty-ninth Regiment New York State Volunteers. On reaching home the following Tuesday evening, he told his family that he had enlisted, and expected to start South at once. It was very sad to them to think he must leave them so suddenly, and with no other hopes than those of a private. But he remarked he had fully counted the cost, and had made up his mind to go, and to fulfil every duty assigned

him, to the end. His friends said, "the Lord's will be done," and bade him a tearful adieu.

He left that same night, and on the following morning he joined his company at Troy, and left that day for New York. After remaining there a few weeks, they started for Washington. Having there passed a review, the regiment encamped at Fort Abercrombie, and remained there all winter. From that time he was with his regiment always on duty; always at his post, and always foremost in battle.

He shared with his regiment the battle of Chancellorsville. As the men were quite tired after arriving at the scene of action, having come at double quick for the last five miles, they were put on the reserve. While in that position, General CORCORAN rode up and asked the Colonel of the regiment, if he could capture such a battery and support it. He replied in the affirmative, and turning to his men he ordered them to the front; and they were soon in the hottest of the fight. After making a grand and successful charge, they succeeded in taking the battery, and supporting it nobly until the engagement was ended.

During the severest of the fight, the Colonel, while swinging his sword and cheering his men on to victory, was wounded severely through the hand, and was carried to the rear. Afterwards he was taken to his tent, and at the close of the battle and of the day, the men being almost exhausted, pitched their tents, took their blankets, and were soon fast asleep.

Moving from there, they composed a part of the army that was to march on Richmond. But after a short march they found their number was small compared with that of the rebels, and the officers resolved to retreat. As night had just set in, they laid on their arms, facing the enemy, who had also encamped not far from them, ready for pursuit the next morning. But in the deadness of the night, their expectations were foiled; for the order silently came to every ear, to muffle artillery, and retreat in silence, which order was promptly obeyed. In the morning, the rebels, seeing how they had been foiled, immediately pursued, and thus began their longest march, it being fifteen days before they encamped, which was then on Folly

Island. A large number of their men gave out by the way, and some died of exposure.

Mr. CONLEY participated in the bombardment of Charleston and the forts, and was at the taking of Fort Wagner and Gregg. While there he experienced two very narrow escapes. After a hard day's work in the entrenchments, being relieved, he, with two or three others, went outside the works, and as they supposed, out of all danger. There they threw themselves down on the ground to rest, and soon were all asleep. While lying there, a shell from one of the forts, fell between him and his comrades and exploded, killing one comrade and severely wounding the other. But it did not harm him in the least. The noise awoke him, and after the dust had cleared away, he saw what had happened, and fully realized the danger he had been exposed to, and from which he had so miraculously escaped. With deep sorrow for his companions and gratitude to God for sparing him, as he hoped, for some future good, he knelt down and offered a fervent prayer to his Heavenly Father.

At another time he exposed himself in a case of real necessity. The men, on leaving the island to work in the intrenchments, generally carried water enough with them to last until they returned. But, as at this time they remained there much longer than they expected, their water became exhausted. When the time came again to be relieved, General GILMORE made his appearance and told them they would have to remain on duty for the present, as no relief could be spared. The men remarked that they had no water, for which they were suffering. The General told them there was a beautiful spring outside the bomb proof, but that they would probably meet death before reaching it, for, as the rebels knew it was greatly needed by us, they watched it very carefully. But Mr. CONLEY, preferring to die by the bullet than by the slow torture of excessive thirst, resolved to venture, and just as the sun was setting and its last rays were tinging the works around him, you might have seen his form gliding softly outside the works, and, as he rounded the corner of the bomb proof, he went in a straight line to the spring. He knew that he was exposed to the keen eye of the sharpshooters,

who were unseen by him, and he expected every moment to feel the sharp pangs of a bullet, and to receive his death wound. He saw, just ahead of him, in a low spot of ground, the spring, and also, heard its silent murmur. He saw, also, two other men who were risking their lives for the same object. As they were all making quickly for the spring, they suddenly heard a report, then another, and another followed in quick succession. It was at once evident that they were each separately shot at but all narrowly escaped. One had his button hole torn out and another had marks on his coat where the ball had touched. After hastily filling their cups, and partially slaking their own thirst, they retreated behind the bomb proof, and bore the precious fluid to their suffering companions.

The regiment, after the taking of Forts Wagner and Gregg, marched for Florida, where they were held as skirmishers. On one occasion, when Mr. CONLEY was ordered to do, on Sunday, something that he knew was not necessary, he refused, remarking that it was the Sabbath and that he always observed that day, to rest, and to render prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God. The officer answered that there were no Sundays with a soldier, and, with upraised bayonet, he ordered him to follow him. But Mr. CONLEY said, if it was necessary he would go, for then it would be his duty; but as it was not, he positively refused to work on the Sabbath. He then said to the officer: "You may pierce me through and through; that will only affect my frail body, but my soul belongs to God." After this the officer withdrew and left him to his own meditations.

After leaving here they took up their line of march, to aid in the siege of Petersburg. On the way he was for the first time taken seriously sick, and when they landed at Hilton Head, he was left, where for some six weeks he continued sick, and at times was expected to die.

When he was rational he was very anxious about his family, and requested the Doctor to write for him, stating that Mr. CONLEY was very sick, and not expected to live. The letter, however, was delayed, and his family did not receive it until some two weeks after its date. It was to them very sorrowful

news, and that night they retired with heavy hearts, supposing, by this time, he had gone to be with his God. But the very next morning their deep sorrow was turned into extreme joy. Looking out of the window, who should they see coming slowly up the road, laden with his knapsack, but the father, whom they, ere this, supposed to be dead. With what delight he was ushered in, can be better imagined than described. He was received as a father alive from the dead! Soon he related the circumstances connected with his return home.

After the surgeon had written that he was not expected to live, the fever turned for the better, and he slowly began to recover. When just able to walk out, he was asked if he thought he would soon be able to join his regiment, which was at that time busy before Petersburg. He said he hoped so, for he would much rather be there than here. In a few days he began to feel as well as usual, except being a little weak. When he was asked again if he was now able to go, he replied in the affirmative. "Well," said he, "if you are able to join your regiment, you are more able to enjoy a furlough," and, much to his surprise (as he had never expressed a wish for one), the surgeon handed him his papers for three weeks' absence. But he hesitated about receiving it, for he said, before leaving home, that he would never ask for a furlough, unless there was sickness or death in the family, as he wanted to stay until his time was out, and then come home to remain. For the idea of a second parting was to him worse than the first. But as he knew his regiment was soon to be engaged in deadly strife, he thought the furlough was sent by God, for him to see his family once more on earth. He therefore accepted it, and expressed his thankfulness for the same.

After enjoying himself to the uttermost, for over two weeks, he again had to part from those he held so dear, and evidently this time with a heavier heart than before. For as he went to the boat he remarked to his son that he had appreciated home more than ever before. When they parted, it was in tears. Although he still had that same patriotic feeling, yet he also retained his deep love for his family. When the boat loosened

from the dock, he said it was deeply impressed upon his mind that he would never step upon Albany shores again; and he never did. As his son watched him until he had passed from his sight, it was the last time that he looked upon those features that were so dear to him.

After returning, he joined his regiment in the intrenchments before Petersburg, and soon after was engaged in battle. When the first charge was made upon the rebel fortifications, his regiment was then in the reserve, and was ordered to make the second, which they did, at a loss of nearly two-thirds of their company. When it was ended, he found himself alone with his dying comrades around him; but after retreating to the rear, he found those that, like him, had survived. As he saw they were feasting from their haversacks, he reached for his, but it was gone. It had been shot away, as also his cartridge box. That same night, while he and two others were in a rifle pit, a shell from the city fell in their midst, killing one and mortally wounding another. Again was he miraculously preserved, and again did he thank God for so providentially sparing him.

Soon after the great assault on Petersburg, while he and three others were out scouting, he, with the rest, was taken prisoner, and confined in prison at Richmond. Believing starvation awaited him, and preferring to die a more speedy death, he determined to attempt an escape. In about three weeks he succeeded in digging through the walls, swimming the river, and making his escape. After reaching our lines, his first thought was for his family, and, still dripping with water, he wrote them a few lines to allay their anxiety.

After remaining a few months before Petersburg, he accompanied his regiment on the unsuccessful Fort Fisher expedition, under BUTLER. He also engaged in the second attack, which proved his death. He was on guard over the main magazine of Fort Fisher, at the time of its fearful explosion, and whether blown to pieces, or buried beneath the ruins, none can tell.

After passing unharmed through nearly three years of terrible fighting, and when all were quietly resting after the fatigues of

a hard fought victory, he is, without a moment's warning, called into the presence of his Maker.

He is gone! No fond family, or group of tearful friends, watched with silent anguish his last breath; no tolling bell or muffled drum followed him to the grave; no marble monument marks his last resting place. Death found the soldier at his post. The stars alone beheld the fearful rending of his poor shattered body; and the stifled thunder of the exploding magazine, and the shrieks of the wounded, alone rang his funeral knell. The memory of his kind words and noble acts is his monument, and the recollection of his sad yet honorable death, will ever hold a most honored place in all our hearts.

XCV.

WILLIAM C. CADY.

WILLIAM C. CADY was born in Albany the 2d day of November, 1841. He was the son of DENICE C. and ELMIRA B. CADY, and was by these pious parents dedicated in infancy to the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

Having been carefully reared in the principles and duties of religion, he early showed in his life the fruits of careful culture. He always obeyed his parents, and was very particular to do that which was exactly right.

Very early WILLIAM manifested a great taste for reading, and his memory was remarkably retentive. His superior talents and rigid conscientiousness, gave to his parents high hopes for his future usefulness and success in life.

He was very fond of his Sabbath school and of religious meetings, and when he was sixteen years of age he was hopefully converted to Christ. Having given good evidence that he was a child of God, he was admitted to the membership of the Arbor Hill Methodist church of this city. He was exceedingly fond of singing, and with his fine voice, and with his heart tuned to the melody of praise, he greatly aided in this department of divine

worship. At the time he enlisted in the army he was connected with the choir of St. Peter's church.

The guns fired upon Fort Sumter not only aroused his patriotic ardor, but led him at once to desire to give his services to his country. On account of his youth and the feeble state of his health, for he had never been strong, his parents at first objected. But he said that duty called and he must go. He enlisted that same month, April, 1861, in the Third Regiment of New York Volunteers, as Second Sergeant of Company F. He was first stationed at Fortress Monroe. In June, 1861, while expecting a visit from his mother, he was ordered to the field, and the very day I think, before he received the fatal shot that resulted in his death, he wrote to his mother a letter from which we make the following extracts:

"Dear Mother— * * * On Sabbath night I received the telegram stating that you would be down on the steamer "Rip Van Winkle" on Monday morning. Consequently I went down to the wharf and waited until half-past eight o'clock, and found that you were not on the boat. I was much disappointed at not finding you there; I supposed that you would come the next morning; but I could not do anything to let you know that we had gone. I should have been so glad to have seen you and Brother STRATTON, and to have taken one last good look at one, whom I have learned to love best of all on earth.

"Now, dear parents, you need not have the least fears about my getting into *any* bad habits while I am here; because in the first place, I love you both too much, to pain you by the knowledge that I was doing wrong. Secondly, as any habits which I might form would react upon myself in the end, and as I expect to see you and home once more, I have too much pride and self-respect, to show myself again in Albany with anything at all derogatory to my character or reputation. As I told you before, I did not join the army to get away from restraint, but because I wanted to do my duty, and to rest perfectly contented with regard to myself. The scenes in the camp are always exciting, as there are scouting parties going out all the while, to make observations in the enemy's country.

“Day before yesterday, a part of the Troy regiment were attacked by the secessionists, and one of the rebel Captains was captured. Yesterday our whole regiment was called out, and formed in the line of battle, with arms loaded, and plenty of ammunition ready for them at a second’s notice. We were also out one night, from twelve o’clock until morning, waiting for the enemy. We are soon to have some warm work about here, and it will be short work too. We have plenty of men, and a General whose coolness and firmness are only equaled by his courage. As to our field officers they are trusted by all; and what is more the men all work together, as one man, which is in itself a great feature.”

“Now, father and mother, I am living daily as I hope to die, and I feel that we shall yet be ‘all at home’ in Albany, once more, and that before a great while. Please write to me often, and believe me ever, yours,

WILLIAM C. CADY.”

With such feelings and hopes the young christian patriot went forth to his first and his last battle. The engagement took place near Little Bethel, and at four o’clock Monday morning, June 10, 1861, he was shot in the abdomen. He fell and was for some time unconscious. On recovering his consciousness, he remarked, “I am mortally wounded.” Shortly before he expired, the chaplain asked him, if he thought he had done wrong in entering the army. He replied, “No, I have only done my duty. If I had to live my life over again, I would do the same thing.” While dying, he dictated a letter of which the following is an extract:

“I die in a great deal of bodily misery. I want Sergeant LORD to take my body home. I leave seven dollars with Lieut. LORD. My watch is at No. 80 Houston street; my father’s name is D. J. CADY, No. 12 Lark street, Albany. I die perfectly happy. I want to be sent home in a good, plain, substantial coffin; tell GEORGE to telegraph to my father what train my body will arrive on, and to telegraph him to meet him with a hearse at the depot. Tell my father that I died doing my duty, and that I was excellently taken care of, and bid him good-bye. I

hope I will meet you in heaven. I hope you will come out safe. Good-bye, Captain. God bless you. I have nothing more to say.

W. C. CADY."

He died at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, on Wednesday morning, at one o'clock, aged nineteen years, six months and seventeen days. *He was the second patriot to fall for his country* after the rebellion broke out, young ELLSWORTH having been the first. He was an only son, and only child, and his parents in giving him, gave their all.

The Hospital Chaplain at Fortress Monroe, in a letter written to a New York paper, gives the following account of his interview with the parents of the noble boy:

"There have been several arrivals of citizens to-day, looking after friends in camp. I notice among them Rev. J. H. SMITH and B. GRIFFITH, of Philadelphia. There came also two strangers whose appearance was deeply touching. They were the father and mother of Sergeant WILLIAM CADY, of Albany, whose death from a wound in the abdomen I named in a recent letter. Young CADY was a member, with his parents, of one of the Methodist churches in Albany, and the pastor accompanied them to Fortress Munroe.

All the way on the journey, notwithstanding the report in the papers, the mother clung to the fond hope that her son—her only child—was not wounded. On her arrival, it was my mournful duty as the Hospital Chaplain, to inform her that he was dead. I never saw a more mournful scene than followed. The father sought the buried body, while the mother remained with me at the hospital to hear all the details of the sad tale. It was an hour for consolation such as seldom comes to a faithful minister. But the fact that the dear boy had died happy, that he was calm and collected to the last, that he died in hope of a glorious immortality, calmed the agitated and afflicted parents, and enabled them to say 'all is well.'"

His remains were brought to Albany, and funeral services were held in Arbor Hill Methodist church, where three years before he had professed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. A large con-

course of people bore testimony to the high esteem in which he was held, and to the public admiration for his character, and gratitude for his patriotic services.

The sad bereavement was too much for the fond mother. She never fully rallied from the blow that deprived her of her only and beloved child. Gradually her health failed, and on the 16th day of January, 1866, she left this earth to meet her child in Heaven. Ere her departure she spoke fondly of meeting him, and shortly before she expired she looked up and exclaimed, "I see him. He is in full health and vigor, and stands waiting for me to come to him." They have met, to part no more.

XCVI.

ROBERT HENRY KING.

ROBERT HENRY KING, son of SAMUEL W. and SUSAN KING, was born in the city of Albany, November 8, 1844. His mother died when he was just one month old. He was a Sabbath school scholar from his youth, and was universally esteemed as an affectionate, noble minded and strictly moral young man.

The death of his father, June 18, 1864, left ROBERT an orphan, and he enlisted in the naval service of his country in the month of September, 1864. In a short time after his enlistment, he was on board the receiving ship "Vermont." From that vessel he was drafted as one of the crew of a small but unique craft, which was registered in our navy as "Picket Boat No. 1." This vessel was forty feet in length and ten in width, carried one gun, a twelve-pounder, and was furnished with a long projecting timber, called torpedo boom, and which was designed to run torpedoes under rebel vessels. Her commander was Lieut. CUSHING. The vessel sailed from the Brooklyn Navy Yard September 22, 1864, and proceeded immediately to her place of destination, which was Plymouth, North Carolina. On the 28th of the next month (October), one of the most perilous achievements of the whole war was accomplished by this little craft. She blew up



Robert H. King.

and entirely destroyed by her torpedoes the rebel ram "Albemarle," that had already inflicted serious injuries upon us.

In this enterprise, though not until it was perfectly successful, ROBERT H. KING, together with almost all of the little crew of the picket boat, were taken prisoners. From Plymouth he was immediately sent to Salisbury, North Carolina, where already thousands of our brave men were imprisoned, and where multitudes died by exposures or starvation. From early in November, 1864, to March, 1865, a period of little more than four months, Mr. KING was an inmate of that prison; and because he had been with others the instrument of inflicting a very severe injury upon the confederacy, he was treated with even greater severity than many of the other prisoners. Being exchanged about the middle of March, Mr. KING returned immediately to his home, but with his constitution so completely shattered by the severity of his imprisonment, as to survive his return but a few days. Reaching his home April 1, he died on the 10th of the same month.

The following account of the destruction of the "Albemarle" appeared in one of our papers:

"The rebel ram 'Albemarle' was one of the most formidable vessels which the Confederate navy ever floated. It played a conspicuous part in the capture of Plymouth last spring, and on that occasion sank the 'Southfield.' She attacked the 'Miami' also; and a shot from the latter, striking the iron walls of the ram, rebounded and killed Capt. FLUSSER, of the 'Miami,' who was an intimate friend of CUSHING. It was said that for this reason Lieut. CUSHING vowed vengeance against the 'Albemarle.' This ram was the same which was engaged in the memorable conflict with the 'Sassacus,' and two other heavily armed double-enders, on the 5th of May last. The utmost, however, which these three vessels, by their combined efforts, were able to accomplish, amounted to but a slight injury to the rebel iron-clad, though sufficient to compel its retirement. It has ever since been a source of considerable apprehension, and has made it necessary for Admiral LEE to greatly increase his naval force in the sound. As early as last June Lieut. CUSHING, then commanding the 'Monticello,' submitted to the Admiral a plan for

the destruction of the 'Albemarle.' The plan was approved, and the Lieutenant withdrawn from the 'Monticello' to perform this special service. Since that date Admiral LEE has been succeeded by Admiral PORTER, who has signalized his assumption of command by the destruction of the 'Albemarle.'

"After the conception of his plan, Lieutenant CUSHING came to New York, and in conjunction with Admiral GREGORY, Captain BOGGS, and Chief Engineer W. W. WOOD, applied to one of the new steam-pickets a torpedo arrangement, and returned to the Sound. The torpedo arrangement was invented by Mr. WOOD, and was illustrated in the 'Weekly' of October 1. The 'Albemarle' had been lying at Plymouth for some weeks previous to its destruction. A mile below the town on the wreck of the 'Southfield' a rebel picket was stationed. On the night of October 27, CUSHING, with a company of thirteen men, proceeded up the Roanoke river, toward Plymouth. The distance from the mouth of the river to the ram was eight miles. The picket above mentioned was passed without alarm, and the 'Albemarle' was discovered lying fast to the wharf 'with logs around her about thirty feet from her side.' As the party approached, the rebels opened fire from the shore, which was returned by the steam launch. The approach was made in the form of a circle and with bows on, and when the logs were struck they were driven in some feet, the bows of the launch resting on them. 'The torpedo-boom was then lowered,' says Lieutenant CUSHING, 'and by a vigorous pull I succeeded in diving the torpedo under the overhang, and exploding it at the same time that the 'Albemarle's' gun was fired. A shot seemed to go crashing through my boat, and a dense mass of water rushed in from the torpedo, filling the launch and completely disabling her. The enemy then continued his fire at fifteen feet range and demanded our surrender, which I twice refused, ordering the men to save themselves, and removing my overcoat and shoes. Springing into the river I swam, with others, into the middle of the stream, the rebels failing to hit us."

"CUSHING's escape was so precipitate that he was not able to report the destruction of the ram from his own observation, but

formed his judgment from a conversation which he heard while concealed in the marshes close to the enemy's fort, and from the report of a negro whom he sent into the town for information. He had become exhausted in swimming, and had taken shelter in the immediate vicinity of the enemy. He was picked up by the 'Valley City' on the night of the 30th, having made his way to that vessel in a skiff captured from an enemy's picket. Lieut. CUSHING is a citizen of New York.

"From the Richmond papers we learn that the 'Albemarle' was destroyed, and that none of CUSHING's party were killed, only one of them, indeed, having been wounded. No lives were lost on board the 'Albemarle.' The destruction of this vessel has given us possession of Plymouth."

It is an interesting fact, which I will state in this connection, that another of the heroes of this hazardous expedition was a native of Albany, and after his gallant conduct and his great sufferings in Southern prisons, has returned to us to enjoy the reward of his patriotic services. I allude to Mr. HENRY WILKES, who is at present connected with PARSON'S book bindery in James street.

Mr. WILKES and Mr. KING were among the five sailors who received medals of honor prepared by the Navy Department. Each medal was accompanied by a letter from the Secretary, stating that it was awarded for gallant and meritorious conduct.

Mr. WILKES after having passed through scenes of great danger, was selected for his daring and bravery for this enterprise; and he has kindly furnished me with the following account of it, and of his own capture and imprisonment:

"On the night of the 27th we got under weigh from the fleet, off the mouth of the river, and steamed up the river. In the steam launch, were Lieutenant CUSHING, Paymaster AVOLINGTON, from the 'Otsego,' SWAN, Master's Mate, WILLIAM B. HOWITT, of the gun boat 'Monticello,' and third assistant Engineer, STOKES-BURY, in charge of the engine, with a crew of ten men."

"An assigned cutter of the 'Shamrock,' with an officer and ten men, was towed along for the purpose of capturing the rebel pickets on the river. It was known that the rebels had pickets

along the river, and on the 'Southfield,' which had been sunk by the 'Albemarle' last spring, which laid about a mile below the town of Plymouth. The pickets were stationed on the hurricane deck of the 'Southfield,' the only portion of the wreck above water. These were turned over to the care of the 'Shamrock's' cutter."

"When the time came, about eleven P. M., the picket boat entered the Roanoke river, and steaming up without making any noise, the 'Southfield' and three schooners along side of her, engaged in raising her up, were passed, so near, that we could toss a biscuit aboard of her without being hailed.

"We arrived within pistol shot of the ram which lay along side of the dock, at Plymouth. We were hailed, and CUSHING made no answer. We steamed on towards the ram, the rebel Captain shouted "what boat is this?" Then we said, "go to grass." Then the rattle was sprung, the bells on the ram were rung, and all hands were beat to quarters in great confusion. A musketry fire was opened on one boat, and a charge of canister, injuring some of the crew.

"Along the dock where the 'Albemarle' was, there were a large number of soldiers stationed to guard against a landing of our force. After the surprise, in front of their lines, there were a number of fires, which threw a light on the ram. By this light Lieutenant CUSHING could see the timbers which were around the ram to guard against torpedoes, floating down on her. We could see the soldiers on the wharf blazing away at our boat. Then we brought the bow of our boat around and discharged a load of canister into them, from our twelve-pound HOWITZER mounted on the bow. This sent some of them flying, and making a circle about forty yards round, under a scorching fire. We came around, bow on, at full steam, and struck the logs which were around the ram, pressing against them in towards the ram. Our boat came to a stand-still. We could not back or go ahead. Then the fun commenced. The rebels fired muskets and pistols almost in our faces from the port holes of the ram and the wharf. There were two killed. Paymaster SWAN got a slight scratch on the side of his face with a ball.

The officers of the ram cried out surrender, or we will blow you to pieces; but CUSHING took it all with perfect coolness. He seized the laniard attached to the torpedo, and the line of the spar, and crowding the spar until we brought the torpedo under the ram, he detached it by a line attached to a pin, which held the torpedo on the boom. He then pulled the laniard of the torpedo, and pressed it under the ram on the port side, just below the port holes. A two hundred pounder which was discharged at us, instead of sinking our boat, went over us, and did no damage. A large body of water was thrown out by the explosion of the torpedo, which came down on the boat, and gave us a good ducking. Lieutenant CUSHING ordered every man to save himself the best way he could. He pulled off his coat and shoes, and jumped into the river, followed by those of us that could swim. We struck out for the middle of the river under a hot fire. The water was so cold there was only one escaped with CUSHING. His name was WILLIAM HOUTON, a sailor, who belonged on the 'Chicopee,' one of the fleet in the Sound.

"The enemy called out for us to surrender, or they would sink us. Our boat being fast on the logs, we could not get out, and we surrendered, and then they stopped firing, and came out in their boats and picked us up.

"We were put in a jail that night, and we had the soft side of a plank for a bed. We were wet and hungry the next morning, and shivering with the cold. We had no change of clothes with us. Some of us threw off our overcoats about ten o'clock that morning. They gave us some thing to eat, and our bill of fare was corn bread and stewed beef. Some of the boys said it was mule's meat. We were hungry, and we did not care what we ate.

"We stopped there until noon, and then they started us on a march of sixty miles. While we were in Plymouth we were treated very well. We had a guard of twelve mounted men placed before us. We heard our gunboats coming up the river, and we were hurried along as fast as possible. While we were in the jail, we had a good many call to see us. They asked us a good many questions, and wanted to know who was in com-

mand of the boat. We did not tell them, as we did not want Lieut. CUSHING to be caught. We named the commander that was on board before we left. They supposed, however, it was CUSHING. It was lucky that he made his escape, for if they had caught him they would have shot him. When we heard the gunboats coming up we knew CUSHING was safe, and had sent them up the river.

"We marched that day until sundown, when we arrived at an old school-house, where we stopped for the night. Before starting from the jail, they gave us rations for three days, which was about a dozen hard tack, and truly it was hard enough. We had as much as we could do to eat them.

"We got up the next morning at four A. M., and felt stiff and sore. We had to eat our hard tack in a hurry, and we started again. We were about tired out, and our feet so sore that we could hardly walk. We arrived at a barn, where we put up for the night. We passed a great many troops on the road to Plymouth. They looked like a flock of sheep straggling along.

"The next morning we started again on the road. Before we got ten miles, some of the men got tired out. We met an old negro on the road, with a cart and mule, and the guard ordered him to stop and take some of us up, which he did. We arrived that night at a railroad station, and were put into a cattle car, with a guard of six men. There were about four inches of dirt in the bottom of the car, but we had to make the best of it. We rode for two days in the cattle car, and arriving at a station, we were transferred to a passenger car, in which we rode till we arrived at Salisbury prison.

"The prison is about a mile from the railroad. When we got there it was raining. They opened the gate of the pen, and told us to march in. The number of prisoners was between eight and nine thousand. Most of them were our soldiers, and some, Unionists of the south, who would not take arms against the United States. Some had small tents, and the rest dug holes in the ground, about five feet deep, four feet long and four feet wide. They were covered with sticks and brush for a roof, and plastered over with mud, with a hole in one end for a

chimney to let the smoke out. Our rations were meat, two or three times a week, of two ounces, and eight ounces of corn bread. Part of the time we were put on half rations. There was no running stream on the place, and we got water out of wells, which were quite dirty. We had not been in prison over a week, when the prisoners talked about making a break out. The rebels heard of it, and they took our officers and sent them to another prison, so they gave up the break at that time. Some tried to escape by digging a tunnel under ground, but they were caught and brought back. There was a trench dug all around the fence which was about the prison, which they called the dead line, and any one who tried to get over the trench was shot down. Besides every one had to be in their tents or holes, as soon as it was dark. The rebels would call out, "Get to your holes or tents, you Yankees, or I will shoot you;" and if we were not quick enough, they would fire at us.

"We had another break, and we attacked the guard. We were armed with stones and clubs, and made for the gate, which was broken open. We were, however, driven back by the guards. By this time the guards on the fence were reinforced, and they opened a heavy fire on us. As soon as the break commenced, a train arrived at the depot, with a regiment on board. They came up, and opened fire on us with two six-pounders, which they used and loaded with box tin punchings, for grape. The boys saw they could not make it go, and so they gave it up. We lost about fifty, killed and wounded. Major GEE, who had command of the prisoners, said the next time the prisoners made a break, he would shoot every man on the place.

"In January, there were three United States officers came there with some clothing. But they did not bring enough to supply us. However, some got a shirt, and some a pair of pants, and some shoes, &c.

"On the 22d of February, we were sent away to be exchanged. Partly on foot and partly by railroad, we were conveyed to the Union lines. As we approached our lines, we put a flag of truce on the locomotive. There were about two thousand of us exchanged, and we were received by a battalion of our troops,

with arms presented. When passing out of the rebel lines, we all gave a wild hurrah, and traveled on to Washington and to the navy yard, and were presented with medals of honor by Commodore MONTGOMERY. HENRY WILKES."

All honor to this noble patriot and brave soldier, who has survived the perils and hardships of war! May the remainder of his life be peaceful, prosperous and happy!

XCVII.

GEORGE B. WOLCOTT.

GEORGE B. WOLCOTT, private in the Forty-fourth Regiment, Company E., New York State Volunteers, was born at Penn Yan, Yates county, New York, August 31, 1848. He was the son of CHAUNCY and ANN WOLCOTT. In childhood and youth he was an obedient and dutiful son, and a kind and loving brother. From earliest youth, he was always of a religious turn of mind; loving his Sabbath school, and taking an active part in it, and shunning evils of every description.

At the age of twelve, his mother died, and her last words to GEORGE were: "Be a good boy and meet me in heaven." GEORGE loved his mother with an untiring love, and these words had a lasting effect upon him. From that time he sought the Lord, and, through Jesus Christ, obtained pardon. He advanced rapidly in the divine life, and in love to his God and Saviour. At the age of fifteen, he united with the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Penn Yan, and maintained a Christian character without spot or blemish. He always took an active part in the duties of the church.

He had attended the Normal School one year, when he enlisted at Albany, August 20, 1862. He was a sincere and enthusiastic patriot, and discharged his duties, both in camp and field, with marked efficiency and fidelity. At the battle of Gettysburg, while aiding in repelling an attack upon the extreme left of our line, and while in the act of dropping a bullet into his musket,

a ball from the enemy pierced his hand, entered his forehead and killed him instantly. He was buried beside his comrades who fell at the same time and place, a short distance from where he was killed.

We regret that we have not more full information of this noble youth, but an account of the company with which he was connected cannot fail to interest our reader.

When, in July, 1862, the Union forces were defeated in the "seven day's battle" before Richmond, and there came up from the Capital of the nation a new call for men—soldiers to drive back the rebellious invaders—the young men of the State Normal School felt that it was time for them to shoulder their muskets, and do what they could to save the land they loved, and preserve the institutions for which their fathers fought. Professors KIMBALL and HUSTED, of the faculty, volunteered to go with, and lead them. With the students and graduates of the school as a nucleus, they commenced recruiting, and, on the 25th of September, found themselves one hundred true, brave, earnest men, "mustered into the service of the United States for three years or the war." Desirous of, at once, making themselves useful in the field, they were soon attached to the Forty-fourth New York Volunteers, then one year in the service, and were afterwards known as Company E of that regiment, joining it October 23d, at Antietam Ford, Maryland.

The company, as an organization, participated in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, during the two years from October, 1862, till October, 1864, including the terrible struggles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and the siege of Petersburg.

The regiment's term of service having expired, and but ten of the company being "present for duty," this remnant was consolidated with the One Hundred and Fortieth New York Volunteers, and fought with it in the closing campaign, and were mustered out in June, 1865. Of the original officers, Captain R. G. KIMBALL resigned, on Surgeon's certificate of disability, April 16, 1866. Lieutenant A. N. HUSTED served with the company during its connection with the Forty-fourth, was promoted to

Captain, and was honorably discharged when his men were transferred to the One Hundred and Fortieth, in October, 1864. Lieutenant WM. KIDD resigned January 29, 1863, to accept a commission in a cavalry regiment.

Of the one hundred men, sixteen died of wounds received in battle; eight died of disease; twenty received wounds which did not prove fatal; seven were commissioned in the United States colored troops, five of them as Captains; seven received commissions in New York Volunteer Regiments; twelve were discharged because of physical disability; nine were transferred to the Invalid Corps, and three to the Signal Corps. Two of the members, ROBERT B. DARLING and GEORGE B. WOLCOTT, were killed, by being shot through the head, the latter at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 2, 1863, and the former at Petersburg, Virginia, June 18, 1864.

After GEORGE's death, his Captain wrote to a friend that GEORGE was not only a good soldier for his country, but, also, a good soldier of the Cross. On the morning of the fatal day that he fell, he found him engaged in earnest prayer to God. In an hour from that time, he was lying dead upon the field.

XCVIII.

JUSTIN R. HUNTLEY.

JUSTIN R. HUNTLEY was born December 10, 1846, in Hamburg, Erie county, New York. At seven years of age he commenced attending school, which he continued to do without material interruption until about sixteen, when he graduated from the Experimental Department of the State Normal School at Albany. Possessing a strong physical constitution and a ready and active mind, he mastered the course of study with comparative ease, placing himself in rank among the best of his class. In his school life there were many little incidents which were, for the time, considered somewhat remarkable by his

particular friends and admirers, but are not of sufficient importance to claim notice here.

In the spring of 1858, during a season of religious interest in the Pearl street Baptist church at Albany, he was hopefully converted, and united with that church by baptism, under the ministry of Rev. Dr. HAGUE, which connection was maintained until his death. As evidence of the fidelity and firmness with which he held fast his religious convictions, it may be stated that during the continuance of the "boys' prayer meeting," for two years, he was never absent except when away from the city.

The spring of 1861 brought the fall of Fort Sumter and the spontaneous uprising of the North. While the Government was marshaling its hosts preparatory to putting down the rebellion, the boys caught the military spirit and organized themselves into companies and regiments, for drill in the tactics of war. Eight or ten companies of "Boys' Zouaves" were organized, uniformed and equipped in Albany, one of which was drilled and commanded by JUSTIN. Subsequently, desiring to be organized as a regiment for parade on various occasions, the officers met to elect their field officers, when JUSTIN was unanimously chosen Colonel. The fourth of July was the occasion of their first appearance, when, numbering about five hundred, they presented such soldierly appearance, and evidence of such excellent discipline, as made them one of the most interesting features of the procession and celebration.

Here, then, was first developed that military ardor and self-sacrificing patriotism which seemed at times to fill his mind, to the exclusion of every other consideration. During the first three years of the war he was almost unremitting in endeavors to obtain his parents' consent that he might go. He was sure he could be useful in many capacities—a "drummer boy," a clerk in some department, or even an officer's servant. His requests being refused again and again, at each successive call of the Government for men, they became more importunate. Though persistently refused and discouraged, and warned that actual war and the battling of armies was no holiday parade, though the scarred and maimed veterans returning from the

camp and hospital and bloody field, told their thrilling stories of privation, suffering and death—yet did he not forbear his entreaties to be allowed to go.

The call for volunteers in the winter of '64 seemed, in all human probability, to be the last. JUSTIN felt that then was presented the only opportunity for him to serve his country. His anxiety became more intense, his arguments and entreaties more vehement.

He urged that he was above the necessary standard in stature and strength, and consequently able to endure the fatigues and duties of the camp and field; that, as his country needed more men, in this her final struggle to subdue the rebellion, and as his religious principles were now so firmly fixed as to enable him, by Divine assistance, to withstand the temptations of a military life, he was bound by every consideration of patriotism and Christian fidelity, to give his services to this noble cause—the more especially as he could set a proper religious example in the midst of vice and temptation, inviting those, who through weakness had fallen, to a higher life, by kindly words and Christian deeds. He had made it *the* subject of prayer for weeks and months. Many sleepless nights were occasioned by anxiety to know his duty, and he felt confident that God would protect him from all harm. If he could not go at this call, no further opportunity would be offered to make his record among the defenders of the government and the old flag; that he had taken no part in this gigantic contest for the existence of the government, would be a life-long stigma upon his name. With these and similar arguments his suit was pressed, day after day and week after week, until a reluctant consent was finally wrung from his parents. With marked expressions of gratitude, he testified his joy for the permission to enroll himself as a soldier of the Union. He repeatedly said: “You shall never have cause to regret my going to the war. I feel that God will give me strength to resist the temptations of the camp. Ma, you shall be *proud* of your son.”

He enlisted in the Forty-fourth Regiment New York Volunteers, Company E, commanded by Capt. HUSTED, April 1, 1864. Major ALLEN, commanding the recruiting detachment of the

Forty-fourth in Albany, finding his services necessary in the office, retained him in it, till those upon this service were ordered to report to their regiment. On May 12 he left the city, in company with the detachment. Though sad at parting with parents and friends, a consciousness that he had voluntarily assumed the manly and patriotic position to fight for his country and the loved ones at home, animated his countenance with an expression of hope and joy. Not elated with the novelty of his new position, or the spirit of adventure, there was a serious thoughtfulness pervading his mind. Within the hour previous to his departure, he read aloud the fifth chapter of Romans. Then at his request all joined in singing "Home, sweet home," and his beautiful voice, always sweet, seemed unusually thrilling and sympathetic; after which he buckled on his haversack, and bade the family adieu. Tears were in a measure stifled by that strong hope and confidence he realized so fully. Though he was going where danger was, yet duty appeared to be there also. None could feel that this was his last home interview; that the voice so touching in its melody would so soon be hushed; that the spirit so joyous with hope and trust, would so soon wing its way to the heaven of the blessed.

Previous to JUSTIN's enlistment, the officers in command of the regiment consented that he should have some position which would not subject him to the fatigues of long marches, and the severer hardships of the common soldier. It seemed to be quite too certain that he could not endure the extreme fatigue and exposure incident to the soldier's duty in the rank; and with his ability and ready adaptation—being already familiar with the manual of tactics and ordinary military affairs—he could be vastly more useful in some other capacity. In accordance with this understanding, he was detached from the regiment shortly after joining it, and assigned to duty as special Orderly to Brig. Gen. J. J. BARTLETT, which position he held till August 17, when he was sent to City Point Hospital.

On May 16, JUSTIN joined the army near Spottsylvania, and reported for duty to Capt. HUSTED. Feeling himself perfectly able to take the chances of war with the men, he did not choose

to inform the Captain, that the design was for him to perform a lighter service than that of the common soldier. He was equipped accordingly and placed in the ranks. During the two weeks he was with the regiment, his corps performed one of the severest forced marches of the campaign. He was one of the few in the regiment that did not "fall out," but resolutely kept his position to the end of the march. In writing home, he expressed some pride in calling the attention of his friends, who doubted his ability to perform the severer duties of the soldier, to the facts connected with this march, as conclusive evidence of his power of endurance to make a full soldier.

The coolness manifested in the hour of peril was, in a great degree, owing to his confidence in the preserving care of the infinite Father. There was no faltering here. Every letter speaks this great confidence. He closes a letter, June 8, thus:

"Whenever you hear of the Fifth Corps (WARREN's) being in any fight, you may safely conclude I am not far off. But God will guard, and God will guide me. I hope you never forget the soldier boy down in Virginia, who needs your prayers, and God who needs our thanks."

His piety did not forsake him. Amid the temptations and vices of the camp, he swerved not in his loyalty to Christ and His truth. Though pressed on every side to deviate from the line of religious duty, he stood firm by the faith he professed—an example of purity in life, and a Christian in faith and love. His spotless life bore strange contrast with many seen in camp. His undeviating adherence to his resolutions made before enlisting, his gentlemanly demeanor and kind-heartedness, were the outgrowth of a heart renewed by grace. These qualities, blended with his invincible courage and faithfulness in the performance of duty, made him the admiration of the officers and men with whom he became acquainted. A Sergeant at head-quarters remarked:

"We were not long in finding out that JUSTIN was a Christian. His prompt but polite refusal to be led into any questionable practices, his kind reproofs, and his detestation of profane swearing, were unmistakable evidence of a Christian heart."

The clerk at head-quarters writes:

‘He was good, kind and gentle, and had a kind word for all. I never heard him utter an improper word. He *abhorred* an oath, and would always look with sorrow upon those who swore. The army is the hardest place for one to lead an exemplary life; but he maintained his good character at all times, and was an example for us all. Such were his actions while with us—such were his manly virtues, gentlemanly habits and kind words always, that he gained the esteem of every one.’

Gen. BARTLETT says:

‘I learned, greatly to my surprise, that his gentle bearing emanated from a pure Christian spirit; and I felt that the child should be my instructor.’

Knowing intemperance to be the prevailing vice of the soldier, he resolved to adhere strictly to “total abstinence.” No inducements were sufficient to make him swerve from his original purpose. Whiskey rations and cordials were refused, till the peremptory orders of the surgeon made necessary a modification of his practice.

Thus he passed through the ordeals of temptation in camp unsullied—no stain upon the bright armor of his character—an example to all of devotion to principle, of a pure filial affection, and a reverence for God and His truth. These characteristics, combined with his promptness and accuracy in the discharge of his duties, courage in time of peril, and gentlemanly deportment, won upon all the officers who knew him.

His graceful address and genial humor were the admiration of his friends—his happy and merry disposition was the delight of the household; but the respect and love for his parents, and the admiration and tender affection for his little sister, fitted him particularly for the enjoyment of home, and are the characteristics around which memory loves to linger most fondly.

August 12, JUSTIN writes:

‘My hand is so unsteady, that my friend DICKSON will tell you, at my prompting, that I have had my usual ‘bilious attack;’ but the doctor says I will be all right day after to-morrow. I have not been in the hospital, neither shall I go.’

From other sources of information, it appears that his health had been quite poor for weeks, though this was the first allusion he makes in regard to ill health. Disease had for some time been taking firm hold upon him, while he resolutely determined not to yield to its influence, nor alarm his friends at home. During the campaign, the climate, fatigues and exposures incident to it, were insidiously undermining his health, but his strong will would not permit him to ask relief, or complain while it was possible for him to perform his duties. He felt a contempt for slight difficulties or slight ailments, and none should ever say he left his post of duty for small cause. If he asked for relief, it should be from necessity.

Lieutenant BARTLETT, of General BARTLETT's staff, says:

"In front of Petersburg JUSTIN was taken sick, but would not for some time allow himself to be taken to the hospital. At length he consented to go to the division hospital, and, as he started, I bade him good bye, little thinking that it was forever. I went home then with the General, who was himself sick, and, upon my return, learned that he had been taken from the 'ranks' and promoted to a place with the angels."

He was removed from the division hospital to City Point, August 17. For three or four days—still unwilling to be considered sick—"being only weak, and having only a little fever and a little diarrhœa," as he expressed it in his last letter, he did not desire to claim attention from the surgeons and nurses of the hospital. Sergeant MOSLANDER, convalescent in the hospital, and previously acquainted with him, voluntarily came to his assistance, watched with him, and took the principal care of him. He insisted to the ward-master and the surgeon, that JUSTIN was very sick and needed much better care. After the first few days, he was delirious most of the time. In his delirium, his thoughts were constantly about his parents and home, or his duties on the field, or in camp.

JUSTIN had been always very prompt and regular in correspondence with his parents; scarcely a week had elapsed since he left, without their receiving at least one letter from him. He had so carefully guarded his expressions in reference to his

health, that there appeared to be not the slightest reason to be alarmed. Receiving no communication from him for a week or more, his father, then in New York, felt a little uneasiness in consequence of this silence, and determined to go to City Point. He arrived there on September 3, and learned JUSTIN had been transferred to some northern hospital, having left City Point, "not very well," August 23. Returning immediately, he examined the hospital records at Fortress Monroe, Baltimore and Philadelphia. At the medical director's office, in Philadelphia, his name was found, and that he had been assigned to Whitehall Hospital, near Bristol, Pennsylvania. At the central office of this hospital a name resembling his, with company and regiment correct, was recorded. His father passed through the wards, making inquiries, and expecting at every step to greet his only son. The last ward was reached; then for the first time he began to feel there was real cause for alarm. A most careful search of all the records at the hospital was made, without getting any further information, save on the death register there was one recorded "Unknown, died August 26, 1864." Obtaining all the information possible, in regard to this "unknown," the father learned that he came to the hospital early on the morning of August 26, in extreme prostration; could articulate his name, only with great difficulty, at the central office; could not speak after arriving at the ward, and expired in about half an hour. He appeared to be conscious, and in no pain. The physician administered stimulants, but it was too late to revive him. The "unknown" had left no effects. He was buried as he came, the same day, in the Bristol burying ground.

In spite of the awful conviction thus forced upon him, that the "unknown" must be his son, the father could but hope to the contrary. Fearing and yet eager to know the truth, the remains were, at his request, disinterred, and there, marked plainly upon his clothing, were the initials of JUSTIN's name, bearing too certain witness to his identity.

With grateful emotions the father saw upon the unmarked grave evergreens and flowers, placed there by some philanthropic hand. More especially was he grateful for this, because the

evidence seemed to be conclusive, that the brave boy had been hastened to his death by neglect. But there was at least one heart which could feel for the "unknown" soldier, and perform an act of love to a humble defender of the Nation's honor. That expression of love and regard was given by the soldiers' friend, KATE PAXSON, of Bristol, Pennsylvania.

Subsequently it was learned that when placed on board the transport "City of Albany," at City Point, JUSTIN from his disease—typhoid fever—was quite delirious, though able, with the assistance of Sergeant MOSLANDER, to walk to the boat. The surgeons and nurses of the hospital accompanied their patients to Fortress Monroe, at which point they were transferred to the transport "Atlantic," and to the care of other attendants. After a passage of three days, they arrived at the White-Hall Hospital, a few miles from Philadelphia. Until the time of leaving Fortress Monroe, all the patients received proper attention. During the remainder of the passage, however, very little care seems to have been bestowed on them. Not only was JUSTIN neglected, but was robbed of his money, watch and revolver before arriving at Philadelphia, and after leaving that point what else remained to him was taken, including his diary and portfolio. Very reluctantly is this reference made to the treatment of the delirious and dying boy, but sympathy with his sufferings is too tender, and sorrow for the loss of the faithful record he had kept, and to which he very often had made reference, is too keen to be repressed in this memorial.

A few days after the identification of the remains, they were transferred to Albany Rural Cemetery. There they are at rest; waiting the final resurrection, when, transformed into a spiritual body, pure, glorious and deathless, and united in immortal union to the noble and sanctified spirit, they shall ascend to those fields of everlasting green, and those bright mansions in heaven, which the Saviour of men has gone to prepare.

The dear one, departed, died in a holy cause. The interests at stake were not mere earthly interests; the principles in controversy were not mere mortal principles; but the very pillars of God's kingdom in the earth. It was convictions like this that

impelled JUSTIN to the fight. He was the soldier both of duty and of liberty. His patriotism was nourished by his religious faith. He saw that God had built the altar and asked for the sacrifice, and he cheerfully gave his all.

These considerations, together with the hearty sympathy of a multitude of friends, pour the balm of consolation into the crushed and wounded hearts of the bereaved. Though to the mother there may be none like her first born, noble boy, yet the honorable record of his young manhood, the pure, christian heart he carried into life, and the certainty of his glorious immortality, clothe his memory with an effulgence which, even into her saddened heart, sheds its blessed light.

XIX.

WILLIAM A. VAN GAASBEEK.

WILLIAM A. VAN GAASBEEK was born September 5th, 1841, and at the age of four years commenced going to school. A more truthful, pure minded, affectionate and obedient boy than WILLIE could not be found. He loved his home and parents, and would do all in his power to make them happy.

At the age of ten years he commenced going to the Experimental school, and continued there for four years. During that time he never asked to stay at home a single day, unless he was sick. He was greatly beloved by his teachers and young associates.

After he left the Experimental school, he went to North Hampton to school, and remained there about one year.

At the age of fifteen, WILLIAM entered the Albany Academy, and remained there until he became a clerk in his uncle's store. He was with his uncle two years and a half, and in all the relations of life, he bore an unblemished character.

He next obtained a situation in Mr. STUART's store in New York city, and remained there about six months, giving entire satisfaction to his employer. His father being about to commence

business, desired to have WILLIAM with him, and requested him to return home. His employer was very anxious for him to stay, and held out great inducements for him to do so; but he said he felt it his duty to return home, and do all in his power for his father.

Besides being a dutiful and affectionate son, WILLIAM was a true patriot, and, when the war commenced, he told his parents that he felt it to be his duty to enlist in defence of his country's cause.

WILLIAM enlisted as a private in the Eleventh New York Independent Battery, November 6, 1861.

This, it will be remembered, was before the days of thousand dollar bounties, and before the draft drove men to enlist to avoid a harder fate.

We needed *men*, not officers alone, to fight our battles for us; and there were men—true hearted, noble men, who rushed to the standard then, and filled our failing ranks with glittering steel and iron hearts.

WILLIAM had weighed the matter well, and neither the doubtful smile of friends, or the story of hardship and danger, had power to deter him from his purpose.

We shall never forget the prompt reply he made, when, early one morning, a comrade stepped into his father's store, and put the question: "Are you ready to enlist, WILL?" The answer was as direct as the question, and, without a moment's delay, they were on their way to give themselves, for three years, to their country's service, with all it might bring to them of good or evil.

To him⁷ it proved an altar of sacrifice, on which he laid all, even life itself. His comrade lives to mourn his loss, and tell the story of his bravery.

Young VAN GAASBEEK was by nature endowed with some of the first requisites of a soldier—a disposition cheerful under all discouragements, a strong constitution, and, best of all, nerve for any danger into which duty called him.

The first six months of his service were spent in Fort Ellsworth, near Alexandria, Va. And here, in garrison, as nowhere

in the field, is the spirited soldier's patience tried, and his health put in jeopardy.

Leaving their comfortable quarters at Albany, as they did, in the dead of winter, and being put in tents with a scanty supply of fuel, with rain or snow, or both, enough each day to prevent much out door exercise, no wonder the men were sick. Within three weeks after the Eleventh and Twelfth New York Batteries, numbering something more than three hundred men, took possession of Fort Ellsworth, disease, of one type or another, had so reduced the number that there were barely men enough to furnish the necessary detail for guard. And these few had to go on duty every alternate day and night.

Thus the spring wore away, and the summer was half ended, when the monotony of garrison life was suddenly broken. On the 16th day of June, orders were issued for the Eleventh New York Battery to report at Washington, where they would be supplied with guns, horses and equipments for service in the field.

There was joy in the fort that night, and from that time forward there was no lack of work to do. The tide of war that but a few months before had rolled so heavily to the south, came thundering back with redoubled fury. Again was the Capital in danger.

The Eleventh New York, with other troops, was ordered to report at Manassas. Then followed the unfortunate affair of August 27, when the battery lost four of its guns, and many of its best men as prisoners.

But fortunately our hero was not among the number. His duty with his own piece, which was not engaged, prevented his sharing in the dangers and honors of that first conflict his company had with the enemy. The next morning's sun found him with what was left of the battery, supported with a single regiment, hopefully assisting in holding in check the advance columns of LEE's army.

At Fredericksburg he shared the perils of the day, and bore the chagrin of retreating in the night, like a good soldier.

Next we find him at Chancellorsville. All day had SICKLES

been steadily pressing the enemy back in his front. The day was almost spent, when the enemy charged with fearful power upon our ranks. The Fifth Corps broke and fled. Our flank was turned and all seemed lost. Cheer after cheer rose from the rebels.

But in the thickest of the fire, clouded in smoke and begrimed with powder, we find our young hero straining every nerve, to pour the iron hail into the rebel line as rapidly as possible. Cooler than many older men, and braver than some, he stood fearless at his post. When darkness settled down upon the field, the order was given along the line to "cease firing." The heated pieces ceased their work of death, and many thousands sank to rest.

But WILLIAM, ever wide awake, and ready for any enterprise, and curious to know how things looked between the lines, went out to reconnoiter. When about half way between friend and foe, he found a three-inch rifled gun, deserted by its friends, and left to fall into the hands of the enemy. It was too great a prize to carry off alone, and too great to leave. He returned, and with volunteers enough to bring it in, he soon added a seventh piece to the Eleventh New York Battery.

Being a fine penman, and quick to learn, it was early discovered at head-quarters that he might be made useful there; and much of his time, especially during the second year, was spent as clerk under different general officers.

The fact of his being so much of his time engaged in writing, and away from his battery, will account for no special mention being made of him in connection with the battles of Gettysburg and Mine Run.

After nearly a year of faithful service as clerk, he made application to his Captain for relief. Having obtained this, he cheerfully returned to his duty with the Battery, just before the opening of the campaign of 1864. Here he remained, sharing the toils and perils of his comrades at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, on the Po and Nye and North Anna River, until June, 1864, when at Coal Harbor he received the wound that terminated in his death. He was wounded in the arm by a sharpshooter, while

at the extreme front on the skirmish line. The ball struck his shoulder blade, and it became necessary to amputate his arm. After his arm was taken off, he got a friend to write home to his parents, stating that he expected to go to Washington. He also wrote, "I stood the amputation well, and have strong hopes of getting well. I was brought in a few hours after I got hurt.

"Father, if you possibly can, I wish you would come and see me in the hospital at Washington. I shall be there by the time you receive these few lines; I can be discharged, and you can take me home at once. I think my right hand is good, and I expect to be of some use yet."

But God ordered it otherwise. He never was permitted to see his home alive. His father did as he requested; he went to Washington, but could not find him. For a whole week he made the most diligent inquiries, without being able to trace him.

It appears that WILLIAM had a brother connected with the Sanitary Department, who finding that he was wounded took him to David's Island, near New York, instead of going to Washington.

The brother was unwilling to leave WILLIAM, and remained with him for nearly two weeks. He then returned to Albany, reaching the city on Sunday morning. We may imagine the feelings of a mother's heart, when she found that her poor, wounded boy was so short a distance from home, while his father was looking for him so long, and so far away. Mr. VAN GAASBEEK was telegraphed to as soon as possible, and the mother taking the nine o'clock train, Sunday morning, arrived in New York about four o'clock in the afternoon. It being Sunday, there was no way to get to the Island until Monday morning. When she arrived at the hospital she was told that WILLIE was very low. After his brother left him he was taken sick, and the main artery in the neck commenced bleeding. The doctor, however, immediately succeeded in taking up the artery. But of course WILLIAM was very weak. He was asked if he would like to see his mother. His answer was, "yes, I would like to see her." A messenger then came and said to her, "you must compose yourself as much as possible, for the least excitement in the patient may cause the artery to bleed again." She was then

conducted to the room, and looking from bed to bed, she saw no one that she recognized as her WILLIE. At last a youth raised his remaining hand, and said "mother." She knew that voice, and approaching the sufferer, she could scarcely believe that this was her son, he was so emaciated and changed.

Bending over him he fondly kissed her and said, "Where is father?" The mother could not reply. She was choking with emotion. She seemed to herself, as though she was sinking in an abyss of sorrow. At last she whispered, "WILLIE, keep quiet and in a few moments mother will talk with you." She then offered a silent prayer to God for strength in that trying hour. She then told him how long his father had been trying to find him. He said, "I want to see him, I wish he would come." He then asked about his two sisters, and his little brother at home. Then he looked up anxiously and said, "Mother, do you think they will let you stay and take care of me?" She replied, "WILLIE, do not worry, for I know they will; here comes the doctor and I will ask him." She asked him, and he said, "Yes, he needed a mother's care."

She then went to the hall with the doctor, and asked him what he thought of WILLIE. He said, "Do you think you can bear the worst." She replied, Yes. He then said, "Your boy is a very sick boy, but while there is life there is hope; if he takes to bleeding again, there is not any help for him."

She returned to the room again, and WILLIE looked so pleased, and said, "Mother, how glad I am you can stay." He then said, "Mother, where are you going to sleep?" She replied, "WILLIE, do not be anxious about me, I can sleep anywhere. I shall take care of you at night, and will lay down and rest in the day time." He said, "Mother I am afraid it will make you sick if you do not have your rest." When the doctors came in to dress his wounds, as soon as he heard them coming in the room, he would say, "Mother I think you had better go out till my wound is dressed." He was afraid it would be too much for her. So whenever his wound was dressed, she had to leave the room. His wound had to be kept wet night and day; and at first he did not want his mother to attend to that. But he reluctantly

consented to have her to do it, as the wound was not visible, and all that was necessary, was to keep the bandage wet with a sponge.

His father arrived on Tuesday morning, and then WILLIE seemed to be perfectly happy. He was so very weak he could not talk much. But on Wednesday morning he was thought to be better, and the doctor said to his mother that he must congratulate her for her boy was better. He did look better, but, alas, how soon their hopes were blasted.

As his father had been so long away from home, thinking him so much better, he thought he might leave him for a short time. He bade him good bye on Wednesday. Thursday was a very warm day and WILLIAM seemed very weak, but never uttered a single word of complaint. When asked how he was, he would say, "I think I am better." His only anxiety was that he might weary others, or that his mother would get sick.

The day before he died, a lady, Mrs. MANNING, who was in the habit of visiting the hospital, stood by his bed side conversing with him. She remarked, "You are very sick; I suppose you know in whom to put your trust." He looked up to her and smiled, and said, "I put my trust in God." She said, "That is a blessed trust; you would not give that trust and hope for anything this earth can afford?" His answer was, "No, not even for the arm that I have lost." He continued to grow weak all day Thursday, and, about nine o'clock, the artery commenced bleeding, and he died about half-past ten; on the 23d of June, 1864. His sufferings were very great, and are known only to himself and his God. He was but twenty-three years of age, when he thus offered up his precious life upon the altar of his country.

The following touching letter was received by Mrs. VAN GAASBEEK, from Mrs. MANNING, one of the ministering angels to our soldiers during the war:

BROOKLYN, *November 12, 1864.*

My Dear Friend—Ever since the death of your dear son, I have thought of writing you, as I could not say to you what I felt when I left you. From the time you spoke to me on the boat going to your son, I felt a deep interest in you. Perhaps you do not remember that I took you to the ladies' room, where

I spent the last night with you. But it is all fresh to my mind; also the sweet, almost divine face of your dear son, I shall never forget. Do you remember how pleasantly he spoke to me when I said that I hoped he was able to eat some of the strawberries we had carried to him. I shall never forget his patient, trusting look, full of resignation, as if he had done his duty and was waiting in the spirit of the Saviour, for the summons to go home. He seemed to say, "not my will, but thine, be done."

When word came that his arm was bleeding again, and I went to him, I knew he must die. But the doctor said, "you had better not go to him, as it will excite him; and keeping him quiet is the only possible way to save him."

My great desire in urging you to go to bed and rest, came from the fact that I knew that your son was at rest. I knew, also, how overtaxed you were, and that your loving heart would almost break. I knew and felt all this, because I am a *mother*, and my son a soldier—yes, my only son. I felt your sorrow as only a mother can feel. Since the death of my mother, most loving and tender, I have never suffered as I did that night that I watched with you. Your own agony I think did not surpass mine, for you had moments of apparent unconsciousness; I sometimes listened to hear if you breathed at all, all that long weary night. I watched the stars and prayed, thinking of my own boy. If I lose him, I cannot suffer more than I did then. I remember how fully I partook of your spirit. You did not speak, I think, from ten o'clock till two. Then you said, looking up earnestly, "*WILLIE is gone.*"

I must tell you that within the last month I have felt, that if these sacrifices are the price of our nation's salvation from the enemy, *we can give it.*

I trust that you feel that you have a precious treasure in heaven, and are calm.

Your son, my dear friend, was offered on a sacred altar, and I am sure the sacrifice is not in vain. I pray God to bless you and yours.

I am still interested in the soldiers, and visit David's Island hospital almost every day. But no face has ever interested me

so much as your son's, that I have seen as little. We are now getting up a Thanksgiving dinner for our dear sick and wounded soldiers. My son is in Florida; well now, though he has been sick. I trust Miss DUNNETT has answered your letter. I know she proposes writing you sometime.

I shall be happy to hear from you. My address is Mrs. H. H. MANNING, care of MANNING & SQUIRE, New York.

—

C.

CHARLES MOORE BROWER

CHARLES MOORE BROWER was the eldest son of S. DOUGLAS BROWER, by a second marriage, and was born in Albany on the 28th of November, 1846. His mother's maiden name was MARY BERRY MOORE. He was naturally a boy of a delicate constitution, with a mind thoughtful, and very discriminating. He had a nervous temperament, so much so that in his early school days the effect of study made such inroads on his health, that he was obliged to cease for a time going to school.

When about fifteen years of age, he entered upon a course of study preparatory to entering college, at Olivet, Michigan; his uncle, Rev. JOHN M. BARROWS, being a professor in the college. Here he soon developed talents of a high order, and which gave great promise of future success. But his health failing, he was obliged, after two years of study, to relinquish his purpose to go through college.

While prosecuting his studies, he was brought to an experimental knowledge of a Saviour's love, and was induced to take a stand for Christ.

He had been religiously educated, and had been scrupulously moral in the past, but now the grace of God added new charms to his character.

When the war broke out, he was filled with enthusiasm for the government and the country, but he was too young then to enlist in the army. But when he became older he began to think that

he ought to enlist, even after his brother HENRY had been killed; that fact in no wise diminished his ardor, and he wrote to his father thus: "Will you let me enlist? I will go and take HENRY's place. The country needs more men. If WALTER is drafted, let me know and I will go in his place. Do let me go. *I never shall be satisfied unless I do go.*"

He wrote to his brother-in-law, Major T. M. NEWSON, in regard to his enlisting, who discouraged him, knowing how frail he was, and fearing he would not be able to endure the hardships of war. His father and mother declined giving their consent, for the same reason.

When the Major made his head-quarters at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, being State Commissary of subsistence, he invited CHARLIE to his office, that he might there serve his country without being exposed with his delicate constitution to the toils and dangers of the battle-field. He accepted the appointment, July 1, 1865. Fort Snelling being a rendezvous for troops, the returning regiments that came there to be mustered out, brought with them typhoid fever. A great part of the garrison were prostrated by the disease. It seized upon CHARLIE, and for nearly ten weeks he required greater care than an infant. Slowly he began to recover, but the fever left him with a swollen limb, reducing which, induced congestion of the lungs.

In a letter, written home, under date of 28th October, 1865, the Major says:

"CHARLIE is dead! Yes, he is dead! And yet not dead. I feel that he is with us still; that he comes in spirit and cheers the hearts of those now lonely. CHARLIE was apprised of his approaching death, two days and two nights before it occurred, and he was calm and resigned. In the presence of death he sweetly said, 'God, I trust in Thee.' With a heroism never witnessed by me before, he exhibited no fear, but patiently awaited the coming of the great change. He knew he could not live. He knew he must pass into the mysteries of the future. He knew this for hours, with his mind perfectly clear, and yet how heroically and grandly he gave up *all*, trusting in the Saviour of all.

“His exemplary character, his Christian consistency, his fortitude, his trust, his patience during his sufferings, are mementoes and monuments of a life, simple, beautiful, sublime. He died October 25, 1865.”

CI.

ROSWELL B. CORLISS.

ROSWELL B. CORLISS, Jr., was born at Albany, New York, June 26, 1844, and was the son of ROSWELL B. and CATHARINE CORLISS. Shortly after the commencement of the rebellion, he showed an eager desire to enter the service of the United States, but his parents objected and advised him to remain at home, as his elder brother had already entered the army. He relinquished the idea of going for a time, but, as the struggle for national life increased, he again urged the need of his services, and his parents consented.

On the 22d of January, 1864, he enlisted in Company “C,” Seventh Regiment Artillery N. Y. S. Volunteers, then on duty in the defences of Washington, District of Columbia. Soon after he reported to the regiment, it was ordered, in connection with the other artillery regiments, to join the Army of the Potomac, then upon the threshold of that memorable campaign that proved so destructive to our noble men.

He participated in the engagements of Harris’ Farm, North Anna, Po River, Shelton House, Coal Harbor, and in front of Petersburg, June 16, 1864, when he, with a number of others, was taken prisoner by the enemy. They were conveyed to, and confined at Andersonville, Georgia. After being there a short time, he was taken sick, and no medical aid or care was given him except such as his comrades could render. He continually declined, and on September 5, 1864, his name was added to the list of fourteen thousand, who had died from exposure, suffering and misery, under the brutal inhumanity of the enemies of God and man. He was buried in the grave yard near the prison, in September, 1864. In March, 1866, his remains were transferred

to the Albany Rural Cemetery. For several weeks previous to his death, he was out of his mind, his insanity having been produced by the horrors of his situation.

The youth thus murdered by slow torture, was a kind and amiable boy, a dutiful son, and a regular attendant upon the public worship of God. He was also a brave soldier, and won the esteem and affection of all who knew him. His brother, S. P. CORLISS, bears touching testimony to his strong affection, and purity and kindness of heart, and confides in the hope that ROBERT has reached those peaceful and blissful regions, where wars and rumors of wars are never known.

CII.

STEPHEN ROSS WHITE.

STEPHEN ROSS WHITE, son of JOHN G. and HANNAH J. WHITE, was born October 2, 1840. He enlisted in the Marine Artillery, in the city of New York, on the 1st of September, 1862.

He died at the hospital on Roanoke Island, of malarious fever, on Tuesday, the 11th of November, after a little more than two months in the service, at the age of twenty-two years.

The following extract from a letter written to a relative, furnishes all the information we have of his last days:

“We went on board the transport the night of the 29th of September, and were a week in making the voyage to Beaufort. We had to ‘lay by,’ from stress of weather, at Hampton Roads and at Hatteras Inlet—the storms of the fall equinox rendering the coast too dangerous to venture down, except in the intervals, when the winds would abate for a few hours.

“At Newbern, we were placed on board the gunboat ‘Sentinel,’ the vessel upon which Capt. SWEET, the Acting Commander of our fleet, had his head-quarters. We were kept on board just one week, when a division was made, and it was our disastrous lot to be numbered among those who were destined for that horrid golgotha, where pestilence sat, Roanoke Island.

“Ross was attacked by the disease, which proved fatal in so many cases, toward the latter part of October, as the direct result of his unflinching devotion to duty. He continued to perform guard duty half a day beyond the time, when he should have been under the care of a physician.

“He was repeatedly warned, and kindly urged, to yield to the too manifest necessity of rest and medical aid. But a heroism which only death itself could move, impelled him to struggle with the demon that was even then destroying him, and he walked his weary, solitary beat with his feet deep in water, and amidst a drenching, chilly rain. When the next day’s guard was mounted, and he was relieved from duty, his fidelity brought him only sickness for his reward.

“Completely exhausted, he sought his quarters, sank down upon his hard bunk, pallid, wan and almost spiritless. He recovered partially from this, after rest had restored somewhat of his wasted powers; but God soon called him away from earth. He died at half past three o’clock P. M., November 11, 1862.

“The most prominent trait of his character was a pure and lofty heroism; therefore you may be proud of his memory, which lives unsullied in the hearts of all his comrades who survived him—for he was loved by all, being as gentle and kind as he was heroic.

“I loved to think of him, he seemed so like a brother to me.”

The memory of STEPHEN ROSS WHITE is fondly cherished by a large circle of admiring friends, and his name is added to the illustrious roll of American patriots.

CHIL.

JAMES E. GOOLD.

FROM CHARLES H. ANTHONY, Esq.

JAMES EDMUND, son of JOHN S. and ABBY S. GOOLD, was born in Albany, June 29, 1842. It was his happy lot to be a member of a Christian household, and to enjoy from childhood all the benefits incident to such a connection, as well as those scarcely

less valuable ones derived from the instructions of the Sabbath school.

When JAMES was about twelve years old, his parents removed to the western part of the State, for the purpose of engaging in agricultural pursuits. This kind of employment was quite congenial to his taste, which soon began to manifest itself in the ardor with which he engaged in the most laborious duties of the farm, and the persevering zeal with which he carried to completion everything that he had once commenced to do.

He was characterized by a retiring disposition, great firmness of purpose, and a more than ordinary degree of conscientiousness; and these qualities, which were developed in early life, seemed to gain strength as he advanced in years, until just as youth was ripening into manhood, the spirit of God impressed upon his character the seal which marked him as a follower of the Saviour.

The circumstances attending his conversion are presented in the following letter, from Rev. GEO. PEGLER, addressed to the author of this brief sketch:

My dear Sir—I am much pleased to learn that you propose to write a memoir of my very dear young friend, JAMES E. GOOLD, who fell in the late war in defence of Union and Liberty, and of his and our civil and religious rights.

My first acquaintance with him was in the latter part of 1858, when his father, JOHN S. GOOLD, Esq., resided in Macedon, N. Y. I was then pastor of a church in his vicinity, and Mr. GOOLD and family were among my most constant hearers and liberal supporters; and many of the children were members of my Sabbath school. My interviews with the family were frequent, and always attended with much profit and pleasure, and I was more and more impressed with the sedate deportment and high moral sentiments that were constantly developing themselves in the character of JAMES, as my intercourse with him became more frequent and interesting. I considered him, in every respect, the best scholar in the school, and for aptness to learn, and for promptitude in attendance, as well as for his deep

seriousness and moral tone, he was a worthy example to the whole school, and to all his companions.

At our annual examination there were none like him for promptness in answering questions, either from the Bible or the maps. But that which most deeply interested me, was the manner of his conversion to God. He was not carried away by excitement, but most calmly and deliberately entered into the service of the dear Redeemer, and seemed to have given his heart to Christ after much thought and prayerful examination. On the Lord's day, April 24th, 1859, the weather being very stormy, we expected only a small congregation, but among that little flock was JAMES E. GOOLD. My text on that occasion was Ps. xlix, 8: "For the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever."

After the public service, we held a "Class Meeting," and JAMES remained with us, occupying a slip in the church, in company with three other young men. My custom was, not to urge non-professors to speak, unless they were quite willing. The others, who sat with JAMES, had no remarks to make; but when I addressed myself to him, he promptly stood up, and remarked that, when he arose in the morning, he saw the day was stormy, and concluded not to go to church. But he happened to remember hearing me say that when we were tempted to absent ourselves from the house of God, it would be the better course to press through every difficulty, as something might be educed from God's word on that occasion that would do us good, and perhaps lead to a lasting blessing. "And," said he, "I bless God I have come to-day; for God has blessed my soul, and I hope that God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven my sins." Such was the commencement of his Christian hope.

Soon after, I was removed to another field of labor, and I knew but little of his Christian progress until after he entered the army. Then he wrote me several letters, in answer to mine, urging him to maintain his Christian character, and remain a constant example to his comrades in faithfulness to his dear Redeemer, and fidelity to the cause of his country.

His letters to me I will forward to his father, and you may make such use of them as your wisdom may dictate.

With much respect, your humble servant,

GEORGE PEGLER.

LEMONWEIR, JUNEAU Co., WIS., May 1, 1866.

To C. H. ANTHONY, *late Principal Albany Classical Institute.*

Near the close of the year 1859, arrangements were made by which JAMES was permitted to return to his birth place, and spend a few months there in attending school. He entered the Albany Classical Institute, where he soon gained the respect both of his teachers and school-mates; and when, in the spring of the following year, he returned to the abode of his parents, he carried with him a certificate showing that he had maintained through his whole course of study, a position in the highest "*Grade of Honor.*"

From the very commencement of the recent struggle for the preservation of our National life, his warmest sympathies were enlisted in behalf of his country; but when our late President issued his second call for volunteers, JAMES was fully convinced in regard to his own duty. He felt that he must respond personally to that call. The strength as well as the sincerity of his convictions were soon subjected to a practical test. A young man, a neighbor's son, and one who had worked by his side in former days, was killed in one of the battles before Richmond, while our armies under McCLELLAN were endeavoring to effect that ever memorable retreat from before the rebel capital. The news of this event seemed to add new fuel to the flame already burning in the breast of our young hero, who said to his parents: "My country needs my services, and I feel that I must go." Still, at their solicitation, and from a sense of filial obligation, he remained awhile at home.

A younger brother had already enlisted in the Twenty-fifth Regiment New York Infantry; and on the 29th of August, 1862, JAMES, having obtained the consent of his parents, joined the same regiment, which was at that time recruiting in the city of Rochester. After a furlough of one week, spent at home, he

reported himself at Albany, and there awaited orders. Having remained here some time, in daily expectation of being ordered to his field of duty, and becoming impatient of delay, he, in company with his brother, solicited and obtained permission to accompany an officer who was going to Washington in charge of some recruits. On arriving there, the two brothers reported themselves at the office of the Provost Marshal, and received orders to join their regiment, then in Maryland, and marching in a northerly direction.

Strangers and alone, wandering in strange places, subsisting as best they could, and sleeping under hay stacks, after two days of wearisome travel they came up to the regiment at Antietam, just after the battle of South Mountain had been fought, having crossed, on their way, the battle field where the dead were still lying unburied. This was their first realization of the horrors of war; and the impressions made upon their minds were painful in the extreme.

JAMES, always true to his convictions, and earnest in their expression, had now determined to define, if possible, his position in reference to religious matters. Accordingly, he sought to be identified with the followers of his Divine Master; was baptized in camp by the Chaplain of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania Regiment, and on application, by letter, was admitted to the privileges of membership in the First Congregational Church, in the city of Albany, then under the pastorate of Rev. RAY PALMER, D. D.

Shortly after this, he was placed upon the provost guard at Division Head-quarters, and continued to serve in that capacity until after the battle of Gettysburg. On the 25th of May, 1863, his term of service in the Twenty-fifth Regiment having expired, he was transferred to the Forty-fourth. He participated in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, Mine Run, Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House. In the battle at the last named place, on the 8th of May, 1864, he fell during a charge made by his brigade upon a rebel position, at Laurel Hill.

Another hero had now achieved his final victory in becoming

a martyr to the cause of liberty; another weary spirit had entered into his eternal rest; another soldier of the cross had won an immortal crown! The body in which he was once clothed, now lies—we know not where,—but the soul of him we loved, and whose memory will ever be dear to all who know him; could find a congenial abode only in the regions of spotless purity, in the “house of many mansions,” whither the great “captain of his salvation” has gone before to “prepare a place” for him.

It only remains, in closing this imperfect memorial, that there be appended a few extracts from the letters received by his parents and relatives while the writer was doing duty in the camp, and in the field. Thus will his inner life be illustrated, in some of its aspects, more forcibly than could be done in any other manner:

His belief in the justness of the war, and that God was directing it, never wavered. Writing at a time when the future looked dark, he says, “if I trusted alone in the help of man I should be ready to give up; but I believe it will come out right, for I believe God has a purpose to accomplish by this war, and we shall not fail.”

He was uniformly cheerful and thankful. Speaking of Thanksgiving day, he says: “How different from the thanksgiving at home; yet how many things I have to be thankful for; continued life and health, and food sufficient; for though sometimes I have been puzzled to know where I would get the next meal, I did get it before I was very hungry; and am thankful for so many kind friends, and above all for my hope in Christ.”

Under date of February, 1862, speaking of the general character of the soldiers in the tent with him, he says, “of course it is very disagreeable, indeed, for me to have to associate with such men; but there is no possible help for it, and my only way is to pray for strength to enable me to resist every temptation.”

In March, 1863, he writes: “With reference to my getting a Lieutenant’s commission, I hardly think it could be done at present, at least; it would hardly be fair to promote me over so many men who have been out here nearly two years, while I have been out only six months.” In another letter, speaking of

the U. S. Christian Commission, he says: "It is doing a great deal of good in the army. They hold meetings in a large tent near us, every evening, which are well attended, and many of the soldiers have been converted. I have been there a couple of times, and found it very interesting."

Speaking in another letter of a desire to be prepared for death at any time, he writes, "As I was conscious that I was trying to live a Christian life, and wished to be prepared to die at any moment, I went to the Chaplain of the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania Regiment, and told him my experiences and hopes, and that I wished to be baptized and partake of the Lord's Supper, which he said he would administer that afternoon at three o'clock. At two o'clock I was baptized by him, and partook of the sacrament along with two others; circumstances having prevented any more from attending. I hope I have not been hasty, or done anything to merit your displeasure. I acted from a strong sense of duty, and I pray to God that He will give me strength to act at all times up to my profession."

CIV.

ORANGE DUDLEY.

ORANGE DUDLEY was born in the town of Guilderland on the 8th of February, 1844.

In the year 1847 his parents, JOHN T. and MARY DUDLEY, removed to Albany, where they resided at the time that ORANGE enlisted in the army.

From his earliest years, ORANGE was an affectionate son and brother, and was strictly conscientious in all his conduct. He was a member of the Albany Division of the Sons of Temperance, and was an enthusiastic advocate of temperance. At the age of fifteen he was hopefully converted to God, and united with the Washington Avenue Methodist Church. He was an ardent and consistent Christian, and held the office of Librarian of the West Mission Sabbath School.

When the war broke out, ORANGE was a clerk in the store of Dr. C. H. SMITH, druggist, and he felt it to be his duty to enlist in the army for the defence of his country. But the doctor was reluctant to have him leave, as he valued very highly his faithful services; and besides his parents considered that he was too young to endure the hardships of war. As he could not go without his parents' consent, he gave up at that time the idea.

As the war, however, progressed, he still felt it to be a duty he owed to God and his country to enlist, and if he did not live to return and enjoy the triumph of his cause, it would be a benefit to those that survived him.

As his father was a truly loyal man, he gave his consent, and in August, 1862, ORANGE enlisted in Company A, Seventh Heavy Artillery, for three years or during the war.

On the 19th day of August, 1862, his regiment left Albany for Washington, at which place they were ordered to do garrison duty. Here he remained about eighteen months. During that time, he was at home only once, on a furlough of ten days, and that was in January, 1864. He came home to see his father, who was very near death, and, although he would gladly have staid with him a few days longer, yet he could not get his furlough lengthened. He went back, saying it was his duty to do so, but if he could possibly come again he would. But his father died on the 16th day of March, and he never saw him again.

While he was at home it was evident that the life of a soldier had not injured his Christian character. On the 15th day of May, 1864, his regiment left Washington, being ordered to the front. On the 19th of May, they were engaged in the battle of Fredericksburg Road, Virginia; on May 23 and 24, at North Anna River; May 31 and June 1, at Tolopotomy Creek, and at Coal Harbor in June. At the battle of Coal Harbor, June 3, he was seriously wounded. The ball entered his left shoulder and came out on the right side. He bled very profusely and, when found, was taken up by Sergeant SMITH and carried to the Corps Hospital, where he had his wounds dressed. He was sent from there to the White House hospital, but, as he never reached it, it is supposed he must have given out on the way, and was left

to die and to be buried by strangers. His friends have never heard anything from him since. Thus, far from home, without one to cheer his last hours, died one who was loved and respected by all, for his kind and gentle manners and Christian virtues.

On the 19th day of May, he wrote a letter home, which was the last one ever received from him. In that, he said: "Mother do not worry about me. Remember that my life is in the same hands as yours; and, whether in the battle or at the quiet fire-side, unless God wills it, death cannot harm me. Remember, He has taught us to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

From the time of his enlistment until his death, he was very punctual in writing home. He always wrote once a week, and sometimes oftener. His letters uniformly breathed an earnest patriotism and an intense love for his home and friends.

CV.

LEVI I. HARVEY.

LEVI I. HARVEY was born in the county of Kent, Rhode Island, December 10, 1808.

He was apprenticed to a carpenter, and after learning his trade, removed to Cornwall, Vermont, where he married PHEBE S. BASCOM. After his marriage, he united himself to the Congregational Church at that place. Soon after, he settled in the city of Albany, and connected himself with the Protestant Reformed Dutch Church of that city. He was a member of that church, in good standing, at the time of his death.

Although moving in the humble walks of life, he was ever respected by all who knew him for his great integrity and consistent Christian character. Although he, at the commencement of the war, was quite advanced in life, he was prompted, by feelings of patriotism, to enlist in the service of his country as a private in Company B, Forty-third Regiment N. Y. S. V. He was with his regiment in the Division of Gen. HANCOCK, under Gen. McCLELLAN, through the Peninsula campaign, and in all the bat-

tles in which his regiment was engaged, until the retreat of the army to Harrison Landing, and their return to Alexandria, Va., where he was taken sick and sent to the hospital, and subsequently was honorably discharged from the service for disability.

Mr. HARVEY, after his return home, and recovery from his sickness, could not content himself to remain out of the service, and again re-enlisted in Company G, Second Heavy Artillery, Massachusetts Volunteers. He was with that regiment at the capture of Fort Williams by the enemy, where he was taken prisoner with his entire regiment, and sent to Andersonville, Georgia. There he died from the effect of ill treatment, received at the hands of the rebels, July 18, 1864.

The record of Mr. HARVEY is one among the many, of noble sacrifice made by loyal citizens in devotion to their country.

It was purely christian patriotism that prompted him, in advanced life, to yield up the comforts of a home, and a family to which he was devoted, to bear his part in the great struggle for the maintenance of the Government; and nobly did he discharge his duty.

His widow, PHEBE S. HARVEY, who is quite advanced in life, survives him, with five children to mourn his loss.

CVI.

SAMUEL G. LOOMIS.

SAMUEL G. LOOMIS, son of SAMUEL and SARAH A. LOOMIS, was born in the city of Albany, March 12, 1842. He was a dutiful and affectionate son, and was remarkable in his youth for great generosity. He always felt a sympathy for the poor, and would often practice self denial to relieve them. He attended the Pearl Street Baptist Church, and for many years was a member of that Sabbath school. He often introduced himself to young men who were strangers in the city, and by doing them acts of kindness, he gained many friends.

He enlisted October 13, 1862, in Company B, One Hundred and

Seventy-seventh New York Regiment. He was on board the "Merrimac" at the time that vessel came near being wrecked, but safely reached Port Royal.

In a letter written on Christmas day, and addressed to his sister, he says:

"We bade our friends good-bye, and again set sail for parts unknown.

"At daylight, on New Year's morning, we landed at Ship Island, a gloomy place, with dilapidated barracks looking very much like the ruins of some old castle.

"I was afraid we were to be stationed there, and would prefer to shoulder a musket and face the enemy. We received orders at this place to go to Louisiana, and, accordingly, started for New Orleans. We passed that city, and sailed up the Mississippi to a place called Carrollton, nine miles above.

"This place was a marshy and unhealthy location. Where the tents were pitched, the water came upon them, while the men were sleeping."

They received their muskets at this place, and without a day's drill (for SAMUEL had never loaded a gun), they commenced their march up the country, the road being beset with guerrillas. They reached Bonnet Carré and there encamped.

We give the following extracts from CHARLES' letters :

"*March 10th.* Dear Mother—I was startled last night by hearing the long roll, which is the signal of trouble. I was not long in getting on my clothes. And in twenty minutes Company B was on the ground, all equipped for battle. The Major ordered us to load, but to his surprise, found we had done so. Col. NICKERSON rode up and complimented us highly, saying: he had perfect confidence that we would be ready in any emergency."

"*April, 1863*—The first week in this month an expedition started out from our port, consisting of the Fourteenth and Fourth Maine, and One Hundred and Seventy-seventh, i. e., our, Regiment, and two cannon.

"We sailed up the Mississippi on flat boats fifty miles, and then followed the Amite river. On land we marched through swamps filled with alligators and snakes. The country being strange to

us, we lost our way, and got in what the slaves told us was the dismal swamp. Many boys lost their shoes, and went bare footed. I was fortunate in capturing a mule, and rode him, holding on by the mane. I managed to carry my own and several of the boys' muskets. After a march of twenty-two miles, we halted behind a pile of boards on the bank of the Amite river, near McGill's Ferry. We laid on the ground. About midnight we were attacked by guerrillas. We opened fire on them, killing thirty and wounding several, and we took some prisoners. But one of our regiment was killed and three wounded. They fired over our heads. Our object was to draw the rebels away from Ponchatoula, where a part of our force intended to attack. It was a complete success. We drove them out, and captured cotton and turpentine amounting, in value, to several thousand dollars. We were absent from camp one week."

On the 18th of May, his company was sent up to McGill's Ferry to guard the place. They suffered much while there, it being a swampy place, and exposed to constant rains. They had no shelter, not even a dry place to sit down upon, but leaned against the trees to rest. They were there for ten days, with seven days' rations. They were fired upon, but all made their escape at midnight and went to Baton Rouge. He writes nothing of this, but the young men who were with him give the information.

The morning following they proceeded to Port Hudson, passing through the woods while they were on fire. SAMUEL was one among others who took a message to the fleet anchored in the Mississippi, passing the entire front during the action of the 25th of May. He was engaged on the entrenched works before Port Hudson on the 14th of June. He volunteered with the forlorn hope, to storm the works at midnight. During the battle SAMUEL was frequently heard, cheering and urging his companions on, saying, "Now is the time to make your mark," "Stand by the flag."

He worked in the intrenchments forty-two days without change of clothing, his knapsack having been left at Baton Rouge, with

all the clothes he had. His companions told his mother that he would cheer them up, in those dark hours, by relating pleasing stories, and expressing the bright hope of meeting friends and loved ones at home.

After the surrender of Port Hudson, he writes: "Mother, I do not consider my lot a hard one. I volunteered to fight and suffer, if necessary, for the glorious cause of freedom. I do not regret having entered the army. It is the duty and should be the privilege of all young men to go, at their country's call."

After the surrender, the regiment encamped on the bank of the Mississippi, about three miles from Port Hudson. SAMUEL enjoyed good health most of the time. He was never, but one day, off duty, and then had hurt his foot so that he could not get his shoe on. He was anxious to visit the Port, as he did not remain there long after the surrender. He walked up on the 5th of August, and was sun struck, which occasioned a brain fever. He laid on the hospital floor without bed or pillow on which to rest his head. The boys could not even buy a little hot water to make him some tea. His rations of hard tack and salt meat were brought him daily, and he gave them to the boys without a murmur. He had no kind of nourishment during the week he laid there, and told his companions that he was dying for the want of food. He prayed often, while he had his senses, and talked much of home—the dearest spot to him on earth. He expressed great anxiety to see his parents. In his delirium, a short time previous to his death, he thought his father had come. He stepped out on the balcony, shook hands, and kissed one of the soldiers—went back, and in a few minutes breathed his last. This was on the 13th day of August, 1863. His comrades rolled him in his blanket and made a coffin of boards, which they took from a negro's cabin. They laid him in it, and buried him in Mount Pleasant burying ground. They cut his name, and the date of his death, on a board, placed at his head, and laid him under a magnolia tree. The evening after he was buried, his friends sat by his grave and sung his favorite hymns. He was a good singer, and was a member of St. Paul's Church

Choir, of this city, when quite a youth. He had been under the instruction of Mr. GEORGE WARREN, formerly of this city.

His parents sent for his remains, and they arrived in this city the 23d of December, 1863. His funeral took place at his father's residence, 77 Washington avenue, on the 24th, attended by his regiment and the members of Hook and Ladder Company No. 2. This company passed a series of very flattering resolutions in relation to the departed hero.

The Rev. Mr. BRIDGMAN, the pastor of Mr. LOOMIS, in a discourse upon our deceased soldiers, thus alluded to him:

"There's another, whose body will be gathered with the honored dust—SAMUEL GREENFIELD LOOMIS, who died last August. His comrades have spoken only in the words of highest eulogy of his patience under fatigue, of his manly bearing, of his bravery on the several occasions, when his courage was put to the proof, as in the charge upon the enemy's works at Port Hudson; while in his letters to his friends at home there is scarcely one but bears a grateful testimony to the goodness of God's Providence, or some expression of his love for the Scriptures, in reading which he was careful to maintain the early habits of his home."

Then, speaking of him in connection with others, he said:

"They went out from us with firm, brave steps to the exigency and the agony of the hour. They went not in hatred nor in wrath, more than those whose loyal columns they helped to fill; nor did you, whose pangs at their dying were greater than their own, send them in vengeance, but for God's honor and the salvation of the land. To-day we mourn them as our early dead. The battle was soon over for them—the weary march and nightly vigil—the contest and assault; and laying the garlands they have won upon their hearts, we will suffer the eager grave to fold them in, to their long, dreamless sleep. But fixed is our faith that something not of the dust, and not laid low on the field—something which the funeral procession cannot marshal, nor the earth that opens for the dead, can ever swallow up, has escaped alive unto the land of peace, unto the great triumphant company of the immortals."

CVII.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS HIGHAM.

IN the first regiment that left this city for the seat of war, as early as April, 1861, was EDWARD AUGUSTUS HIGHAM, a young man just twenty years of age; the son of LINDLEY and CAROLINE HIGHAM. He had for several years been a professed disciple of Christ, and at the time he enlisted as a soldier in defence of his country, he was engaged in a profitable and honorable business. Nothing but high motives of patriotism led him to exchange the quiet life of a man of business, for the trials and perils of a soldier.

During the three months of his enlistment he was mostly engaged with his regiment (the Twenty-fifth) in perfecting the defences of Washington, and in building that fort which was subsequently called by the name of his native city.

Returning to his home about the middle of July in the same year, Mr. HIGHAM felt that he had not yet fully discharged his whole duty to his country. Indeed as her necessities had rather increased than lessened, and her perils had only been augmented by the lapse of time, he felt that he must again engage in her defence. And how pure and patriotic his motives were in the second enlistment, may be judged of by the fact, that when assured by friends that he might re-enter the army as a commissioned officer, his reply was, "No, the Government does not need officers; it needs privates." It was therefore as a common soldier that Mr. HIGHAM again entered the army, July 22, 1862. His connection was now with Co. H, in the Eightieth Regiment of New York Volunteers; and after passing with it safely through the battles of Norman's Ford, White Sulphur Springs and Gainsville, was severely wounded August 30, in the battle of Bull Run.

For two days and nights our young soldier remained on the field without assistance or nourishment; and doubtless suffered physical agony that no one can describe. Upon the third day he was picked up by one of our ambulances, and conveyed to

the hospital at Alexandria. There, though every attention was paid him, both by the medical authorities and by his mother, who had the melancholy pleasure of being with her son in his last hours, he died October 10th, 1862.

We subjoin a brief extract from a letter written by the Chaplain of the hospital to the parents, a few days after their severe bereavement:

“Your son was a noble young man, patient and uncomplaining in every trouble and annoyance. He was a sincere and humble Christian, and felt that he had no trust but in the mercy of his Redeemer.”

CVIII.

ALEXANDER S. SLAWSON.

ALEXANDER S. SLAWSON was one of three patriotic brothers, who enlisted in the American army for the defence of the nation. They were the children of WILLIAM and LOUISA SLAWSON, and ALEXANDER was born September 1, 1846. He was a good obedient boy, and a member of the Sabbath school.

He enlisted February 4, 1864, in Company D, Seventh Heavy Artillery Regiment. Though of a delicate constitution, he endured the hardships of war with a noble courage, and fought bravely in the battles of Fredericksburg, North Anna River, Spottsylvania Court House, Coal Harbor and Petersburg. In the battle at the last named place, his brother was taken prisoner, June 16, 1864, and was confined in the Andersonville prison, and suffered for ten long and dreary months in that abode of unwritten and indescribable horrors.

ALEXANDER was also in the battles of Deep Bottom, Frederick City, the second battle at Deep Bottom and at Mine Run, August 25, 1864. There, after a hard fought battle, he was taken prisoner and sent first to Richmond, thence to Belle Island, and thence to Salisbury, North Carolina. After six months of intense suffering, he was released, having been reduced to a skeleton.

An unknown friend, whose name the parents of ALEXANDER, desire very much to learn, aided him to return home. When he reached our lines, a surgeon wished him to go to the hospital, but his great desire was to see once more the home of his youth, and the father and mother whom he so tenderly loved. To gain strength for the journey, he laid in a barn for two days, and then started for Albany. He reached home on the 20th of March, and the first words that he uttered on entering the house were, "Mother, I have come home to die."

He lingered for ten days, and then, with perfect resignation to the will of God, and an implicit trust in the blessed Saviour, he left the trials and anguish of earth, for the peace and glory of Heaven.

ALEXANDER'S third brother escaped the perils of battle unharmed.

To this family of heroes, known only to us through this brief sketch, we tender the gratitude and admiration of the citizens of Albany, and the loyal people of America

CIX.

WHITMAN V. R. MATTOON.

WHITMAN V. R. MATTOON was born in Vienna, Oneida county, New York. When he was less than one year old, his parents came with him to this city, since which time he continued to reside here. He was the only son of DAVID and SARAH RANSOM MATTOON. He possessed an amiable disposition, and was a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, and a warm friend. He attended school regularly until he was in his sixteenth year, and acquired a fair English and commercial education.

After he left school, he went into his father's office, where he was engaged in bookkeeping for nearly four years. He exhibited so much business capacity that his father had made arrangements to take him, as co-partner, into his business. When the war first broke out, and the first call was made for volunteers, he,

inspired by true patriotism, desired to go and help save the government of his country. But his father, who was in feeble health, declined to let him go, not feeling it to be his duty to sacrifice his only son at *that* time, but assured him that if the time came when it should be necessary, he should not object to his going.

Time passed on, and, after the battle of Bull Run, with its paralyzing effect upon the country, another call was made for volunteers. After giving much thought to the subject for several weeks, his father informed him "that the time had come when he thought God, humanity, and his country called for the sacrifice, and that he should no longer object to his going." This conversation took place on September 26, 1861, which was a fast day appointed by the government.

Upon the following day, he left his father's office, where he had been usefully employed for several years, and a home where all his necessary wants were supplied, and enlisted as a private in Company F, Forty-fourth Regiment New York State Volunteers. The following month, he left with his regiment and continued in excellent health, enduring all the privations and dangers of the camp and field without one word of complaint; engaging in all the battles of his regiment, and always braving danger with true heroism. When the battle raged the fiercest, he was always cool and collected.

While under General McCLELLAN, and while retreating from before Richmond, he passed through the first six days engagements unhurt. But, upon the following day, at the battle of Malvern Hill, after being engaged in a most sanguinary struggle, he was reported "*missing*." Since that time nothing has been heard from him. It was in a bayonet charge that he was last seen; in the front rank and in a terrible struggle. His officers and comrades, who have done all that men could do to ascertain his fate, agree that he must have fallen. All the means that human ingenuity can invent have been exhausted to ascertain his fate, and to no purpose. Whether buried or not, and if so, where, still remains a mystery.

The anguish of heart, felt by his two loving sisters, to whom he was devotedly attached, as well as by his parents, who loved

him as an only son, and who had anticipated much comfort from him, can be better imagined than described. That most terrible of all words, *suspense*, still weighs heavily upon their hearts and mars all their pleasures.

During his childhood and youth, up to the time he left and went into the service, he uniformly attended Sabbath school, to which he was much attached, and always attended regularly upon the means of grace.

We can only leave the dear youth and brave boy in the hands of that God who doeth all things well. He who notices the fall of a sparrow, has not overlooked this child of many prayers, though in the din and smoke of battle, he has been lost to the view of affectionate parents and fond sisters.

CX.

THOMAS GOLDWAIT.

AMONG those from the city of Albany who sacrificed their lives for the perpetuation of the Union, was THOMAS GOLDWAIT. He was the son of JONATHAN and JANE GOLDWAIT, and was born in Albany on the 20th of November, 1828. He died at Fort McHenry on the 15th of September, 1861. At the breaking out of the rebellion, when an appeal was made for volunteers for the Union army, and when patriotism alone prompted our young men to take up arms in defence of our country, GOLDWAIT gave up his business and enrolled himself as a member of Co. E, Third Regiment New York State Volunteers, commanded by Captain BLANCHARD, Col. FREDERICK TOWNSEND in command of the regiment. This regiment was one of the first to leave this State for the scene of war, and was among the first to engage in conflict with the rebels.

While stationed at Fort McHenry, GOLDWAIT was prostrated by fever, and although every effort was made to preserve his life, he died as above stated, on the 15th of September, 1861.

His death caused the deepest sorrow among his comrades, as

he was universally respected and beloved. One of the most solemn and impressive scenes ever witnessed at the fort, was the last tribute of his fellow soldiers to the memory of their lamented associate.

GOLDWAIT was a young man of generous impulses and a noble nature. He was frank and open hearted, a true and steadfast friend, and a devoted son and brother. He was for many years one of the most earnest and efficient firemen of the city. Fearless in the discharge of his duty, he was ever obedient to commands and prompt to execute all orders. Hundreds of his brother firemen bear testimony to his zeal, and gladly pay tribute to his memory. On one occasion, regardless of his own personal safety, he entered a burning building, and rescued from impending death, a maimed and feeble woman.

To his immediate associates he was most devotedly attached, and each and all of them considered him a brother. They will ever cherish his memory with the warmest affection and admiration.

CXI.

JOHN A. LOCKLEY.

JOHN A. LOCKLEY was born at No. 70 Lumber street, Albany, on the 22d of September, 1843, and was the son of RICHARD and HANNAH LOCKLEY. He was one of the most affectionate of sons, always kind and obedient. He was very conscientious, and the least wrong act made him very unhappy. He was not a professor of religion, but was very faithful in attending the Sabbath school and church. The feelings that led him to enlist were purely patriotic. He received no bounty; but said if his country needed him he was ready to devote himself to her service. He enlisted in Company K, Ellsworth Regiment, Forty-fourth New York State Volunteers. The first battle he was in was at Hanover Court House, where he served as first corporal. His Captain, ALEXANDER McROBERTS of this city, under whom he was killed, said that he was the best soldier in his company. He was always

prompt and ready to execute any order given to him. He was killed at the battle of Gaines' Mills, on the 27th of June, 1862. A ball struck him just above the mouth, and passed through his head. Of his last moments and of his burial, we have no reliable information.

CXII.

HARMON VISSCHER, JR.

HARMON VISSCHER, JR., was the son of HARMON and ANNA M. VISSCHER, and was born in the city of Albany, on the 18th day of August, 1839. He was a youth of great promise, and was tenderly cared for in a Christian home and universally esteemed by his friends.

Upon the breaking out of the rebellion, he joined the Burgeses Corps, and accompanied them to Washington in defence of the National Capital, where he remained until the Twenty-fifth Regiment, to which the Corps was attached, was discharged.

He returned to his home and the city of his birth, full of military ardor; and, the day previous to the departure of the Forty-fourth, joined that regiment, to which he was attached up to the time of his death. He was shot through the breast, and was left on the battle field for dead, and remained there for a long time, until conveyed to the hospital. In a letter to his parents, dictated by himself and written by a friend, he appeared sanguine of his ultimate recovery, but a note appended by his nurse gave them but little to hope for.

He was a member of Company G of the Forty-fourth (Ellsworth) Regiment and was a true patriot and brave soldier. Being conveyed to the hospital at Georgetown, District of Columbia, he was there attended by his fond mother, and everything that maternal affection could do was done for his comfort, and for his preparation for the solemnities of the future life. He breathed his last on Thursday, September 11th, 1862.

CXIII.

GEORGE STEVENS.

GEORGE STEVENS, private, was born in Whokengham, Berkshire, England, June 26, A. D. 1825. His parents, CHARLES and MARY STEVENS, were in humble circumstances, and he being one of a large family, was placed at some useful employment when young to assist his parents, and was thus deprived of the opportunity of obtaining a good education. He was a kind and dutiful son, and strictly honest and industrious. He continued with his parents until the commencement of the year 1849, when he married, and a short time after emigrated to America. He came to the city of Albany, and there continued to reside. He was a great lover of the American people and institutions, and as early as possible he became a citizen of the United States. He attended church, and loved the worship of the Lord.

In the year 1858, he made a public profession of religion. He united with the State Street Baptist Church, and was a zealous, active, consistent Christian. He endeavored to improve his mind by a constant reading of the Holy Scriptures, which became his daily delight. In the church there was a Bible class, and the teacher was the late esteemed and much lamented Mr. SAMUEL PATTEN. Mr. STEVENS was connected with this class, and as a reward for collecting the names of Christ found in the sacred scriptures, he was presented by Mr. PATTEN with a beautiful copy of the Holy Bible.

On the breaking out of the rebellion, when the Union was in danger, he was moved with a becoming patriotism; and although he had a wife and children whom he loved and had to provide for, yet he declared it to be his duty to go and fight for the land of his adoption. He enlisted as private in Company D, Seventh Heavy Artillery, One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment N. Y. S. V., on the 9th day of August, 1862, for three years or during the war. He was first stationed near Washington, and enjoyed a soldier life quite well.

He then moved to Petersburg, where the regiment passed through many engagements, which he describes in his letters as being very severe. He also, in his letters, gave a graphic description of the dangers through which he passed, and always declared that he was engaged in a right and good cause, and that if it should be his lot to be killed on the battle field, he was perfectly resigned to the will of God, in whom he trusted. He often urged his wife and children to trust in the same over-ruling Providence, to pray much, to read the Holy Scriptures, and perform all other religious duties in such a way as to gain the constant approbation of their Heavenly Father; and that if it was His will that they should not meet again on earth, that they might meet again in Heaven.

By lying on the damp ground, and being constantly exposed, he contracted a severe cold, which affected his lungs, and he was sent to the City Point hospital. From there he was sent to Blackwell's Island hospital, and thence was transferred to the Albany Military hospital. His complaint continued to increase, affecting his throat, and terminated in consumption. He received medical aid and every attention, but rapidly failed.

Mr. I. N. SMITH, then minister of his church, with many other old friends, came to see him, and conversed, read and prayed with him. He assured them of his confidence in God, and of his prospect of going to Heaven through the atonement of Christ. He bore all his afflictions with Christian-like fortitude, and was resigned to the will of his Heavenly Father.

When it became apparent that he would not survive long, he informed his wife and children that he was going home to Heaven, and desired that they would prepare, that they might all have a joyful meeting at the resurrection of the just. He died in the triumphs of faith, and in the hope of a blessed immortality, on the 23d day of May, 1865. His remains were taken to the church, where appropriate remarks were made by the minister, and from thence were conveyed to the Albany Rural Cemetery.

CXIV.

ADDISON J. FELLOWS.

ADDISON J. FELLOWS was the second son of JOSEPH and MARY FELLOWS. He was born in the city of Troy, August 2d, 1839. His genealogy is thoroughly English, on both his father's and mother's side; his ancestors came from the old Puritan stock.

While yet young his father moved to Albany, and from that time to his death he resided here.

Of a genial and happy disposition, he formed a large circle of friends; and the mildness of his manner and his affectionate heart, made him the joy of his father's family.

At the breaking out of the rebellion, although he was engaged in business, yet he felt greatly inclined to contribute his services towards maintaining the good old flag, but his friends persuaded him to remain at home.

In the fall of 1861, however, he felt so deeply that it was his duty to offer himself to his country, that he transferred his business to his brother's hands, and volunteered as a private soldier in Company F, of the Forty-fourth New York Volunteers. The date of his enlistment was September, 1861. Being offered a higher position, he declined it, on the ground that he enlisted as an act of duty, and not for position. The remainder of his life was short.

In December, after returning from a long picket duty, while the regiment was stationed at Hall's Hill, Va., he was attacked by typhoid fever, and before his father and brother could reach him, although they went to him as rapidly as possible, his soul had returned to the God who gave it.

Thus died one who, pure in heart and purpose, gave his life for his country as truly as though he had been killed in front of the cannon's mouth.

Although not a professed Christian, he ever revered God and His laws, and loved the ways of righteousness. Almost one of his last acts was, to engage in an evening meeting with some of his Christian comrades.

His body was brought home, and a funeral discourse preached over his remains by the Rev. Dr. MAGOON, at the First Baptist Church. He was followed by the Fire Department and military of the city, and the various societies to which he belonged, to his last home in the Albany cemetery. Thus passed away an upright man, a pure patriot, and a brave soldier.

CXV.

SAMUEL W. CHANDLER.

THE subject of this brief sketch was the son of SAMUEL CHANDLER, a well known and respected citizen of Albany.

At the formation of the Forty-fourth Regiment New York Volunteers, known as the Ellsworth Regiment, Mr. CHANDLER enlisted, and at once secured a high reputation as a soldier. He participated with his regiment in several hard fought battles in Virginia. At the battle of Hanover Court House he was killed under the following circumstances. The Sergeant, while holding the flag, had been shot through the head, and instantly killed. The flag was then seized by a man named YOUNG, also of this city. No sooner had he raised it than he was shot, the ball severing his jugular vein, when he fell. Young CHANDLER, who had been wounded in the leg and arm, and with his wounds bleeding crept to the staff, and with great effort raised it the third time. In a moment, he was shot in the breast, and also fell. After lingering a few days in intense agony, death came to his relief. His last words were: "I regret that I have only one life to give to my country."

It is impossible to conceive of an act of nobler daring than that of young CHANDLER. His two comrades lay dead at his feet. He was himself badly wounded. The balls were whistling thick and fast over his head. Knowing this, it was almost certain death to attempt to raise the flag, yet he did not hesitate a moment, but gave up his life in its defence. He died nobly, and for his heroic act deserves the applause of the nation. From

the Colonel to the lowest private in the ranks, his memory will be loved and honored as long as they live.

He leaves a widow and two children, who, while they mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and father, yet have the consolation of knowing that he died a true patriot, a brave soldier, and added another martyr to the cause of human liberty.

CXVI.

JESSE D. VAN HAGEN.

JESSE D. VAN HAGEN was born in Cohoes, Albany county, on the 8th of November, 1839, and was the son of PETER and MEHITABEL VAN HAGEN. As a youth he was kind, obedient, and truthful. At the age of eighteen years, he became deeply interested in the subject of religion, and residing at that time in Albany, he became a teacher in the Sabbath school, connected with the Pearl Street Methodist Church. In February, 1858, he made a public profession of his faith in Christ, and united with that church.

When the President of the United States called for troops, he felt that his country needed his services, and he enlisted in Company K, Thirty-fourth Regiment New York Volunteers, commanded by Captain JOHN BEVERLY, of Little Falls, Herkimer county, New York. On the 1st of June, 1861, the regiment received orders to start for the seat of war. JESSE having made preparation for the march, came home to bid his mother good-bye. He was remarkably cheerful, and seemed to be full of patriotic enthusiasm for the cause to which he had devoted himself. He said to his mother: "Do not be anxious about me, I shall be at home again one of these days." How little he thought, while uttering those words, that he was then looking upon that mother, and his other kind relatives, for the last time on earth!

Obedient to the orders received, the regiment hastened to the seat of war, and was at once stationed in the front, as a line of

skirmishers. In the morning, just as the light began to appear, a startling and crashing fire came from the concealed enemy, and JESSE fell, pierced through the left lung, by a bullet. The Captain seeing that he was wounded, ordered two men to take him from the battle-field. As his comrades were lifting him from the ground, he received another wound, just below the first. He tried to speak but could not. He lingered in great pain for nine hours, when his brief, yet brave military career, was ended by death.

Captain BEVERLY, to whom the youthful patriot had endeared himself, thus wrote home to the brother of the departed, Mr. WILLIAM L. VAN HAGEN: "Your brother while with me was a good christian soldier. He was always ready to fill his place in the ranks at a moment's notice. Therefore, you may well be proud of him. Do not weep for him, but remember that he died for his country's flag. He was very kind to his associates, and always took pleasure in doing them a favor." Thus early in the war, at the battle of Fair Oaks, passed away this noble youth, in the twenty-second year of his age.

CXVII.

WILLIAM M. BRIGGS.

WILLIAM M. BRIGGS was born in Albany, Nov. 27, 1842, and was the son of JOHN G. and HARRIET BRIGGS.

He was educated in the Wilberforce school, and was a youth of good talents and excellent morals.

He was an ardent patriot, and in March, 1863, he enlisted in the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment, and performed all the duties of a soldier with faithfulness and bravery. In the following letter we have an account of his character and death:

SUNDAY, *December* 13, 1863.

Colonel—According to your wish that I, as commander of Co. E, would furnish whatever information I possessed in relation

to Private WILLIAM M. BRIGGS, late of my company, I cheerfully collected the following:

From a comrade, who was by him in the assault of July 18th, I learn that he was wounded through the bowels, when about one hundred yards from the fort. He exclaimed, "I'm shot," and attempted to press forward, but was not equal to the task, and fell. He was placed, after being taken from the field, on the steamer "Cosmopolitan," with many others, and carried to Hilton Head. The nature of his wound was such as to cause him intense pain, and he expired within an hour of the time the wounded were placed in No. 10 Hospital, at Beaufort. I was pleased to find that his body received a proper soldier's burial, in the Beaufort Cemetery, escorted by a detachment of the First S. C. Vols.

As his Captain, I cheerfully render a merited tribute to his memory, as a man ever a favorite among his comrades, and, as a soldier, prompt, diligent and eager in the performance of his whole duty. I have the honor to be, Colonel,

Your obedient servant,

LUIS F. EMILIE,

Capt. Co. E, 54th Mass.

Col. E. N. HALLOWELL, *Com'd'g 54th Mass. Infantry.*

CXVIII.

HUGH HAMMILL.

IN the history of Mr. HAMMILL, we have another instance of patriotic ardor and heroic suffering for the cause of human liberty; and another victim of the barbarities practiced upon our noble men in southern prisons.

HUGH HAMMILL was born in Ireland, in the year 1844. He came to this country with his parents in 1846, and settled in the city of Albany. At the breaking out of the war, he felt that his adopted country needed his services, and, like many others of his countrymen, he gave his heart and his life to the American Republic.

He enlisted in Company E, Twenty-fifth Regiment of National Guards, in May, 1862, and served for three months at Suffolk, Va. He returned home on the 5th of September, and on the 14th of October he again offered his services to the government, and became a member of the Tenth Regiment. He was afterwards removed to the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment of New York Volunteers, and was with them in their skirmishes and marches for hundreds of miles to Port Hudson. He was also in the terrific charges upon Port Hudson, and saw hundreds of his brave comrades fall, while he, equally brave and daring, escaped the deadly fire of the enemy. Having most faithfully served the country of his adoption, he returned home, on the 1st of September, 1863.

But, while there was any doubt as to the issue of the struggle in which we were engaged, Mr. HAMMILL could not rest, and notwithstanding his terrible experiences at Port Hudson, and in the toilsome marches and skirmishes in which he had been engaged, he, like a noble patriot, enlisted again, and on the 19th of November, 1863, joined Company E, of the Seventh Heavy Artillery Regiment.

He bravely fought in all the battles of the Wilderness, Coal Harbor and Petersburg, and through all the terrible fires to which he was exposed, we do not learn that he received any personal injury.

On the 16th of June, 1864, he was captured by the rebels, and at the same time his Captain, and most of his company, were taken prisoners. These were sent to Richmond, and then to Andersonville prison. In consequence of the barbarous treatment Mr. HAMMILL received, he became very sick, and, while slowly recovering, he was removed to another prison. At that time he was, in his feeble state of health, exposed, in the open air, for three days and nights, to a severe rain storm. This brought on a relapse, and he continued to sink until the 16th of November, 1864, when death released him from his sufferings.

It is sad to contemplate such an end, for one who had manifested such an ardent and persistent devotion to the interests and welfare of his adopted country. But his deeds will never be

forgotten, and the memory of his worth will be gratefully cherished by a large circle of relatives and friends.

Mr. HAMMILL was educated in the faith and worship of the Roman Catholic Church, and was a member of that church up to the time of his death.

CXIX.

WILLIAM J. WHYTE.

WILLIAM J. WHYTE, the son of JAMES and JANE WHYTE, was born in Albany on the 6th of March, 1843. He was a youth of mild and generous spirit, and of superior talents, and very early became interested in religious subjects. As his parents had lost six out of eight children, and he was the only remaining son, and as his father too was dead, he was specially dear to his widowed mother.

When the rebellion broke out, he, in common with many others, was inspired with a youthful and patriotic ardor to serve his country in the hour of peril. He was very anxious to enlist, but his mother felt that he was too young to endure the hardships and dangers of war, and endeavored to persuade him to remain at home. But the very month that Fort Sumter was fired upon, April, 1861, he enlisted in Company F, Third Regiment New York Volunteers, under Col. TOWNSEND. His mother, however, feeling that, after the great losses she had sustained, she could not give up her only remaining son, obtained his discharge from the regiment.

But the fires of patriotism were not extinguished in the heart of her boy. He loved his mother and sister, and the home of his childhood. He loved his church and his Sabbath school, for he had been for fifteen years a scholar, and at this time he was a teacher in the Albany Bethel Sabbath school, under the care of the Rev. JOHN MILES. But he loved also his country, and was willing to give his life to sustain it.

He waited until May 31st, 1862, when he enlisted, for three months, in Company A, Twenty-fifth Regiment N. Y. V. He

served through this period with great faithfulness, and was honorably discharged.

On the 13th of October, 1862, he again enlisted, in Company F, of the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment New York Volunteers. While connected with this regiment, he displayed all the qualities of a good and brave soldier. But the hardships to which he was exposed brought on a fever, and he died in the hospital at Bonnet Carré, La., aged twenty years. He was buried in the hospital burial ground.

We regret that we have no further particulars of his history.

CXX.

CHARLES SEDAM HEERMANCE.

CHARLES SEDAM HEERMANCE was born in Albany, of pious parents, September 30, 1842. He was a member of the First Congregational Sabbath school, and was an exemplary youth. Being ardent in his patriotism, he joined the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment New York State Volunteers, Company B, that he might be of some service in sustaining the honor of his country's flag. When his regiment was ordered off, they joined the BANKS' expedition and sailed from New York for New Orleans, Louisiana. Shortly after their arrival, he was taken ill, and soon died in the hospital, April 22, 1863. His remains, with many others, were brought to Albany and deposited in the Rural Cemetery. Thus he gave his young life, a noble sacrifice, for his country. His noble example will long be cherished by loving friends and a grateful community.

The following letter, from Captain MERRIHEW, shows the estimation in which he was held by his officers and companions in arms:

BONNET CARRE, LA., *April* 23, 1863.

MR. C. J. HEERMANCE:

Dear Sir—The circumstances under which I now address you, are painful to me, while to you they will be rendered doubly so.

It devolves upon me to communicate to you the sad intelligence of the death of your son, CHARLES S. HEERMANCE; he died here in the hospital, yesterday afternoon about two o'clock, of chronic diarrhœa. He had been in the hospital nearly all of the time since our arrival at this place. We did not consider him dangerously ill, and, only yesterday morning, his physician told him that he needed no more medicine; that with proper care of himself, he would soon recover his accustomed health; but it was otherwise ordered. In the afternoon, shortly after dinner, he was taken suddenly ill, and died almost immediately.

It may seem hard that we should so suddenly be called upon to mourn the loss of one so young and full of promise, and being so far away from kind friends and loved ones at home; but He who doeth all things well, has seen fit to take him away, and, while we mourn his loss, we have the happy assurance that he has gone to that better world where sickness never comes.

CHARLES was a general favorite in his company, both with officers and men, and particularly so with those who, like him, have been confined in the hospital. They miss him there, for he was always ready and willing to perform little acts of kindness, towards those more unfortunate than himself.

You will please accept the heartfelt sympathies of the company of which I now have the command, and of which CHARLES was a worthy member, in this your great bereavement; for I can assure you that your son had, while being associated with us here, by his many amiable qualities, endeared himself to us all, and we feel that the place now made vacant in our ranks by his death, we may never hope to fill again, by one like him.

His remains have been properly interred, with a board with his name cut thereon, placed at his head, to mark his final resting place. His personal effects are in my possession. Any mementoes or keepsakes which I may find, together with what little money he had, I will retain and deliver or forward to you.

I am, dear sir, your obedient servant,

E. H. MERRIHEW,

Captain Co. B, 177th N. Y. S. V.

CXXI.

STEPHEN PUTNAM PARKS.

STEPHEN, the son of WILLIAM and JANE ANN PARKS, residing at 172 Lumber street, Arbor Hill, Albany, was born October 26, 1848. At the breaking out of the war, when only thirteen years of age, he enlisted in the Twenty-fifth Regiment for three months as a drummer boy, and was stationed at Arlington Heights, Fort Albany.

On the 31st of March, 1864, he again enlisted as a drummer in the Forty-third Regiment N. Y. S. V. He joined the regiment at Brandy Station, Va., and was assigned to Company K. While in the service, he was in the following battles: The Wilderness, Va., May 5 and 6, 1864, and Spottsylvania Court House; Fort Stevens, Washington, D. C., July 12, and Winchester, September 19. Capt. WM. L. THOMSON, who had command of Company K during that time, writes of him as a good soldier, always doing his duty. After the above, he was in the battles of Cedar Creek, Coal Harbor, and the battles before Petersburg and Richmond.

On the 1st day of April, 1865, he was reported missing, since which time nothing has been heard of him.

He was a member of the Arbor Hill Methodist E. Church. He became connected with the church and school under the Rev. Mr. STRATTON's ministry, in the fall of 1860. He experienced religion at that time, and well do his friends remember how anxious he was about his soul. The night he went forward to the altar will never be forgotten by his mother. On arriving at home, he threw his arms around his mother's neck and said: "Ma, I have been up to the altar this evening to be prayed for; did I do wrong?" His mother told him no; that he was young yet, and that he would have to meet his companions, and that they would make fun of him. "Well, ma, I will pray God to help me through with it."

About this time a young men's prayer meeting was started on Sunday afternoons, before preaching, which has been kept up until the present time. He never missed a meeting.

When he left the school to go with the regiment, a copy of the New Testament was presented to him by his teacher, which he took with him to the front, and kept it as his companion. The last letter he wrote was before Petersburg, when he expressed a desire to come home. He wanted to see his mother. He asked his mother to pray for him, and requested her to ask the school to remember him. He was a member of the evening class, of which his mother was the leader, and he gave promise of being a very useful man in the church and to society. Though very young, he seemed always to be governed by a strong desire to do right in all things, and to discharge faithfully his duty in whatever position he was placed.

The motive that prompted him to go into the army was a desire to serve his country, and not from any mere feeling of adventure or excitement. His loss was deeply felt by his parents, and mourned by his many friends, to whom he had endeared himself by his uniform kindness. He was kind, affectionate; and all who knew him loved him.

CXXII.

HENRY SAYRE.

HENRY SAYRE was born in Lafayette, Sussex County, New Jersey, April 6, 1841. He was the son of DANIEL and REBECCA A. SAYRE, and from childhood was an affectionate and dutiful boy. He was regular in his attendance at church and the Sabbath school, and was a consistent member of the Washington Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church in Albany. It is worthy of remark, that probably no Christian denomination sent so many religious men to the war, as the Methodist Church. It is stated that thirty thousand of her members offered their lives upon the altars of their country during our late struggle. As a body, these heroes were inspired not only with strong Christian principles and a pure patriotism, but also with a heartfelt opposition to slavery, that had caused the war. They believed in human

rights, and in the freedom of all men, and they were ever found in the front rank of the armies that were battling for God and humanity.

Mr. SAYRE, like his other Methodist brethren, was full of piety, patriotism and zeal in the cause that he had espoused. For eight months he served his country in the State of Louisiana. The climate and the hardships to which he was exposed brought on the typhoid fever, of which he died May 19, 1863. He was a member of Co. B, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New York State Regiment, and was aged twenty-two years, one month, and thirteen days.

His young and afflicted widow received the following letter, giving an account of the closing days of his life:

CAMP BONNET CARRE, LA., *May 21, 1863.*

Mrs. HENRY SAYRE, 208 *Jay Street, Albany, N. Y.*

Dear Madam—In sorrow I make the announcement of the death of your dear husband, HENRY SAYRE, of Co. B, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment New York State Volunteers. He died near one o'clock, 19th inst., after a lingering illness with typhoid fever. He had the best of medical care and attention. In fact, during all my acquaintance with the sick, I never have seen such care and attention as was given to him. Tent mates JOHN B. SLINGERLAND, SAMUEL JACKSON and JOHN E. BAILEY, are entitled to much praise for their determination to see he had the best of care. Night and day they watched his bedside continually, ready to administer to his every want. Their untiring exertions and the best medical skill, however, failed to restore him, and he has gone forever from us.

I visited him often during his illness, and felt the greatest anxiety about his welfare. For from my first introduction to him by his old friend Lieut. BENNET, of my command, who spoke in kind terms of his many excellencies of character, he became greatly endeared to me, as he did to many other officers and members of the regiment, who with me, mourn his loss.

I asked him a short time before he died, if he had any word to leave for his wife. He said, "write her for me, and tell her

that my trust is in God." His request that I should write you is my apology for doing so. Undoubtedly the tidings that your bosom companion is no more; that he died in a land of strangers far away from his home and kindred, will fall with crushing weight upon your heart, already made anxious by his long absence from you. His aged, careworn mother, whom he so tenderly loved, must also be stricken down by this sad bereavement. But you both have the consolation of knowing that the departed was a true patriot and an earnest Christian, and that he died in a glorious cause and with the warm sympathies of all his comrades.

I trust, dear madam, that you may receive this sad intelligence with Christian fortitude, and with a confiding trust in the wisdom of God, who "doeth all things well."

Mr. SAYRE was buried on the 20th inst. in the Brigade Cemetery. He had what is termed a Christian soldier's burial.

With assurance of my warmest sympathy in your great affliction,

I am truly yours,

M. L. FILKINS,

Captain Co. G, 177th Regt.

The remains were, in May, 1864, brought home, and now rest in the sacred city of departed heroes, the Albany Rural Cemetery.

CXXIII.

ROBERT A. CADWELL.

ROBERT A. CADWELL was born in Albany, 16th of April, 1845, and was the son of LEVI and ELIZA CADWELL. He was baptized in infancy in the North Pearl Street Methodist Church, and was early instructed in the principles and duties of the Christian religion. At the age of five years he became a member of the Sabbath school, and continued in it up to the time of his enlistment. He was a most affectionate child, and very quick to learn

at home and at school. He was a great reader, and retained what he read or studied.

During a revival in the Sabbath school, in 1856, he was hopefully converted, and was received to the church on probation. At the age of sixteen he removed to Brooklyn and engaged in business. While residing there he felt it to be his duty to do all that he could for his country, and on the 17th of March, 1862, he enlisted as a private in the Fourteenth Brooklyn Regiment. He was in the battle at Centerville, and in many other battles in which he distinguished himself for his coolness and bravery.

Under date of Upton Hill, Virginia, September 3, 1862, he writes to his fond mother: "We have had some very hard times here. We have been fighting for the last nine days, and the slaughter has been so great, that we have but one hundred and fourteen men left in our regiment. Our Captain, the Colonel, and fifteen other officers have been killed or wounded. I received nine shots through my pantaloons and my hat, but thanks to the Lord, none ever grazed my body. I am completely exhausted and can write no more."

In the terrible battle of Antietam, on the 17th of September, 1862, he was shot through the heart while his regiment was moving in line of battle towards the enemy. He fell and instantly expired.

His body, with hundreds of others, rests upon that field which was saturated with the precious blood of the martyrs, to the cause of human freedom. His soul has gone to its reward, in the heavenly world.

In a beautiful tribute to his character, his Sabbath school teacher says, that when a member of his class, ROBERT was punctual, attentive, intelligent, and could always be relied upon. He then adds, "His vacant place in the Sabbath school tells us he has gone: but we may meet him where there are 'no rumors of wars,' and we shall find his crown bespangled with stars, given to him by God, for being willing to sacrifice all things, even life itself, in defence of the principles of justice and humanity."

In the death of this promising youth, a widowed mother

mourns the loss of her only child. But she is sustained by the consolations and hopes of the religion of Jesus; and her affliction has quickened her activity in laboring to bring the members of his Sabbath school class and others, to her Saviour.

CXXIV.

JOSIAH DUNHAM.

JOSIAH DUNHAM, the son of OSCAR and GERTRUDE DUNHAM, was born in Albany, March 14, 1842.

Actuated by a pure patriotism, he enlisted in Company F, Forty-fourth New York Regiment, on the 2d of September, 1861.

He was at the siege of Yorktown, and in the battle at Hanover Court House. He was shot on the 27th of May, 1862, and died on the 29th of May.

Before the fatal moment that he received his death wound, he had given evidence that he was a child of God. As the hour of his dissolution approached, he prayed fervently for his relatives and friends at home; for his country, and then for his soul, that God would receive it to himself. Lifting himself in his bed, with a countenance radiant with peace and joy, he exclaimed to his tent mates: "Now, I am ready," and soon after he slept in Jesus.

JOSIAH loved to read his Bible; he loved to pray, and labored to live the life of a true Christian. Before entering the army, he attended the First Baptist Church in Albany, and was a member of the Sabbath school.

The following letter, from Capt. ALLEN, was received by the father of the deceased:

GEN. F. J. PORTER'S DIVISION, CAMP NEAR
NEW BRIDGE, VA., *June 4, 1862.* }

Mr. OSCAR DUNHAM:

Dear Sir—I have a melancholy though sacred task to perform, which I hardly know how to approach.

You have doubtless heard, ere this reaches you, of the severe battle of Hanover C. H. on the 27th of May; that the Forty-fourth New York was engaged and got badly cut up, and that Company F, in particular, suffered terribly.

Your son, JOSIAH, was mortally wounded, and died on the 26th. I saw him the day after the battle, and it is in compliance with his request that I write to you. He was lying in a room with two other men, mortally wounded like himself. His eyes were closed and he was apparently unconscious; but when I took his hand and asked him if he knew me, he said, rousing up, but with a good deal of effort, "Oh, yes, I know you, Captain," but immediately relapsed into his former state. I thought it not best to excite him, and turned to another of our wounded men, when I was surprised to hear him call in quite a strong voice, "Captain." I immediately knelt beside him. "If anything should happen that I shouldn't stand it out, I want you to write to my friends." I promised to do anything for him in my power, and asked the address, and if there was any particular thing which he wanted said to you. He replies: "Tell them *how* I died, and give my love to my mother and sisters, and send them this picture. I want them to give it to the owner."

He died like a brave man, in a good cause, and his last thoughts were with his mother and sisters, and the friend he loved.

You have my warmest sympathies in your bereavement, and in your severe affliction. The manner and circumstances of his death will, I hope, be a consolation to you. I send the picture, as he requested, and as he also requested me to write to the owner, please allow her to read this.

I am, sir, very truly yours,

C. ALLEN,
Captain 44th N. Y. Vols.

CXXV.

JOHN C. CALVERLY.

JOHN C. CALVERLY left Albany as a member of Company F, (Albany Co.) Forty-fourth Regiment N. Y. S. V., when that regiment left this city for the war. He was then eighteen years old. He was, with his company, always on duty from that time, until he was taken sick three weeks before his death. His whole heart was with the cause for which he had given his life. In several instances during his short term with his company, he was compelled to fall behind from fatigue during the march, but always doing so unwillingly, and always at his post again before a halt. He was on picket all night before he was taken with the sickness which resulted in his death. Fever was brought on by his over-exertion, and the unhealthy atmosphere of the Peninsula.

He died on the 6th day of May, 1862, on board the steamer "Ocean Queen," then used as a military hospital. His body was embalmed and sent to Baltimore, in charge of Corporal D. W. CHANDLER, who there delivered it to a brother of the deceased soldier. The remains were taken to Albany, and on the 14th day of May were buried in the Albany Rural Cemetery. The cause of his death is sufficient proof of his fidelity as a soldier; and the company of which he was a member, at the time of his death, in a series of resolutions, expressed their sincere regard for him as a citizen and comrade, and their appreciation of his many good qualities.

CXXVI.

FERGUS MADDEN.

OF this brave soldier the "Albany Times" thus speaks in connection with his comrade, Mr. SCAHALL:

OF FERGUS MADDEN we need not speak in terms of praise, his deeds are his best eulogy. Like SCAHALL, where he was most intimately known he was best loved and respected as a generous and true hearted friend, manly and straightforward in all his associations, of an irreproachable character and unsullied name. He was a member of the One Hundred and Twenty-second New York Volunteers, having enlisted in August, 1862. Possessed with a laudable ambition of gaining a position in the profession of arms, while in daily expectation of receiving a slight acknowledgment of his services in the field, he was captured on the 6th of May last, during the battle of the Wilderness.

As a prisoner of war he conducted himself, as he always did when conscious of having done his duty, with "complacency and truth and manly sweetness."

But a few months since, these young men were in the midst of an extended circle of friends and relatives, in the enjoyment of perfect health and all the comforts of a home, surrounded, as they were, by everything that tends to make home happy. But, true and patriotic, they fully appreciated the magnitude of the contest, and knew that strong arms and loyal hearts could alone avert the fearful calamities that threatened their country. With these were they liberally endowed, and these they have dedicated to their country's service. Neither died as soldiers wish to die, on the field of battle, amid the shouts of contending armies. They pined within the dreary walls of a southern prison, far from friends and home, the victims of a disease that slowly but surely preludes death. Not even were they allowed to die beneath the starry folds of the old flag they had borne victoriously through many a fight. It was, however, some mitigation of the horrors of death in their miserable abode, that two such friends as they were from boyhood up, should cheer each other in their

efforts to keep alive the spark of hope, and lighten the evils of the disease under which they lay prostrate. Both died in the morning of life, ere the flowers of early manhood had yet bloomed and brightened, to promise a future of honor and success. Albany may well feel proud of the patriotic and heroic band of martyrs, who have yielded up their lives in the cause of liberty and union.

CXXVII.

GEORGE W. SCHERMERHORN, OF RENSSELAERVILLE.

GEORGE W. SCHERMERHORN was born in Durham, Greene county, New York, March 25, 1838. The names of his parents are DANIEL and LUCINDA SCHERMERHORN.

The only information that I have been able to obtain concerning him, is furnished in the following letter from his faithful Chaplain, the Rev. L. H. PEASE, addressed to Mr. ALLEN PECK:

Mr. ALLEN PECK :

Dear Sir—Before this reaches you, you will probably have learned from other sources that you have been called to lay a costly offering on the altar of your country, one which will cause you deep sadness of spirit.

That select and esteemed regiment, the Forty-fourth, which left Albany a few weeks since with so much eclat, and so many hurrahs, has met a sterner and more relentless enemy than the rebels, even the king who wields his iron scepter everywhere, the king of terrors. And your son (Mr. SCHERMERHORN), has been called as one of the first fruits of the offering of the ELLSWORTH regiment on the altar of liberty.

Soon after we left Albany, the measles broke out, and this, together with the great change in the manner of life at this season of the year, and the great exposures to which the men have been subjected while getting used to camp life, have caused us to be visited with more than usual sickness.

But not till this week have any died. This week five have died, four in our midst, and one in Calorama hospital, on the other side of the Potomac. The first, a son of EDWARD GARDNER, of West Burlington, Otsego county, died on Monday evening last, or rather Tuesday morning about one o'clock. The second, a son of Colonel E. BELCHER, of Newark Valley, Tioga county, (I think) died about nine and a half on Wednesday evening, and on Thursday at about the same hour or a little later, your son GEORGE was called to bid adieu to earth.

About the same hour JOHN HINES, of Evans' Center, Erie county, was called away, and also a man by the name of WILSON on the other side of the river. A sad week, long to be remembered.

Whether your son has fought a good fight or not, the battle is over. He has finished his course and has been early called to fill a soldier's honored grave. But, though he died far from kindred and home, think not that he died unattended and friendless. We are all brothers in this regiment. I conversed and prayed with him a great many times during his sickness, and did everything in my power to lead him to Christ. A hospital in the camp is one of the worst places in the world, in which to prepare to die in. But, though no mother or sisters attended him in his last hours, the blessed Saviour was just as near as he could have been, if our young friend had been at home surrounded by friends; and the road to heaven is as short and straight from here, as there, and God will take care of his dust wherever it may lie.

His disease, in its later stages, was typhoid fever. He partially recovered, and came over from the hospital to the camp a little too soon, which was followed by a relapse. I cannot detail in this place, the particulars of the different conversations which I held with him. I repeatedly urged him to cast himself entirely upon Christ, and endeavored to explain to him how to do it; and more than once he affirmed that he did so. Whether he really did give himself away, God only knows.

The last conversation that I had with him was on the day that he died. I asked him, among other things, if he could put his

trust entirely in Christ. "Yes, sir," he replied, "with perfect confidence." I prayed with him, and urged him to pray, and left him to see him here no more.

We must leave him in the hands of God; but let his surviving relatives beware how they put off repentance to that worst of all times to prepare to die, the death bed. And let them remember,

"Hearts like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

I was in favor of having his remains sent home; so also were many of his company. You can have them sent home now if you desire it, by making the necessary arrangements. It is true, no matter where our dust lies, God will take care of it wherever it may be; yet we have a preference. Many a soldier sleeps on this "sacred soil;" a soil too sacred now for the tread of slaves. And of some of these soldiers it may truly be said:

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the cold grave was hurried,
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where the hero lies buried."

But those uncoffined and unmonumental graves shall only make this whole land more dear in our sight, and nerve and gird our spirits for its defence and deliverance.

I trust you will never regret having sent your son forth. He could not have died in a more glorious cause, or fill a more honored grave. Rather be prepared to send another, if need be, to fill his place. And may He who is a very present help in every time of trouble, be better to you than sons or daughters. So may you profit by this affliction that you will have occasion to thank God through eternity, that it was sent. Accept, I pray you, the sympathies and kind regards of a stranger but a friend.

Yours, truly,

L. H. PEASE,

Chaplain 44th N. Y. S. V.

HALL'S HILL, VA., Nov. 24, 1861.

CXXVIII.

WILLIAM SNELL.

WHAT we have been able to learn of this patriot is communicated in the following letter from one of his parents:

“WILLIAM SNELL, son of JAMES and ELIZA SNELL, was born in Albany, November 24, 1838. At the commencement of the rebellion, he felt it to be his duty to offer his services in defence of his country. Being a member of the Tenth Regiment, he voted, with the company, to offer their services to the Governor, and they were accepted. They were sent to New Orleans, and there he served as Quartermaster's clerk. After the battle of Port Hudson, they started for home, having been absent ten months. He arrived in Albany on the 1st of September.

“The regiment lost most of their men, and those who survived were in a sick or dying condition. He remained home about three months, until he recovered from the fever, of which he had a severe attack. Very soon there was another call for three hundred thousand men to join the army. Our dear son returned to the war, giving as his reason for doing so that it was the duty of unmarried men to be foremost in the defence of their country.

“He went to Brooklyn and joined the Seventh Heavy Artillery, Company H, which was sent to Fort Reno, D. C. Being a ready writer, he was detailed for bookkeeper for the Colonel. While at Fort Reno his leisure moments were spent in teaching his comrades mathematics and war tactics.

“On the 2d of June, they received orders to go down to the front, to a place called Coal Harbor, near Petersburg. I need not inform you that the fight was terrific, and there fell several hundred of our men. Many were wounded, and those who remained, were captured.

“WILLIAM SNELL was among the captured. Three days after the battle of Coal Harbor, which was on the 3d of June, he was missing. Nothing further was heard of him until we were informed by the Second Auditor of the settlement of his affairs,

and we ascertained he had died on the 10th day of October, 1864, in a rebel prison. When he died, his age was twenty-five years, ten months and fifteen days.

“He corresponded with each of the family in turn until the 31st of May. His letters were very affectionate. He had a pleasing way with him, which gained friends wherever he went. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to which his parents and sisters belong. While he was absent, he used to say in his letters that he was striving to attend to his religious duties.

“He was very strongly attached to the Sabbath school, and as a teacher, he was much beloved and respected. He was benevolent to the poor, and was naturally kind and sympathetic to those who were in trouble, and to the sick. We hope to meet him among the angels, where all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and where parting shall be no more.”

CXXIX.

EDMUND HOLMES.

EDMUND HOLMES was born in Claverack, Columbia county, in the year 1835. He was the son of JOSEPH and CATHARINE HOLMES. From his childhood, he was noted for his truthfulness and his obedience to his parents.

At the time the war broke out, he was a shoemaker by trade, and had a wife and several children. His strong love of country led him to enlist July 17, 1862, in the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment N. Y. V.

His regiment was stationed at Fort Reno, D. C., for nearly two years. In May, 1864, it received marching orders, and all through the battles of the Wilderness that regiment was ever distinguished for its bravery. On the 16th of June, many of the regiment were taken prisoners by the enemy, and among the number was EDMUND HOLMES. He was taken to Andersonville, Ga., where he remained until removed by death, August 21,

1864. His sufferings were very great, yet he never regretted enlisting for his country. A short time before he died, he spoke to a friend, who was with him, of his extreme exhaustion, and turning over upon his side he expired. He was buried where he died, and where many of our bravest and best are sleeping.

Mr. HOLMES was a good citizen, a true patriot, a brave soldier, and a kind husband and father. As his children grow up, they will have the consciousness that their father gave his life for his country; that even amid the horrors of a most foul and cruel imprisonment, he did not regret the sacrifices that he was making for liberty and the American Republic.

CXXX.

MINOT HENRY PEASE.

MINOT HENRY PEASE was born in Albany, August 19, 1843, and died September 23, 1862, aged nineteen years.

One month after he reached his eighteenth year, he obtained the consent of his father to enlist, which he did at Fort Snelling on the 23d of September, 1861, in Company D, Second Regiment Minnesota Volunteers. He was in the battle of Mill Springs, and was one of those who met the enemy face to face, and fought hand to hand over the fence. Lieut. TUTTLE writes to his father: "Your son went into the battle at my side, and fought like a man. He has gained a name with the Second Regiment."

He was also in the intrenchments at Fort Donelson, and brought home some trophies, after presenting his officers with a handsome secesh portfolio.

He was taken with typhoid fever at Louisville, from which he partially recovered, and, being anxious to keep up with his regiment, joined in the march of Gen. BUEL from Nashville to Pittsburg Landing, and was on that bloody field just after the fight. The fatigues and exposures of this forced march were too much, and he was reduced by chronic dysentery, and forwarded by Lieut. MOULTON to the Pacific hospital, St. Louis, with the first

load of wounded from that sanguinary field. On the 30th of April last he obtained a furlough, and came home to die among his kindred. He received his discharge for disability on the 16th of July. Since then he has suffered extremely, and at last his disease ran into insanity, from which he only partially recovered, and which terminated his life.

CXXXI.

JOHN VAN BUEREN.

JOHN VAN BUEREN was born on the 19th day of November, 1833, in the city of Dordrecht, Holland. He was the son of DANIEL VAN BUEREN and MARTINA P. ANKER, who emigrated to America with him in the year 1848. Having a desire for a seafaring life, he left home at the age of twenty years, and visited Holland, the East Indies and other countries. He returned home after an absence of three years. During his absence, his letters were always marked by a great affection for his relatives at home. After his return and before his enlistment, he regularly attended the Holland Dutch Reformed Church of Albany, and was a member of the Bible class. Had he not been called from home by the war, he would undoubtedly have become a member of the church.

The Rev. Mr. HUBOLDT, then pastor of the church, had great confidence in JOHN, and deeply felt his loss from the city. At the breaking out of the war, JOHN exhibited an ardent patriotism, and when advised not to go into the army, he replied that his heart was with his adopted country, and he was willing to offer up his life, if necessary, to sustain it. When advised by his mother not to go, he answered: "Mother, you will be proud of me when I return home." He enlisted on the 18th of May, 1861, in Capt. GRIDLEY's Company A, Eighteenth New York Volunteer Infantry. He participated in all the battles that his regiment was engaged in under Gen. G. B. McCLELLAN,

and was universally beloved and respected in his company as a sincere friend and brave soldier.

On the 14th day of September, 1862, at the battle of South Mountain, Maryland, while making a charge with his regiment, he was shot through the head, and almost instantly killed. He did not speak after receiving his wound. He was buried by his comrades on the farm of Mr. JACOB GOODMAN, near the village of Burkettville, Md.

At the time of JOHN'S death, his father and brother had just returned from a three months' service in the Twenty-fifth N. Y. Militia.

Immediately upon hearing of his death, his father proceeded to the battle ground, but was unable to find the grave. It was, however, afterwards found by his brother, who was then a member of the Forty-third New York Volunteers. The head-board contained the following inscription, roughly carved by some friendly hand:

“JOHN VAN BUEREN, Co. A, 18th N. Y. Vols.

“Killed September 14th, 1862.

“A Brave Soldier.”

CXXXII.

SAMUEL W. KELLY

SAMUEL W. KELLY was born at Albany, April 8th, 1842, and was the son of GEORGE W. and JULIA A. KELLY. His father died when he was an infant. When a child he was bright and intelligent, with good moral habits. He was baptized in the Methodist church, the Sabbath School of which he attended. From his childhood up, he always respected religion.

At the breaking out of the rebellion, he was moved from patriotic motives to enlist in defence of his country. He joined the Thirty-fourth New York State Volunteers, and served with the regiment nine months, when he was discharged on account of sickness.

After returning home, he enlisted May 31st, 1862, in Company A. N. Y. S. V. G. M., and served out his time of enlistment. When on his way home, he was shipwrecked, and suffered greatly for want of clothing. The ladies of Philadelphia kindly furnished him with the articles he needed. Notwithstanding all the sufferings and hardships which he had previously passed through, he again enlisted against the entreaties and persuasions of his friends. He felt it to be his duty to help to put down the rebellion. When asked by his friends, if he was not afraid of being shot, he replied that he was willing to lay down his life for his country.

In November he enlisted in the (Tenth N. Y. M.) One Hundred and Seventy-Seventh N. Y. S. V., Company A. He served with the Regiment through the Louisiana campaign of General BANKS, and was at the siege of Port Hudson when it surrendered to the union forces. He was one of the first to carry provisions to the starving rebels.

Before his departure for home he was taken sick with a fever, and suffered greatly until he arrived at Rochester, where he was kindly cared for. He was taken to St. Mary's hospital, where he was met by his mother. He never for once murmured, or regretted having enlisted. He requested the prayers of his mother and friends at home, and appeared satisfied when told that his mother had always prayed for him. He died September, 1863, believing and trusting in the Saviour. His body was brought to Albany, and buried in the Rural Cemetery.

The following notice of him appeared in the Albany "Knickerbocker."

DEATH OF A TRUE HERO—ANOTHER VICTIM OF DISEASE.—It becomes our painful duty, this morning, to chronicle the death of another member of the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh (Tenth) Regiment—another victim of disease—SAMUEL KELLY, of Company A, having departed this life on Wednesday afternoon. He died in the hospital at Rochester, and it is consoling to know a kind and affectionate mother, and doting brother attended him in his last moments. Young KELLY at first enlisted in the Thirty fourth Regiment, and went off as a private in the

first rank. He served faithfully for some eight months, when he was stricken down by disease, and, it being thought that he could not recover, he received an honorable discharge on account of disability. He came home, and with kind nursing and good care was soon able to leave his bed, and, shortly afterwards, recovered entirely from his sickness. His love of country would not permit him to remain at home, so that when the Twenty-fifth Regiment left for the seat of war the second time, prominent among its gallant boys was the subject of this sketch. He passed through the Virginia campaign, and returned with the regiment when its time had expired. Again, when the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment started on its long and perilous journey through the "sunny south," young KELLY could not be prevented from accompanying it, and for the third and last time he bade farewell to friends and home, intent in his patriotic motives, if need be, to offer up his young life as a sacrifice in behalf of the rights of his native land.

We sincerely condole with the afflicted mother in her distress at the loss of her brave boy. His was a noble death, and though in his patriotism he dared its terrors on many battle fields, a gracious Providence willed it otherwise. He was spared the agony of death on rebel soil. His last moments on this earth were passed amid the kind attentions of a loving mother, whose presence rendered his dying moments easy. The kind words of a fond mother, were to him in his dying hours a consolation which made death's terrors less painful to the gallant youth; and those hands which first caressed him when a babe, now smoothed the pillow of the dying boy, and closed his eyes in death.

CXXXIII.

JOSEPH GLADDING.

JOSEPH GLADDING was the son of TIMOTHY C. and SARAH ANN GLADDING. TIMOTHY GLADDING, his father, was born December 26th, 1810, and became an eminently christian man, esteemed and beloved by many friends. He was converted March 1, 1835, and united with the Methodist Church, of which he was an active member. He was appointed class leader February 7th, 1837. From the time of his conversion until his death, he was ever ready and willing to labor for Christ. Shortly before his death he said: "For him to live is Christ; but to die, is gain." He departed this life December 14th, 1850, with bright hopes of immortal happiness.

His only son, JOSEPH, was born in Albany, February 19, 1845. He enlisted, December 26th, 1863, in the Eighteenth New York Cavalry, and left Albany for Elmira December 28th, arriving there on the morning of the 30th. They remained in the barracks at that place until February, when they were sent to Washington. They went into camp there for five days, and left Washington for New Orleans, February 20th, and went into barracks there, where they remained. As the company to which he belonged were not supplied with horses, they were not sent with the Red River expedition, but went to Brashear City, on guard duty. They were there nearly a month. Not long after he was taken sick with chills and fever and diarrhœa, and was in the camp hospital about two weeks, when he was removed to the Marine hospital at New Orleans.

On the 26th of September he received a furlough for forty days, and came home, hoping to recover his health. But when his furlough expired his health was no better, yet he was anxious to return to his regiment, but was unable to do so until March; and, although very feeble then, he felt that he must go. He left Albany for New York March 10th; remained there until the 16th, when he went to New Orleans, arriving there after a tedious passage of sixteen days. He reported at the Marine hospital,

and the doctor, after examining him, said he must go right back to New York by a hospital boat that was to start that day. He had a quick passage, arriving at the McDougal hospital, April 8th. Thence he was conveyed to the Albany hospital, where he arrived Saturday, April 15th. He was then very sick, and much fatigued by his journey. Everything, however, was done for him that could be done, but he failed fast, and on Tuesday, April 18th, 1865, he died, aged twenty years. He was not connected with any church, but he felt the need of a Saviour, and requested his friends to pray for him, and he prayed for himself, and we hope his prayers were answered.

JOSEPH was a kind and affectionate son and brother, and his loss is deeply felt by his relatives and friends.

CXXXIV.

JOHN G. PERKINS.

JOHN G. PERKINS, son of JOHN H. and ELIZABETH A. PERKINS, was born in Albany November 15th, 1846. He was an only son, and during his boyhood he attended the Experimental school. While in Albany, the family attended the Congregational church, and he was a member of the Sabbath school. In 1857 his parents removed to Hoboken, New Jersey, where he joined the Dutch Reformed Sabbath school; his father being a member of the Dutch church.

At the commencement of the war, his father, like many others, lost all his property in the Southern trade. He then went to Washington on business, where he was taken sick and died; leaving a wife and two children (a son and daughter) to mourn his loss.

After his father's death, JOHN had a situation offered to him in a dry goods store in Columbus, Ohio, where he had an uncle residing. His uncle being a member of the Methodist church, he joined the Bible Class connected with that church. He had not been there very long when his Sabbath school teacher com-

menced raising a company for the war. He being anxious to fight for his country, joined his teacher's company in August 1862; being then only sixteen years of age. Being unaccustomed to any hardships, he was taken sick while on board the boat that was conveying his regiment, the One Hundred and Thirteenth Ohio Volunteers, from Louisville, Kentucky, to Nashville, Tennessee. He grew worse, and when they arrived at Nashville it was necessary to take him to the General hospital, No. 3, where after two weeks' sickness he died of typhoid pneumonia, at the age of seventeen.

Word was sent to his mother of his sickness; but before she could get to him she received tidings of his death. She then went to several of the leading men of this city, to ascertain if she could have his remains sent home; but they gave her no encouragement whatever, as no bodies were brought North at that time. Through the kindness, however, of Dr. EWING, the body was embalmed and placed in a metallic coffin, and subsequently sent home. The mother received many letters from the doctor and the nurse regarding her son. In one from the doctor, he says: "Your son fully realized the awful change that was so soon to take place; but the nurses all assured me that he was resigned and happy, and appeared to feel that beyond the grave, he would be free from the strife and turmoil that had surrounded him for the last few months. He spoke often of his mother and his little sister GRACE, and wanted to see them very much; but that pleasure was denied him. I believe he was truly worthy of a mother's love."

In one of the letters she received from his Captain, he says: "I truly sympathize with you in your loss, and I would like to have been with your son in his last moments. I have been told that he seemed anxious to see me to tell me something; perhaps a message to his mother or his little sister; or perhaps he wanted me to petition the throne of grace for him. I would willingly have done all I could to relieve his sufferings; but he is gone. What is our loss may be his gain. 'God doeth all things well;' let us trust in Him."

His mother received many letters from her son while he was

in the army. In one he says: "I have bought a nice Bible, and shall read it every day. If I get killed, or die on the battle field, don't mourn for me; but remember I die defending my country, and I hope we shall all meet in Heaven."

In another letter written just one month before he died, he speaks of his camp life and reading his Bible. He then sent his mother a lock of his hair.

JOHN entered the army from a pure love of liberty. He abhorred the system of slavery, and took every opportunity to show his kindness to the unfortunate colored race.

On one occasion, having found an aged colored man who had no home and was without food, he took his own dinner to him, and supplied his wants until he was provided with a home.

While in the army, JOHN was greatly beloved by his officers and comrades. He was also an affectionate and dutiful son, and his early death has filled the heart of his widowed mother with the deepest sorrow.

CXXXV.

AARON P. SPRINGER.

AARON P. SPRINGER joined the Eighty-first Regiment of New York Volunteers in September, 1861. He had, a few weeks previous to his joining this regiment, in company with Capt. JOHN COOK, of this city, formerly of the Ninety-first Regiment N. Y. V., endeavored to raise an independent company for the war; but through the urgent request of his friends, he was persuaded to go to Fort Ontario, Oswego, where the Eighty-first Regiment was being organized. But having been disappointed in obtaining there a commission, which he had every reason to expect, he, inspired with a pure patriotism, had his name enrolled as a private in Company F, and started with the regiment for the seat of war.

Being fifty-four years of age, the arduous duties and long marches soon began to wear on his frame, and after passing safely through the great battles of the summer of 1862, under Gen.

MCCLELLAN, immediately after that memorable battle of Fair Oaks, he was worn out, and came to the hospital at Washington. In a few days he received leave of absence to visit his home. He arrived home, where he was warmly welcomed by his family, for he was an indulgent father and kind husband. He was greatly exhausted, and received every attention that the love of his family could render; but in a few days he passed from time to eternity.

His two sons, ADRIAN and CHARLES, soon after joined the army of freedom, both of whom were severely wounded—ADRIAN at Coal Harbor, and CHARLES at Petersburg, Va. Surely, none could have done more for their country, than this noble and patriotic family.

As to the character of AARON P. SPRINGER, it was spotless. He was a noble citizen, and those with whom he associated, well remember the genial smile with which he always greeted them. It was often said of him that he never had an enemy.

His remains lie in the beautiful church yard at Schenectady, where the turf grows over a good citizen, an affectionate father, a brave soldier and a pure patriot.

CXXXVI.

GERRIT H. VAN DENBURG, OF GUILDERLAND.

GERRIT H. VAN DENBURG, son of TEUNIS and MARIA VAN DENBURG, was born in the town of New Scotland, Albany county, June 21, 1837. From a child he was thoughtful and mature and, when quite young, he was looked to for advice and counsel, by his brother and sisters. As a son he was very obedient, dutiful and affectionate. Study was a rare enjoyment for him, though he longed to store his mind with knowledge. Being the oldest living son, he was kept much from school to labor on the farm. His taste for reading was very great, and his favorite books, when young, were the histories of nations and the biographies of distinguished men.

He was converted in the month of August, 1857. Soon after this important event, he wrote thus to his mother:

“Dear Mother—I shall now reveal to you the great joy of my heart. For more than a week I have been praying, in secret, that my sins might be forgiven. Last Friday night, the Lord gave the blest assurance that they were, and I have been happy ever since. I am now determined to give up this world and prepare for that which is to come. I am impressed with the thought that I am called to preach the gospel. Pray for me, my dear mother, that I may be faithful unto death.”

GERRIT immediately united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was, ever afterward, an active useful Christian. He was not satisfied to enjoy God's love alone, but besought many of his associates to turn to Christ and live. Feeling it to be his duty to preach the gospel, he consulted with several eminent ministers, who gave him encouragement; and he commenced teaching in the spring of 1858, as a means of gaining funds to educate himself. He taught one year, during which time he was the means of bringing several of his scholars and friends to Christ. He then attended school at the New York Conference Seminary until his funds were exhausted, when he again resorted to teaching. In this way he taught and attended school alternately, until the month of August, 1862, when he enlisted in the Eleventh New York Battery, known as the Havelock Battery. He had thought of enlisting from the very first, but was prevented by the feeling that he ought to pursue his studies for the ministry. In writing to his brother, who thought of enlisting, he said: “I say Amen; only feel yourself prepared to die, and able and willing to endure hardships. Do not go unless your heart is in the cause, and you feel it to be your duty. Had I not felt that my duty was in a different direction, I should have been in the field ere to-day.”

When urged to stay at home, by those who thought he ought to pursue his studies for the ministry, he said: I can better go than some man with a family. I have no appointment for preaching yet, and perhaps I can do more good in the army than any-

where else. I have made it a subject of prayer, and if God leads me that way I'll go."

He entered the field August the 14th, 1862, a short time before the battle at Manassas; in which he did his part as a true soldier. He was also in the battles of Gettysburg and Spottsylvania, and the great fight at Fredericksburg.

After the battle of Manassas he writes: "I felt quite composed during the fight; though the balls flew close to my head many times. I felt God was with me even then. Our boys are brave and true, but boast not. I could give some different news than what you saw in the papers. When you see the word victory, be not sure; but hope and pray that it is true. Tell mother not to weep for me; but rejoice that if I live or die, my character is blameless, and my affections set fervently to love God and man."

Soon after he writes: "Some of the battery desire me to preach. I am living and talking christianity among them, and they need it much; I never was more stimulated to live a faithful Christian; and God gives me grace according to my day."

Toward the latter part of September, he was taken ill with bilious fever, and was conveyed to Fairfax Seminary hospital, where he remained until that building was vacated for the wounded of BURNSIDE's army. He was then sent to Fort Schuyler, and remained until April 20th, 1863. Being scarcely able to again do a soldier's duty, yet very anxious to be active, he persuaded his physician to allow him to return to Virginia. He was very patient while in the hospital, although he suffered very much, as his diary abundantly shows.

While there he wrote thus to his younger brothers:

"Dear Brothers—You cannot tell how I feel, when I write you this letter. Every word of advice that I give you, I think may be the last. You may die, or I may die. PHILIP was our brother, and we loved him; yet he died. You think he went to Heaven, don't you? He was good, and tried to do right; are you both trying to do the same? Do you want to go where he is when you die? I think you do. But you can not go there, unless you are good and love God. I was young once, and thought-

less. I thought I knew as much as father and mother. But I have learned better since. Mother is the dearest friend you have on earth. She has watched and prayed over you many long weary nights. Do you try to please her? She will leave us by and by. God will call her home to Heaven. Then, if you provoke her now, you will be sorry all your life. O, brothers, I can't keep back the tears as I write these words to you. Beware of bad boys, whose influence is so destructive. How many nights have I prayed to God that you might be kept from the wrongs of other boys. I hope the day may come when I shall be with you at home again. But if I should never come home again, try to meet me in Heaven."

He left the hospital voluntarily, and says, after entering the army again:

"I feel quite content, having volunteered a second time to come to old Virginia. I pray that my health may remain good, for I fear sickness more than the fight. I trust Heaven will still be my protection, for thus far I have been wonderfully preserved. I have become strengthened by stemming the tide of wickedness."

Soon after his return to the field, he, with the battery, engaged in a battle near Fredericksburg, after which he writes:

"We have been in the fight, and lost a few men. It is hard to see our brothers fall around us. We were in the front line twenty-four hours, and all did their duty nobly. The fight continued one week. Our whole army did nobly. But, oh! what a contest!"

Mr. VAN DENBURG held prayer meetings most of the time while in the field, in which he seemed deeply interested. He had several converts, of which he speaks in his diary. At one time he says: "Had a happy meeting last night. All the converts prayed. We have fourteen in all now." Afterwards he speaks of A., or H., or B.'s conversion; so we feel assured that the fourteen were not all that he was the instrument of bringing to Christ. In speaking of the meetings, his expressions were like these: "Blessed meeting last night! The Lord filled all our hearts. Was greatly rejoiced to hear the converts speak."

"It is surprising how our meetings prosper. We have a new convert almost every night. Praise God for his goodness. He is in the army as well as at home." "Heard a discouraging word about a couple of converts. I feel as though I was a pastor over them, and yet how unworthy I am." Again he says: "Glorious meeting! Another convert! Glory be to God for such a meeting!"

He seemed very much to regret Sabbath labor, and any disturbance in the army on the Lord's day, and speaks of it frequently in his diary, as well as in letters to friends.

He always wrote home immediately after a battle, if nothing more than to say, "I am safe." After the battle at Gettysburg, he says:

"We have been in the fight, and were in the front line forty-eight hours. When we were called up, the line was vacant where we went in, it having been temporarily broken by the horrid fire of the enemy. But in the mean time they were more severely injured than we were, for the field is strewn with their dead, and our hospitals are filled with their wounded. I had several close calls, and one shell came for me, but seeing it, I jumped aside, and it fell exactly where I had stood. Our men and officers fought nobly; we lost a noble man in SICKLES, and another in REYNOLDS. I was quite composed on the field, and endured all well. I rejoice to say I can look up to God, even in the hottest of the fight."

Again he writes:

"Dear Friends at Home—I am again talking with you, although at long range. And I must first tell you some good news. The good Lord has blessed us greatly in our prayer meetings, and some have been converted. I believe they have often started meetings in the battery before, but always failed. But now, praise the Lord, I believe they are established. I feel unworthy to take charge of the meetings, but they unanimously voted me in again the other night. I pray God to help me, for I want to do his will. There is one thing binds me very much to our winter camp, and that is the frequent sacred communings with our Heavenly Father. How dear it must also be to those who date

their conversion here. Thank Heaven, the Havelock Battery is somewhat redeemed. Take courage and pray for us. Oh, if you could attend a soldier's prayer meeting! We hold them twice a week, and we are really blessed and happy in them."

Our hero was as remarkable for his industry as his piety. One of his comrades remarked, that he never knew a person who used his moments up so closely. He seemed to consider every hour and every moment, as lent him from the Lord. He was very fond of writing, and composed with great facility. We regret that our limits will not allow us to give some extracts from his poems and prose writings. For some weeks previous to his death, he seemed to be impressed with the idea that he would not live through the campaign, and expressed the same to friends who were with him, and also in his letters to friends at home.

The following are the two last letters that he ever wrote:

NEAR COAL HARBOR, *June 4, 1864.*

Dear Friends at Home—In haste, I write a few words, just to let you know that all is well with me and the rest of our battery. We are now in line of battle, and have just fired several rounds. Two rebel shells came very near our piece. But we are a praying band, (many of us) and we have such a trust in God, as removes all fear. We have been on the Peninsula for some time, and things move on steadily. But Richmond will not be taken without a struggle. I hope none of you will give yourselves any apprehensions about me, for all will be well any way. This has been a very active campaign so far, and the soldiers have been called to endure a great deal. But, as long as we make progress, all say, so be it. But I must close. With hopes for you all, and myself, in the same Saviour,

I am, as ever, yours, G. H. V.

The last letter was dated June 9th, in which he says: "I am hearty and well. We lie strongly entrenched within six hundred yards of the rebel batteries. We seem to be enough for them on artillery. I was hit, yesterday, by a spherical case shot from the rebel battery. But it only hurt for a moment. I take this

as a warning to be ready. All goes well so far. Two non-commissioned officers, on my piece, have been wounded, and we have lost a few horses. I am now standing at my post, fearless; and if I fall, it will be as a soldier; so do not be alarmed about me. If need be, I am ready for the worst.

With much love to all.

VAN.

The last entries made in his diary were as follows:

*“June 11th—*Pleasant morning; all quiet; heart goes out in praise to God. Had good sleep and feel refreshed. Rumored capture of Fort Darling. *P. M.*—Been very quiet all day, only some sharpshooting. We fired two rounds. The enemy’s sunken mortar fired to-night. We got range of it and shut it up. W. ROBERTSON was hit with a bullet slightly.

*“June 12th—*Pleasant morning. I feel like meditating. After we were through firing last night, W. R. and I had a pleasant talk on religious experience. We are ordered to be ready at noon to move with muffled carriage wheels.”

Our hero obeyed the order to move, and at three o’clock on that beautiful Sabbath afternoon, his pure and bright spirit moved from earth to heaven. While performing his duty, a Minnie ball from a sharpshooter passed through his head and killed him instantly.

Brave, noble, patriotic, Christian soldier, rest from thy toils! Thy work on earth is done! A grateful people will forever cherish thy memory and applaud thy virtues.

On examining Mr. VAN DENBURG’s diary, after his death, there was found a piece of paper, attached to a leaf, with these words written upon it: “To be kept concealed until my death.—G. H. V.” Within were found the following messages addressed to his relatives and friends:

“To Father.—I may at some time have wronged you; if I have, I ask your forgiveness. I am younger than you, yet may I not give advice? Your days will soon be numbered. Will you not turn your thoughts heavenward, and spend much time in prayer? * * * *

“To Mother.—Your kindness has had great influence over me.

Would that I could comfort your declining years. One favor I ask: Weep not for me; you know it was my desire to go home. You are my nearest friend. Put your trust in God. * * * *

“*To Libby.*—Your kindness I shall never forget, even in Heaven. Oh! that I could repay you. Lift up your head, and press on till you meet me.

“*To John* (a brother-in-law).—You have been a brother to me, always true. I pray to God that you may be rewarded. * * *

“*To Rebecca.*—You were the favorite sister of my youth. Your gentle words have often changed my course. Whatever comes, trust in Jesus.

“*To Stephen* (a brother-in-law).—You, too, are my brother. So live on earth that you may meet me in Heaven. * * * *

“*To Mary.*—You have a good heart; never take it from Christ, and you will be fit to speak the language of Heaven. This world may fail to give you your due, but Heaven will make it up. * * * *

“*To Alida.*—Though young, you have been a cherished sister to me. Look well to your feet, that they slide not. If I could do you good, I would stay with you; but it is better for me to go. * * * *

“*To Katie.*—I have a true brother's love for you. Mark well your footsteps. I have realized your interest for me. I hope you will see me up yonder. * * * *

“*To Isabella.*—You have been very dear to me, and given me a sister's love. Remember, you have had a brother's prayers. Give your heart to Jesus, and you will meet me again. * * *

“*To Peter and David.*—My brothers, I cannot tell my interest for you. I have prayed many times for you. Keep good company, and try to do right, that you may meet your two brothers who have gone before you. * * * *

“*To Myron, Martha and Anna* (a sister's children).—I shall go to be an angel. Be good, and come and meet me, by and by. I loved you as though you were my own. * * * *

“Do you ask why I write thus. It seems suggested to my mind that I may have no opportunity of uttering my last words. It is evident to me to-night that I shall never see home again,

and that ere long I shall go where HATTIE and PHILIP are. This may be a mistake, but time will show. This world is dark, but there is light beyond the river. I love my country, and am willing to die upon her altar. Good night, all. G. H. V."

Yes, dear, sweet, loving youth, good night. The angels have bid you good morning. You live now where "there is no night." You have joined the glorified spirits in the city of our God. May your fervent prayers for your father and mother, brothers and sisters, all be answered, and may the dear ones meet you on the shining shore, never more to part.

The friends of the departed received many letters from those who were associated with Mr. VAN DENBURG, that were filled with consoling words. We give a few of them to our readers. The following was from Capt. BURTON to S. LARCHAR, Esq., the uncle of the deceased:

11TH N. Y. BATTERY, CAMP ON }
JAMES RIVER, *June 14, 1864.* }

Dear Friend LARCHAR—It is with sorrow I take my pen to write this letter, that shall convey the sad news of death to many, very many dear ones. GERRIT H. VAN DENBURG, a member of this battery, was killed instantly by a sharpshooter's ball, on Sunday afternoon, June 12.

Our battery had been in front the line, and within four hundred yards of the enemy, for one week. Having received orders on the 12th to move at night, we were fixing a road to move the artillery over quietly, when a rifle ball passed through GERRIT's brain, entering at the left temple and coming out over the right eye. The same ball slightly wounded another member of the battery, EDMUND D. WILLARD, of Albany. GERRIT sank down dead, without speaking a word or uttering a groan. He died at his post, where he was always found, both in the service of his country and of his Saviour. At about four o'clock on that quiet, beautiful Sabbath day, we buried him beneath a cedar tree on Gaines' Hill, Va.

I have written to you, thinking you might break the news to his family more tenderly than I could. A diary, and some trifles,

I will send to TEUNIS VAN DENBURG, Hamiltonville, as soon as I get a chance to do so, as directed in the diary. The loss of GERRIT from the battery is a great one, for he was one of the best men in it; but I know that his loss at home will be much greater than ours.

If the bullet that takes life in the army would only give pain here, how much sorrow would be saved. But no; it flies on to our northern homes, and strikes and tears many, many a heart there. May God, who tempers the wind and storm to the shorn lamb, protect the dear ones at home in their great affliction. Send to them my heartfelt sympathy, and also that of every member of the battery. What is our loss is his eternal gain, for he rests quietly, where wars and tumults never trouble, where pain and death never come.

It was impossible for me to have sent his body home, or we should have done so. The depot at the White House was broken up, and on Sunday night we commenced a march of thirty miles, which ended at four P. M. Yesterday we arrived at James river, about three miles below Harrison Landing.

Believe me ever, truly yours,

J. C. BARTON.

The next is a letter from his tent-mate to his father:

CAMP OF THE 11TH N. Y. BATTERY, *June 14, 1864.*

MR. TEUNIS VAN DENBURG:

Dear Sir—Being a particular friend of your son, and in accordance with his request when living, I, with a sad heart, write to inform you of his misfortune.

On Sunday afternoon, at three o'clock, June 12, 1864, he was shot by a sharpshooter through the temple, the ball passing out the opposite side of his head, killing him instantly. Those say who saw him fall, that they think he never knew what hurt him. He did not speak a word nor move a muscle, but eased himself down on his shovel, which he had in his hand at the time.

As I came out at the same time he did, and have always tented with him, he seemed to me more like a brother than a friend. But we trust he is better off than he was while living here; for I believe he was a true Christian, and is now at rest.

I was conversing with him about an hour before his death, and he seemed quite lively, and said he was ready for a hard march, that we heard, we had to make. We made it on Sunday night and Monday, and this morning we find ourselves on the bank of the James river.

If there is anything you wish to know that I can inform you of, or anything I can do for you, I will gladly do it. I have his diary and wallet, and other little articles, that I will send to you as soon as the mail gets to running regularly.

Yours, in much sympathy, EDWARD L. PEARSE.

This next letter is from a comrade, with whom GERRIT was very intimate, and of whom he frequently speaks in letters to friends at home.

ENCAMPED ON THE JAMES RIVER,
NEAR CHARLES CITY, C. H., VA., }
June 14, 1864.

MR. TEUNIS VAN DENBURG, and Family:

My pen almost refuses its office, and my hands seem palsied, in attempting the task that I have undertaken. Being, as I believe, the most intimate friend of your son, I feel bound to acquaint you with the mournful tidings, that on the afternoon of the 12th instant, we consigned to the grave the mortal remains of your beloved son GERRIT.

In his death I experienced the loss of my dearest and most tried friend; else I would not have intruded upon your grief, which is too sacred for the gaze of mere acquaintances. It will be a great consolation to you to know that death to him was but an entrance into glory, and the realization of the ardent desires which he often expressed. Like the Apostle PAUL, he longed "to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." He died instantly, and without a groan or sigh. He had sometimes expressed the wish to me that if he had his choice, it would be in this manner he would like to be called home.

I first became acquainted with GERRIT in the fall of 1862, when I came into the battery. Being quite intimate with Mr. and Mrs. LARCHAR, of Albany (his uncle and aunt) they gave me his name,

and asked me to find him out, and become acquainted with him. This was the basis of an acquaintance which ripened into an intimate friendship; and many a time have I blessed Mr. LARCHAR as having been the means of enabling me to form so valuable a friendship. He was a man of deep and fervent piety, which pervaded his whole life, and toned his entire conversation. Kind, affable and benevolent, he was much beloved and highly respected by the men of our company. In our prayer meetings he was leader, and often would these meetings have died out if it had not been for his energy and perseverance.

When I first became acquainted with him, there seemed to be a deep depression resting on his spirits, the cause of which he afterwards told me. His chief delight then used to be to wander off alone in some woods or field, and there by singing hymns and prayer, to hold communion with his Redeemer. "Sweet hour of Prayer," and hymns of a similar character, were great favorites of his. He often expressed to me his desire at that time, to die rather than to live, as he had no ambition for this world; but looked forward to the bright land where there is neither sorrow nor sighing, but where God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. What a blessed thought that he has realized his hopes and aspirations; that he is now bowing in adoration before the great white throne, or praising God, as he walks the streets of the new Jerusalem with one to whom his whole heart was bound by the tenderest ties.

Previous to his sickness at our camp near Arlington Heights, in September, 1862, the sadness to which I have referred cast a gloom over his whole conduct. But after he returned again to the battery, in May, 1863, I noticed quite a change for the better in his feelings. He was much more lively, and sometimes indulged in hearty merriment, which surprised me, as I knew of his previous sadness. One day I spoke to him, asking him the reason of this change, and he replied, that while at Fort Schuyler, his feelings had undergone a change, which led him to look on life and worldly prospects with a brighter eye, and even to lay plans for future usefulness. He said he desired now to live

for the sake of his friends, and the good he might do in the world; but that his heart was not and could never be here.

My earnest prayer has been, and will be, that God may give you and all his relatives grace to enable you to bear the trial. The promise is, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

With the most sincere sympathy and regard, I remain

Yours truly,

WM. G. PATTERSON.

The gloom and sadness referred to in this letter were caused partly by the death of a very excellent young lady, to whom GERRIT was on the eve of being married. She died a few weeks before he entered the army. The subsequent change in his feelings he speaks of in a letter written home, while he was at Fort Schuyler. He says:

"I am convinced, by reflection, that I have been nearly deranged, with hard study and much trouble. I have felt discouraged in regard to life. But I now have a greater desire to live. I feel, at times, as though I was younger, and my hopes much brighter than formerly. It is not strange that I was sad, for, while laboring to obtain an education, I studied almost night and day, and Sunday preaching made that a hard day for me. The last year I was in school my health was more injured by study than I was then aware of. My affliction, also, was very severe."

Thus closes the earthly career of one whose patriotism, bravery, and devotion to Christ and humanity, have never been surpassed. Among the hosts of American Patriots and Christians, he stands in the front rank; and with MITCHEL, RICE, PRUYN, WILSON, POHLMAN, and others, he will wear an everlasting crown.

CXXXVII.

ABRAM M. CARHART,
OF GUILDERLAND.

ABRAM M. CARHART was the oldest son of SANFORD and SOPHIA CARHART, of Guilderland, in which town he was born August 19th, 1844. Like most boys, he spent his early days at the district and Sabbath schools. Nothing of interest to those out of his own family transpired until his fifteenth year, when, while a member of the "State Road Bible Class," and as the result of faithful instruction, he was led, during a season of gracious outpouring of the spirit, to give his heart to God. He united with the M. E. Church, of which he ever after remained a consistent member.

When the war first broke out, he desired to enlist, but the love of his mother kept him back. At last love yielded to duty, and, with his parents' consent, he enlisted October 18, 1862, in Company C, of the Tenth New York Militia, which was subsequently mustered into the United States service as the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh N. Y. Vols.

Before the regiment left, however, he was attacked with fever, and was, by advice of the surgeon, left behind in the care of his family, to report when fit for duty. On Tuesday, December 16th, his regiment left Albany to join BANKS' expedition. January 11th, it reached Bonnet Carré, La., where, in April, having fully recovered, he joined it. A Christian Association having been formed, he united himself with it on his arrival, maintaining, in camp, the same manly Christian deportment that characterized him at home.

On May 7th he started with the regiment, by way of the Amite river, to Baton Rouge; thence to Port Hudson, passing nearly through that memorable siege, shrinking from no danger or duty, and always at his post.

On the 7th of July, about 10 A. M., with two comrades, JESSE DENNISON and JAMES H. BECKWITH, he went down to the Mississippi to bathe, BECKWITH alone being able to swim. After

remaining in the water a few minutes, BECKWITH came out and commenced dressing, when his attention was arrested by a cry from DENNISON. Turning round, he saw ABRAM's hands just above the water. He dashed in, but was too late. ABRAM had sunk to rise no more.

They left the river with sad hearts, and on their way were greeted with shouts of joy. News had come that Vicksburg had fallen. The next day the body drifted on shore, probably raised by the firing of salutes in honor of the capture of Vicksburg. Some of his company went down and buried him in his blanket on the shore, when, as they turned to go back, one shout, long and loud, was heard in camp. Port Hudson had fallen. Thus, on the eve of victory, was this faithful soldier of his country called to his rest, and while his comrades were shouting the cry of victory below, he was, as a soldier of Jesus, singing the song of victory on high. Several months after, his remains were disinterred, brought home, and now repose in the family lot in Prospect Hill Cemetery.

CXXXVIII.

JAMES A. SCRAFFORD, OF GUILDERLAND.

JAMES A. SCRAFFORD, the son of JACOB and ANN ELIZABETH SCRAFFORD, was born in the town of Guilderland, and was seventeen and a half years old when he enlisted in the American army.

Though not a professing Christian, JAMES was a youth of excellent moral character, and was beloved by a large circle of friends.

He was connected with Company H, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New York Regiment, and was taken sick at Port Hudson. While in a feeble state, his coat and blanket were stolen from him, and he took a severe cold, from which he never recovered. He was sent to the hospital at Bonnet Carré, and

thence to New Orleans. A friend kindly wrote to his father, describing his condition, and immediately the fond parent started to go to his boy, and to bring him home.

JAMES reached Albany in a state of extreme physical prostration, and his father took him to Bethlehem, to the residence of his grandfather, WILLIAM SCRAFFORD, Esq. There he lingered only one week, and expired August 28th, 1863.

It was a great consolation to the dear boy to die surrounded by those who loved him, and who were ready to do every thing in their power for his comfort. He was buried in the Hamiltonville Cemetery, Guilderland.

CXXXIX.

MICHAEL WAGNER, OF GUILDERLAND.

MICHAEL WAGNER was born in Guilderland, Albany county, on the 22d day of January, 1845. His parents HENRY and CATHARINE WAGNER, were natives of the same town, but his ancestors came from Germany. His father died in 1861, leaving a widow and several children. MICHAEL enlisted on the 27th day of August, 1862, in Company H., Forty-third Regiment; two days after, his brother PETER volunteered in the service of the United States, and subsequently his brother WILLIAM.

The mother of these brave boys, nobly gave them up one after another, and bade them God speed as they left the home of their childhood, to fight for their country.

Being thus deprived of the earnings of her boys, upon which she had depended for the support of herself and family, she engaged in house work to maintain herself and little family, until she hoped for return of her soldier boys.

Patriotism seemed alone to inspire them, and MICHAEL was one of the first in his locality to volunteer. He was eighteen years of age when he left home, and possessing great powers of

endurance, he seemed fitted by nature for the fatigues and privations of a soldier's life.

He left the city of Albany with his regiment for the field, and for some time nothing occurred of special interest.

He was in the battles of Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, &c., ending with the battle of the Wilderness. There he was taken prisoner with his brother PETER. They were sent to Richmond and confined there three months. From thence they were removed to Andersonville stockade, remaining there two and a half months. Finally they were taken to another prison where they remained for two and a half months more, and MICHAEL died.

With the inhumanities and base cruelties of those awful dens, he long struggled, and after he expired his body was taken, in the presence of his brother, and thrown into a cart, and rudely driven away for burial.

PETER was subsequently released and returned home.

CXL.

GEORGE VAN WIE, OF RENSSELAERVILLE.

GEORGE VAN WIE, the son of ANDREW H. and HARRIET LANPHAR VAN WIE, was born January 12, 1844, at Rensselaerville, Albany county, New York. Affable and kind, he was beloved by many; but most fondly is his memory cherished by the circle at home.

The winter previous to his enlistment, during a revival in the Baptist church at Rensselaerville, he sought and found Jesus. He soon after joined the Methodist Episcopal church as a probationer, and proved to be a true Christian. He was faithful in the discharge of every duty, ever willing to acknowledge Christ before men, and seldom absent from the prayer and class meetings.

In the summer of 1862, being strongly devoted to his country, he felt it to be his duty to stand up in her defence. His most

convincing argument was, "*somebody* must go;" and after counting the cost, and fully realizing the dangers with which he would be surrounded, he resolved to take upon him the privations of a soldier's life. He therefore, July 17th, 1862, enlisted as a private in the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment, Company K, New York State Volunteers, then forming. He took his final farewell of home August 16th, and on the 19th left Albany with his regiment for Washington.

His letters written to friends at home, were ever cheerful, and his expressions of love for his Saviour and his country were very fervent.

The following is a specimen of the letters that he wrote to his beloved parents:

FORT RENO, HEAD QUARTERS 7TH N. Y. ARTILLERY, }
NEAR WASHINGTON, *April* 29, 1863. }

Dear Father—I received your letter this afternoon, and was much pleased to hear from you, and that you were all well. My health is good, which, next to the religion of Christ, is the greatest blessing a soldier can enjoy. The weather is splendid; fruit trees are in full bloom and everything has the appearance of approaching summer, which after the long winter we have had, will be very acceptable to us.

You wished me to give you my experience. I have not much time now; but I will improve the few moments I have; and after general inspection, which is to-morrow, I will write again.

I do not think I enjoy myself as well as when I left home; but I know I have a Saviour; one who died for me; one who is interceding for me; one who has promised to be with those who love Him; and I feel thankful for all He has done for me. Although I am far from the comforts of a home, and the means of grace, I have spent many happy hours. O, I never can forget those prayer and class meetings at home; how many times God has met with us and blessed us. But God is here. Yet I do not, and cannot attend our little prayer meetings often, on account of other duties. A soldier is deprived of many a happy hour he might spend in the prayer circle in the chaplain's little tent, on

account of his military duties. But may God help me to be more faithful to Him; may I be more zealous in His cause; may God help me to be a shining light, doing good to my fellow soldiers; and may I be the means, with God's help, of bringing others to know of His goodness.

Pray for the soldiers. I feel I need the prayers of all God's people. I am in the midst of temptations, and I know not how soon I may be called on the battle field. But wherever I am may God be with me and with the whole army, and bless us; and if consistent, bring about a speedy peace. May the flag that so long floated over a free and happy nation, come out as clean as the snow that descends from heaven, and with not one star taken from it; may all who are in bondage be made free; and may religion prevail throughout the land. Pray for me.

Your son,

GEORGE VAN WIE.

For nearly two years his regiment was stationed at Fort Reno, D. C.; but in the month of May, 1864, marching orders were received, and with brave and fearless hearts, this noble band of soldiers marched onward to victory, and alas! *how* many to death! All through the battles of the Wilderness they fought with unexampled bravery. Many were slain; hundreds wounded, and a large number taken prisoners. Among the latter was the subject of this sketch.

He was soon after conveyed to Andersonville, Georgia, where he remained a prisoner until the month of November, following, when he was exchanged and brought to Annapolis, Maryland. He was so weak, from disease contracted in prison, he could not be conveyed home.

Letters were received from him weekly, stating that he was daily gaining strength, and that the holidays would find him among his friends at home. But they were doomed to disappointment. In about one month from the time he reached Annapolis, word was received that he was failing fast, and that he desired his father to come to him.

His father hastened to the bedside of his dying son, and found

the *merest wreck* of the noble boy, as he was when he cheerfully girded on his armor, and bade farewell to the loved ones at home. But the father found him ready, and waiting for the angel who was to release him from his sufferings and give him rest, where wars and rumors of wars can never come.

He talked cheerfully of death, saying that, "he had never thought that it would be so easy to die, and go to heaven. His sufferings had been terrible, but he had never regretted, for one moment, entering the army. He was willing to lay down his life for his country; and the enemy who had caused his bitter sufferings and death, he left in the hands of a just God."

In three days after his father reached him, he died shouting the praises of Him who had taken "from death its sting, and from the grave its victory."

His remains were embalmed and brought to the Rensselaerville Cemetery for interment, there to remain until the last trumpet shall sound and the dead arise.

CXLI.

WILLIAM HAVENS, OF BERN.

WILLIAM HAVENS, the son of WILLIAM and MARGARET HAVENS was born in Bern, December 30, 1835. He was an affectionate son, kind brother, and a youth of excellent habits. During a religious interest in the Reformed Dutch Church, in 1861, he was hopefully converted and joined the Methodist Church. He was a consistent and active Christian.

Although Mr. HAVENS was very reluctant to leave his wife and three little children, yet he felt it to be his duty to go forth and fight for his country. Accordingly he enlisted as a private in Company K., Seventh New York Regiment. For twenty months he performed guard duty at Washington. During this time he was in poor health, and was offered his discharge, but he declined it, as he was determined to see the war through.

His regiment was ordered to the front, and he participated in seven battles, in all of which he manifested the utmost fortitude and bravery. He fought at Spottsylvania, North Anna River, Tolopotomy Creek, Coal Harbor, and in the charge before Petersburg. On the 24th of June, 1864, he was on picket duty within a mile and a half of Petersburg. The woods were discovered to be on fire, and he and his companions threw themselves upon the ground, thinking that the enemy would not see them. But he was shot at, and wounded in the foot. Two of his comrades carried him to the rear, and a portion of his foot was taken off. But the wound did not heal, and his sufferings were very intense. On the 19th of July his leg was amputated, at the Harewood hospital, in Washington. The following day he died from the effects of the operation.

He leaves a wife and three little children, in a destitute condition, to mourn the death of a kind husband and affectionate father. After he was wounded he wrote twice to his family, commending them to the care of their Heavenly Father.

CXLII.

ADDISON B. MILLER,

OF BERN.

ADDISON B. MILLER was the son of ALBERT and SOPHIA MILLER, and was born in Rensselaerville, August 18, 1845.

He was religiously educated, and early developed superior talents, a sound judgment, and correct moral principles. He was not a professed Christian, and when urging his parents to let him go to the war, his mother said that if he was a Christian she would give her consent. He replied: "Let me go, and I will try and become a Christian." When told of the hardships and dangers of a soldier's life, he said: "Some persons must go, and I am no better than others."

He enlisted in Company D, Sixty-first New York Regiment. After having experienced some skirmishing, he wrote home that

he had no more fear while fighting than he had while writing his letter. The marches through which he passed were very severe, but he endured all without a murmur.

On the 13th of December, 1862, as he was bravely charging the enemy's batteries, a musket ball struck him in the right breast and passed through his lungs. He was borne from the field at night, and taken to a house in Fredericksburg, which was used by the Fifth New Hampshire Regiment as a hospital. His wound was dressed, and he lived until the next day, when he died at ten o'clock in the forenoon. His remains were wrapped in a blanket, and buried in a yard adjoining the house.

After he was wounded, he was conscious of his condition, and manifested a submission to the will of his Heavenly Father. He died putting his trust in God.

His letters which he wrote, have breathed the most earnest patriotism, and expressed his readiness to die for his country's cause.

The following is an extract from one. The date is not given:

Dear Father and Mother—As I have just fifteen minutes to write, I thought that I would let you know that I am well.

We left Boliver Heights last Wednesday, and have been marching ever since. Yesterday we were skirmishing all day. To-day I have been on picket duty in sight of the rebels. We expect a battle soon, and they must fight or run. This may be the last that you will hear from me, but I hope that I shall meet you in a better world than this. It does not make much difference where or when we die, if we are only prepared. I hope and think that I am.

Your affectionate son,

ADDISON.

CXLIII.

JOEL WILSON,

OF BERN.

JOEL WILSON, son of WILLIAM and MARY ANN WILSON, was borne in Bern, October 24, 1842. He was a dutiful son, a kind brother, and a youth of excellent moral character. He desired, at the commencement of the war, to enlist in the army, but, like many others whom we have already sketched, was prevented by the entreaties of his friends. At last they yielded to his earnest patriotism, and, October 7, 1862, he joined Company C, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New York Regiment. An incident occurred, after he joined the army, that made a deep impression upon his mind. One of his associates, with whom he had been intimate from childhood and who enlisted with him, lost both of his eyes by an accident. JOEL was deeply moved with sympathy for his friend, and did all in his power to alleviate his sufferings. He manifested towards him the kindness of a tender and affectionate brother, and he became himself more serious, and loved to attend religious meetings. We hope that at that time, he gave his heart to Jesus, and made his peace with God. But of this we cannot speak positively.

JOEL was ordered, with his regiment, to Bonnet Carré, Louisiana, and remained there until the 7th of May, 1863, when they started for Port Hudson. He was left at Baton Rouge, sick, and remained there until the 21st of July. He partially recovered and joined the regiment again at Port Hudson. At that time he wrote a letter to his friends, in which he expressed the fond hope of soon meeting again the loved ones at home. But, on the 8th day of August, he went into the hospital with chills and fever, and worn down with exposures and privations.

Soon, however, his regiment received orders to return home, and went on board a transport. But the order was countermanded, and, as JOEL stepped from the boat, he said, with a sad heart, "I shall never see home again." And so it proved. He was able to walk about, but, on the morning of the 18th of

August, just after he had taken his breakfast, he fell and instantly expired.

His remains were interred, near the hospital, on the 19th of August. They were, however, subsequently taken up and carried home, and, on the 29th of December, were deposited in a burial place near his father's house, where he was born.

CXLIV.

AZOR T. HAYES,

OF BERN.

AZOR T. HAYES, the son of THOMAS J. and MARY HAYES, was born in Bern, November 27, 1843. At the age of nine years he became a Christian, and united with the Lutheran Church at Bern. While at school he was distinguished for his excellent deportment, his fine oratory and his fondness for history.

At the commencement of the war he desired to enlist to fight for his country; but his mother felt that he was too young, and that he would be exposed to many temptations in the camp. Besides, she was a widow, and dependent, in a great measure, upon him for a support. He however, told his mother of several noble men who had been earnest and self sacrificing patriots, and who had won for themselves a prominent place in history; and he thought that perhaps he might become distinguished.

Before he was eighteen years of age he enlisted in Company E., Ninety-third N. Y. Regiment. He served faithfully for two years when his time expired. He re-enlisted, and was with the regiment in all the battles in which it was engaged, up to the time of his death. Of the circumstances of his death and burial we know nothing.

In the letters which he wrote to his mother he expressed the deepest interest in the cause to which he had devoted himself, and said that, if he fell in battle, all would be well. He leaves a widowed mother, several little sisters and brothers, and a large circle of friends, to mourn his loss.

CXLV.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS CROUNSE,
OF KNOX.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS CROUNSE was the son of JOHN CROUNSE and MARGARET VAN AERNAM. He was born on the 30th day of April, 1829, in the town of Sharon, county of Schoharie.

He was from youth a person of correct habits, and as soon as he attained that age in which young men of purpose naturally decide for themselves, he became anxious to obtain a thorough education, and as far as opportunity and means would admit, he diligently pursued his purpose.

From his early years he suffered greatly from dyspepsia, and this finally broke him down, while he was connected with the army. Those who knew him best were apprehensive, at the time of his entering the military service, that his constitution would give way under the severities of camp life; and so, alas! it finally proved.

JOHN was a youth of great industry and energy, and at several academies and seminaries, he prosecuted his studies with diligence and enthusiasm.

He graduated at Union College, and was familiar with various branches of mathematics, and different languages. He was particularly well informed in the German and French languages, to which he gave special attention. His habits of reading and study led him to collect scientific and literary works, and when he entered the army, he had accumulated quite a large and valuable library.

His political opinions were of the most decided character, and they were the result of thought and honest convictions. He made many speeches and wrote a great deal for the advancement of the cause of freedom. He never understood either the wisdom or statesmanship, in the idea often advanced by others, that because a man was ignorant and defenceless, *therefore he should be made a slave*. He supposed that one great object of all true

governments was to keep the strong and powerful, from usurping the rights and privileges of the weak.

To a mind imbued with such principles, it was perfectly natural, when the slaveholders inaugurated the rebellion for the purpose of establishing an empire, the corner stone of which edifice should be slavery, that he should be against the conspiracy, and all who in any way aided or sympathized with the plot, and the overthrow of the government.

As early as May 4, 1861, while he was attending Union College, he wrote to his parents at Sharon, in which letter he first intimated a desire to enter the service. He said:

"I reached Schenectady Tuesday afternoon, at two o'clock, and, on arriving at college, found almost every body talking of enlisting for the war. I was asked to volunteer myself, and said I would think about it. I have thought about it, and have come to the conclusion that, if it meets with your approbation, I will enlist. Prof. PEISSNER is organizing a company, which he will take command of himself. Quite a number of the students have already gone, and more will follow, to the seat of war."

His worthy and venerable parents, although not less zealous in the cause than their son, could not be prevailed upon to consent to his going. They had already yielded to the importunities of one son, who was, at that time, in the military service; but in this case they were apprehensive of the results, as they fully realized that JOHN could not endure the hardships of war. Therefore they dissuaded him from the undertaking, and he yielded to their request.

After he left college he became a teacher in the academy at Knoxville, Albany county, and taught there for some time, to the entire satisfaction of all. He raised that institution to a very prosperous and thriving condition. But the situation of the country still preyed upon his mind, and he felt that he ought to make sacrifices as well as others. He saw his comrades and associates going to the scenes of conflict and of danger, and he could resist no longer. Contrary to the expectations and wishes of all his patrons, at the close of the term, when the school was in the most prosperous condition, he came to Albany, and in the

month of July, 1862, enlisted as a private in the Eleventh New York Havelock Battery, for three years. There was no difficulty at that time in his getting a commission in some other company then forming, but he chose to go as a private in this battery, as the young men composing it, were represented as persons of correct moral and religious habits.

He left Albany almost the same day he enlisted, and became very soon engaged in active service. He was with the Army of the Potomac, and participated in nearly all the battles in Virginia. He was also at the battle of Gettysburg, in which the battery performed a very active part. He possessed courage of the highest order; a courage sustained by strong moral convictions; and under all circumstances he was a faithful soldier.

But the forces of his constitution were gradually giving away, under the severe hardships and exciting dangers that he was called to encounter.

He was in the terrible battle at Chancellorsville, and he said in writing to a friend, that the Sunday, on which that battle was fought, was to him, one of the most terrible days he ever saw on earth. The continuous roar of cannon; the fierceness of the conflict, and the awful carnage of the day very deeply affected him. While he was in camp, he still cherished his fondness for study. He wrote several times to a friend at Albany, for some French and German books, that he might review some of his favorite studies.

It was evident from letters received by his friends, that he was conscious that the hardships of camp life were destroying his health, and he was induced to seek for the position of a teacher of the freedmen, which, unfortunately, for some reason, he did not obtain. Could he have been assigned to some responsible position in that department in time, his life might have been saved, and the cause of human freedom would have had a most faithful and efficient champion; one whose whole head and heart would have been most earnestly engaged, in elevating and directing the minds of an oppressed people. He, however, gradually sunk under the service, until almost reduced to a skeleton; when he was removed from City Point to the Baptist

hospital at Alexandria, Virginia, where, on the 12th of November, 1864, he died.

About two weeks before his death, a telegram was sent to his parents at Sharon, Schoharie county, informing them of his condition. His father was, at the time, in Nebraska territory on business; but his aged and venerable mother, although feeble in health, hastened to his relief, and for nearly two weeks had the consolation of alleviating his sufferings.

During his protracted illness, his patience and fortitude never forsook him. He expressed his perfect trust in God, and his reliance upon divine mercy. On the day of his death, he requested the principal nurse to tell his mother to stay with him that night, for he thought that the crisis with him was near. And so it proved. His last words to his mother were: "Be composed for all is bright with me." Then, in a strong tone of voice, he added, "Tell my friends I die like a man in my country's cause, and am not afraid to die."

His mother caused his remains to be embalmed, and they were taken to Sharon, where his funeral was attended by a very large circle of friends. He was buried near and in full view of the home of his aged and afflicted parents, in a quiet rural cemetery, where the roar of hostile cannon, the conflict of fierce passions, and the oppressions of the poor and the weak of the earth, will never disturb him more.

His relatives in Albany county, in remembrance of his patriotism and his many noble and manly virtues, have recently, by voluntary subscription, raised a fund by which a suitable monument has been erected to his memory.

CXLVI.

ALANSON S. HOFFMAN,

OF COEYMANS.

ALANSON S. HOFFMAN was born at Coeymans Hollow, October 18, 1839. He was of German descent; his ancestors having emigrated from Germany to this country about the year 1670, and settled at Claverack, Columbia county, State of New York. They continued to reside in that locality till shortly after the commencement of the present century, when his grandfather and father moved from thence to Coeymans Hollow, Albany county, where the deceased was born.

No event worthy of notice occurred during his childhood or youth. At school he was an apt scholar, and a general favorite with teacher and pupil. He was a young man of more than ordinary intelligence, and possessed a remarkably happy and genial disposition, and was liberal to a fault.

At the breaking out of the rebellion, he expressed his regret that we were about to be involved in a fratricidal conflict, but at the same time fully realized what was his duty, and what was the duty of every man in the north during that terrible struggle. His father was rather opposed to his going in the army, for he was the child of his old age. But he said his country was in peril and demanded his services, and that he did not think it was manly for his son to stand back when his neighbors were marching to the rescue of our government, some of whom were leaving wife and children, while he was a single man. To ALANSON, it was hard to leave friends, home, and business for the privations of the camp and the perils of the battle field; but he said that duty called him, and if he died, he died in a good cause. After leaving home and entering upon the duties of a soldier, he kept his father informed of his movements.

The following are extracts from one of his letters:

BONNET CARRE, *March* 10, 1863.

Dear Father—Once more I take my pen to inform you that, through a kind Providence, my life and health have been spared,

and I hope I may be permitted to return to my home and friends once more. Life, I know, is uncertain, but I am now enjoying better health than ever before; still, I will not boast. * * *

We have an inspection every Sunday, and every man has his forty rounds of ammunition, in case of a surprise. A few nights ago, about twelve o'clock, when we were all nicely asleep, the long roll was beaten. I was awakened from sleep, and it was certainly the most solemn sound I ever heard. I did not lie long, you may be assured, after waking. I must admit that I was startled, but made up my mind to give the rebels at least one shot before running, so I put on my belt, caught up my gun, gave JERRY, my comrade, a kick, and ran out of my tent. I was the first one out, and the first in line of our company. Lieut. MIX came next. It was frightful to hear the officers calling the men out. The Major ran through the camp and demanded silence. It may be that there was not any shirking, yet I think that the darkness hid many a pale face. I will say nothing of my own, but I was bound to stick to the work. I am sorry to say that a few in our company did not face the music.

But this could not be said of our little drummer boy, who caught up a sword, and fell in line with the rest of us. We then marched out about six hundred yards, on the double-quick, and formed in line of battle. Our regiment was the first in the line.

Our Major (young NAPOLEON, as he is called, and whom nothing can frighten,) marched us forward, gave us "right about face," ordered us to load, elevate our pieces, and fire. This order was given by the General through the Major, and the whole was accomplished in just six and a half minutes from the first tap of the drum. Is not that pretty quick work, for the men to dress, get on their accoutrements, and form a line of battle? The General rode along our line and demanded attention to orders, when he read an order from Gen. SHERMAN, to call us out and try us, as he said we might be called out to face the enemy some night, but if the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment was in the advance, he had nothing to fear.

We can beat any regiment drilling I have seen since we have

been here, and I do not except even the old regiments. Write soon and give me all the news. Give my respects to all.

Your son,

ALANSON HOFFMAN.

The following letter, announcing his death, was received by his father from Lieut. LEGER:

BONNET CARRE, *April 13, 1863.*

Camp of the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh N. Y. S. Volunteers, Second Division, Third Brigade, Defences of New Orleans, Louisiana:

Died, April 13, at six o'clock in the morning, of typhoid fever,
ALANSON S. HOFFMAN, Company —, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment N. Y. S. V.

Mr. HOFFMAN:

Dear Sir—It causes me much sorrow to be obliged to make the above announcement to you of the death of your son. I know it will cause you much sorrow, but it is so. God, in his infinite mercy, has chosen him for a greater sphere of happiness than is allotted on earth.

ALANSON was sick about three weeks, not dangerous, it was thought, until last Thursday, when he began to fail very fast. On Sunday he told me that he was going to die. I tried to encourage him, but he told me that he would not be with us long, and he appeared to be happy. This was in the evening. About half past five in the morning he inquired for me. I went immediately to see him. He recognized me, shook hands, and in a few moments passed away.

He had good care and attention, and good medical assistance, but all has failed, and the melancholy fact of his death remains to be communicated to his friends. I am glad to say that ALANSON died happy. While he has been connected with the regiment, we have been intimate friends. I often went to his tent, and, as a general thing, found him reading his Testament. This should be a great consolation to you and his friends at home. As for myself, I feel that I have lost a confidential friend, as well as brother soldier.

Respectfully yours,

Lieut. A. B. LEGER.

The following letter was received after the death of young HOFFMAN from JOHN M. WHITBECK, his mess-mate and companion in arms:

BONNET CARRE, *April* 15, 1863.

MR. I. SHEAR.

Dear Sir—It is with a sad heart and unwilling pen that I sit down this morning to inform you of the death of our tent mate, ALANSON S. HOFFMAN. He died this morning about six o'clock, and is to be buried this afternoon at half past two. He was taken some three weeks ago with a diarrhœa, and remained in his tent until about ten days ago, when he was taken to the hospital. A fever set in, and he began to fail very fast. He has had the best of care since he has been sick, and while he was at the hospital, he was taken care of by STEPHEN SCHERMERHORN, as good a man as could have been selected from our company.

His death has cast a gloom over our company, and I suppose it will in Coeymans Hollow. He was a boy that was liked by all, and I do not believe he has done a wrong to any man intentionally during his life.

He died happy, and I believe has gone to a home where there will be no more sickness, and where friends will meet to part no more. He told the doctor that he was not afraid to die. He told STEPHEN in the night that he could not live, "but," said he, "it makes no difference, Heaven is my home." I trust that this will be a consolation to his relatives and friends. He has made it a habit, since he has been here, to read his Testament every day, and I have not heard him speak a profane word since we left home. He was promoted to Corporal, but never served in that capacity. It was his dying request that the Rev. Mr. BIRCH should preach his funeral sermon.

From your friend,

JOHN M. WHITBECK.

The following letter was received by his father from Lieut. PETER A. HOFFMAN, of the One Hundred and Forty-third Illinois Volunteers, brother of the deceased:

FIDELITY, ILLINOIS, *July* 14, 1863.

Dear Father—I received your letter in due time, but little did I expect to receive the sad intelligence of the loss of an only

brother. Little did I expect, when we parted in Albany, that he would be the first of the family to depart this life; one so young and healthy, and apparently destined to live many years. But such are the ways of Providence, and it is our duty to submit to God's will. The event may be intended for our benefit, as it teaches us the uncertainty of life, and warns us to be prepared for that day, when all shall be judged according to their deeds on earth.

Sad as it is, to lose a son and only brother, it would be unmanly to repine, when so many have sacrificed their lives in the cause of their country. It is a great consolation to know that he died in the defence of his country's rights, which is next to his duty to his God. He may have died alone in a strange land, without father, sister or brother to soothe him in his dying hours; his remains may be deposited far away on the banks of the Mississippi river, with nothing but a rude stone to point to his grave, yet to know that he died as he has died, is a far greater consolation to a lover of his country, than to have had him deposited in the most costly sarcophagus, attended with all the pomp and pride of royalty, if above his name should be written: "He died a traitor to his country."

Your only son,

PETER A. HOFFMAN.

CXLVII.

DAVID McCULLOCH,

OF COEYMANS.

DAVID McCULLOCH was the son of WILLIAM C. and MARY A. McCULLOCH, and was born May 3, 1841. He was a kind boy, a dutiful son, and a generous and noble hearted brother.

While the traitors at the South were preparing to enter upon their treasonable work, DAVID often remarked that he was resolved to leave his home and fight for his country, whenever the Government should require his services. Accordingly, on the 1st of August, 1861, he enlisted in Company D, Forty-fourth

New York Regiment. He fought bravely in the battles at Hanover Court House, Malvern Hill, Gaines' Mills, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Petersburg, second Bull Run, Gettysburg, and in fact, in every battle in which this gallant regiment was engaged, up to the battle of Mine Run, when he was for the second time taken prisoner.

He was first made a prisoner by the enemy about the 1st of July, 1862, while fighting in the battles before Richmond. After six days hard fighting he scorned to turn his back upon a foe that was seeking the life of his nation. His regiment having suffered severely was ordered to fall back. But either he did not hear the order, or not heeding it, he continued to fight, until he was surrounded and seized by the enemy. The first salutation that he received was "Lay down that gun," accompanied by an oath, and an opprobrious epithet, usually indulged in by the southern chivalry on such occasions. He laid down one end of his gun, and placing his foot upon the center of the barrel he bent it, so that it could be of no use to the rebels. He then delivered the useless weapon to them.

Mr. McCULLOCH was kept in prison thirty days, and had he not had money with him to purchase food, he would probably have starved to death. How he escaped from the foe, we are not informed.

The second time that he was captured was about the beginning of the year 1864. Then he had sixty dollars in his pocket, of which the rebels at once robbed him. He was then carried to some prison, and now for over two years his friends have not heard directly from him. They suppose that he, like multitudes of others, died from neglect and starvation.

His officers and comrades award to him the highest praise for his uniform good conduct; his cheerfulness under privations and sufferings, and his noble bravery upon the battle-field. No danger seemed ever to intimidate him, and no amount of suffering cooled the intense ardor of his patriotism. He loved his country with an undying devotion. Just before leaving home, he remarked to his mother, that he would fight the enemies of his nation, while there was a drop of blood in his veins.

It is sad, indeed, to think of such a hero passing from the light and happiness of his early home into the darkness and horrors of a southern prison, there to have his life worn away by the slow tortures of disease and starvation, and no friend to minister to him in the last hour! But his history is that of thousands, whom American slavery has claimed for its victims.

CXLVIII.

STEPHEN McCULLOCH,

OF COEYMANS.

STEPHEN McCULLOCH was the brother of DAVID, to whom we have just referred, and was born in Coeymans, August 25, 1845. He was a youth full of enterprise, ambition and intelligence. He had, too, a very affectionate disposition, and was beloved by all who knew him. He possessed the same spirit and feelings in regard to the war that fired the soul of his brother.

He enlisted in Company I, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New York Regiment. He never was in any very severe battle, but discharged every duty assigned to him with great faithfulness.

On one occasion he was sent down a river to secure some flat boats. The party were surprised by a guerrilla force and were fired upon. Instead of surrendering, STEPHEN, with others, leaped into the river, and swam to the opposite side. That night he slept upon the ground in his wet clothes, and took a cold, from which he never recovered. His system, heretofore very strong, had been previously reduced by a severe chronic disease, and his cold, with this, carried him rapidly to the grave. For a time he was delirious, and he died in this condition on the 14th of April, 1863. His remains lie buried at Bonnet Carré, Louisiana.

To the parents who thus gave up two sons for the country, the sympathies of a grateful nation should be cordially extended.

CXLIX.

JAMES WILSON,
OF COHOES.

JAMES WILSON, the son of DAVID WILSON and ISABELLA MILLS, was born at Lansingburgh, New York, on May 11th, 1846. He enlisted from Cohoes as a private in Co. H, in the One Hundred and Fifteenth Regiment New York State Volunteers, and was killed in the battle of Olustee, Florida, on February 20th, 1864.

Lieut. CLARK, in his work entitled "The Iron-Hearted Regiment," page 203, gives the following account of his death: "At the battle of Olustee, Florida, he behaved very gallantly, and fought with the coolness of a war-worn veteran, but sacrificed his life nearly at its close. The brave young soldier fired away his own sixty rounds of ammunition, and then sought a fresh supply from his dead companion's cartridge box. Having loaded his gun for the sixty-first time, he turned to Sergeant GOULD, and in his usual pleasant way said "ALF, which way shall I aim this time?" The words had hardly escaped his lips when a cruel shell burst in the ranks, and a piece struck him in the left thigh, shattering it in the most frightful manner. A large stream of blood spouted from the wound, and he fell to rise no more.

The boys carried him a short distance from the field, but he was fast bleeding to death and must soon die, so they laid him gently down at the foot of a tree. They took his Bible and a few little keepsakes from his pocket, to send to his widowed mother: then kneeling down on the ground they grasped his cold hands affectionately, and with tears in their eyes said 'good bye.' He looked up and sweetly smiled; it froze on his lips, and he closed his eyes in death."

CL.

SEBASTIAN PEARSE,
OF WATERVLIET.

SEBASTIAN PEARSE was the son of RICHARD S. and EVE PEARSE, and was born in Watervliet, on the 26th day of November, 1840. He attended school until he was seventeen years of age, when he removed to Albany, and became engaged in the lumber business with his uncle JOHN WARD, Esq.

At the very first call for soldiers to defend the republic against the attacks of rebels, he, like so many others whom we have sketched, cheerfully offered his services, and enlisted in April 1861, in Company E, Third Regiment of New York Volunteers, under Col. TOWNSEND. He went to Fortress Monroe and remained with the regiment a short time, when on account of his superior intelligence and excellent character, he was transferred to the Signal Corps, and stationed at Fortress Monroe, under Capt. SEWARD F. HELPBURN. Here he remained until his death.

The following account of him appeared in the "Christian Intelligencer," soon after his burial:

"Died, at Fortress Monroe, August 22d, 1862, SEBASTIAN PEARSE of the Signal Corps.

"MR. PEARSE was a young man of noble promise, and possessed the unqualified respect of all who knew him. A year and a half ago, when the country made an earnest call upon her patriotic and loyal sons, he left his business which was opening before him prospects of speedy and lucrative advancement, and volunteered in the Third New York Regiment. He fought in the battles of Little and Big Bethel, through which he passed unscathed and with honor. Soon after he was detailed to the Signal service.

"He joined the army and remained in it only from a pure sense of duty. Nearly a year ago he was offered an honorable discharge on account of a tendency to vertigo, from which he occasionally suffered; but he scorned the idea of leaving his post. His reply, on that occasion, displayed the whole principle

of his life as a soldier: 'I came here,' said he, 'to serve my country, and as long as my country needs my services, I shall remain.'

"During his last illness, his comrades, the officers and the nurses, vied with each other in their tender attentions to him. The Captain declared that he loved him as a brother, and the mourning over his loss was universal.

Through the kindness of the members of the corps to which he belonged, his body was embalmed and delivered to his friends. He was buried from the Reformed Dutch Church of Niskayuna, Rev. JOHN A. DEBAUN, pastor, on the last day in August, 1862. A detachment of the Tenth Regiment New York State Militia, acted as pall bearers. A very large concourse of friends followed the remains to the grave, and mingled their tears with those of his bereaved, but not comfortless, parents. May the Almighty Father, whom they have long trusted and served, bind up their broken hearts, and may his rod and staff comfort them.

CLI.

JOEL B. PITTS

OF WATERVLIELT.

JOEL B. PITTS, son of ISAAC B. and ALLAH M. PITTS, was born in Nassau, January, 1843. His mother died while he was an infant, and his father moved to Watervliet, Albany county, in 1845, and still resides there.

His health was never very good. He was always a kind and affectionate boy, and possessed a good character. He never professed religion, but from his last two letters we have reason to hope, that the many prayers offered in his behalf, were answered.

From the commencement of the war, he felt a great interest in it, and often expressed his desire to participate in it. But on account of his health and youth, his friends opposed it. He was told that when he was drafted it would be time enough for him to join the army.

He was drafted, and, October 1st, he joined the Seventh New York Heavy Artillery, and remained at Fort Reno until May, 1864, when the regiment went out as infantry.

He was in several skirmishes, and in the battles of the Wilderness and Coal Harbor. At the latter place he was wounded, June 3d, in his right arm and in his left shoulder. He laid most of the day in a pit used by a rebel sharpshooter. Late in the afternoon he went to the field hospital, and from there to the Columbian hospital, Washington, where the ball was removed from his neck. In six weeks he was so far recovered as to be able to go home on a furlough of sixty days. He spent most of the winter in the hospital.

During the winter the Surgeon talked of putting him in the Invalid Corps, but he opposed it, and said that he had rather go to his regiment, where he could do more good, and fight the rebels.

March 6th, 1865, he left the hospital at Washington, and joined his regiment at Baltimore. He was taken sick in a few days with fever, and, April 3d, went to Fort Federal Hill hospital, where he died, April 13th.

He was delirious a week or more before he died, but lived long enough to realize our triumph; for he wrote in his Testament, "Victory, victory over our rebel foes."

A Lieutenant, in writing of his death, said: "He was a good soldier, and I wish that I was as well prepared to die as he was."

CLII.

ARTHUR HASWELL,

OF WATERVLIET.

ARTHUR HASWELL was born in the town of Schoharie, Schoharie county, June 14, 1838, and was the sixth of a family of eight children. His parents were JOSEPH A., son of ARTHUR HASWELL, of Watervliet, and FRANCES, daughter of MICHAEL FRELIGH, M. D., also of Watervliet, Albany county.

Inheriting from his father an unbending integrity and intense love of country, he felt, from the beginning of the war, the injustice of the foes who had plotted the overthrow of the government, and he longed to engage at once in the conflict. Duties at home prevented this; but, as regiment after regiment took the field, the subject of his going was still renewed. His father gave, at length, the son on whom he leaned the most, to his country, and he enlisted as a private soldier in Company B, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment, at Albany, October 21, 1862.

He suffered much in the change of climate and hardships to which that regiment was subjected. At the time of their first active service, he was too ill to go with them, and felt keenly the deprivation. He mentions, in a letter to his mother, the last he ever wrote, that it was a hard sight for those who were left, to see the regiment go to its first active service without them, and hoped she would not think he had been unfaithful to his duty.

His family, who knew him best, in a home where much was required of him, cherish his memory as a son and brother of more than ordinary purity and faithfulness. Shielded by Divine Providence from temptation, in the comparative seclusion of a country home, he bore an unexceptionable moral character, and, during his short stay in the army, won the respect of both officers and men. Although he lacked the buoyant temperament so necessary to the soldier, he was faithful and enduring, and, in his letters home, which were frequent, never complained of the hardships of army life.

An incident which occurred at the time of his leaving, will serve to show his decision of character. He was packing his knapsack for the last time, when he playfully remarked to his sister that the canteen was intended for liquor, and asked if he should take it. She replied that it was best to do so, it might be necessary to life in case of being wounded and without help. His manner instantly changed, and in a firm, decided tone he said, "I will not take it."

His last illness was typhoid fever, and he was confined to the

hospital three weeks previous to his death. On the afternoon of the 20th of April, his cousin, who was in the regiment, visited him, to whom he gave his Bible, pocket diary, and some pressed flowers, for his friends at home. This was his last interview with him. He was at that time cheerful, but did not expect to recover. He read his Bible much while in the hospital, and it is hoped that from its sacred pages he learned to trust Him who can save at the eleventh hour.

He died during the night of the 21st of April, 1863, and was buried at Bonnet Carré. His remains were afterwards brought home, and now repose in the Albany Cemetery.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Adjutant STRONG, to his mother, April 21, 1863:

“In my letter to you of April 19th, I mentioned that ARTHUR HASWELL, of Company B, was quite sick, and that I feared he would not recover. I am deeply pained to inform you that he died last night. We did not suppose he was so near his end. From the first, however, he seemed to give up, and it seemed as though he could not rally. Every attention was paid to him, but it was all of no avail. I trust and believe that he is gone to a better land, and that his spirit is now in heaven.”

The following letter is from Captain MERRIHEW to ARTHUR's sister:

BONNET CARRE, LA., *April* 23, 1863.

MISS ANNA HASWELL:

Dear Friend—The circumstances under which I now address you are painful to me, while to you they will be doubly so. It devolves upon me to communicate to you the sad intelligence of the death of your brother ARTHUR. He died in hospital yesterday morning, April the 21st, 1863, about two o'clock, of general debility. He was without any apparent disease until a day or two previous to his death, when he was attacked with diphtheria, which has proved so fatal with us. We did not consider him dangerously ill until he was attacked with diphtheria, when he commenced to fail very rapidly; and all the skill of our physicians here, could afford no relief, and he has gone to return to us no more forever.

"He who doeth all things well," has seen fit, in His infinite mercy, to take him away; and while it may seem hard that you should be called to mourn the loss of one so young, and full of promise, and so far from friends and loved ones at home; yet you have the comfortable assurance, that he has gone to that better world, where sickness nor sorrows ever come.

You will please accept the heartfelt sympathies of the company of which I now have the command, and of which ARTHUR was a most worthy and esteemed member. I can assure you that your brother had, while associated with us here, by his virtuous conduct, and his many amiable qualities, endeared himself to us all; and we feel that the place now made vacant in our ranks by his death, we may never expect to fill again.

I am very respectfully, your friend,

E. H. MERRIHEW,

Capt. Co. B. 177th N. Y. S. V.

CLIII.

GEORGE W. KILBOURN.

GEORGE W. KILBOURN, son of JAMES and CATHARINE LIVINGSTON KILBOURN, was born in the city of Albany, September 1, 1844. In his youth he was remarkable for his love of truth and sterling honesty. His parents and friends could say of him that they never knew him to tell a falsehood, or to do a dishonest act. He was a pupil of the Sabbath school attached to the church of which his parents were members, and always manifested a deep interest in the worship of God's house.

At the commencement of the war, our young friend was exceedingly anxious to enlist as a soldier in the defence of his country, and was only deterred from doing so by the conviction of his parents, that he was too young for such a service. As our national perils, however, increased, and the family felt that some one of their number should be given up to the service of the country, GEORGE was permitted to go. Prompted by the

noblest impulses of patriotism, he enlisted October 10th, 1862, as Sergeant in Company D, of the One Hundred and Forty-fourth Regiment of New York Volunteers. Shortly after his enlistment the regiment was ordered to New Orleans, and from thence to Bonnet Carré.

Here our young friend was seized with the typhoid fever, and died April 12th, 1863, a little more than eighteen years of age. The deep affliction into which his whole family was cast by this sad bereavement, and their feelings under it, are best described by the father's own words:

"We miss his cheerful face and manly form in the home circle; we miss him at the family altar, where, night and morning, he bowed with us before God. We no longer hear his voice, like sweet music, ascending in prayer, before he retires to rest. But we do not mourn as those who are without hope, for though he made no profession of religion, I believe he loved God and tried to serve Him. Often, unknown to me, after family prayer, and when he was about to lie down to rest, have I heard his voice in earnest supplication to his Heavenly Father."

A Lieutenant, who was sick with him in the hospital, and who was with him when he died, expresses in strong terms his conviction that "GEORGE fell asleep in Jesus."

CLIV.

JACOB VAN ALLEN,

OF BETHLEHEM

JACOB VAN ALLEN, son of JOHN VAN ALLEN, was born in Bethlehem, and in youth received a good education, at the district school of his native town. He was also connected with the Normal School at Albany, and with the Princetown Seminary. Afterwards he taught school in the winter and worked on the farm in the summer.

In July, 1862, when President LINCOLN issued his call for three hundred thousand volunteers, he enlisted as a private in

Company E, Capt. N. H. MOORE, in the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment of Infantry N. Y. State Volunteers. He was, at that time, thirty-one years of age, and a patriot in principle.

Mr. VAN ALLEN was a firm believer in American liberty, and was a sincere patriot. He went with his regiment to Washington, D. C., where they were assigned the duty of guarding the approaches to that city. He died, while in the service of the United States, at Fort Reno, near Washington, November 13th, 1862, of typhoid fever. His remains were brought home and interred in the cemetery of the Dutch Reformed Church at Fura Bush, Albany county, N. Y. He left a widow and two children to mourn his loss.

CLV.

CHARLES VAN ALLEN, OF BETHLEHEM.

CHARLES VAN ALLEN, the brother of JACOB, was born in Bethlehem, Albany county, November 16, 1839. He attended the district school until he was thirteen years of age, when he commenced to learn the printer's trade at Albany, New York. He worked several years for LUTHER TUCKER, Esq., on the "Albany Cultivator," and other works.

The same call of the President that stirred up the patriotism of his brother JACOB, fired his heart. Though anxious to enlist in his country's cause, his duties to a young wife and two infant children, depending on his labor for their support, for a time restrained him. But his mind was relieved when GEORGE DAWSON, Esq., editor and proprietor of the "Albany Evening Journal," announced that he would pay to the families of any six printers, who would volunteer, four dollars per week, during the time they remained in the United States service. CHARLES was among the first to accept Mr. DAWSON's noble offer, and on the 31st of July, 1862, he enlisted as a private in Company E, (Captain N. H. MOORE), of the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment, New York State Volunteers.

Thus the brothers left Albany, side by side to battle, and as it proved, to die for their country's cause.

CHARLES remained with his regiment until June 16, 1864, at which time, he, with a large number of his comrades, was taken prisoner by the rebels at Petersburg, and carried to the Andersonville prison, where, after suffering untold torture and starvation, death came to his relief September 18, 1864.

His wife and children regularly received the promised four dollars per week from Mr. DAWSON, from the day that Mr. VAN ALLEN joined the army, until the regiment was mustered out in August, 1865, that is for nearly a year after CHARLES died. The amount paid was six hundred and twenty-eight dollars; a large sum to contribute to one family. But none but God can know what a relief it was to the suffering and famishing martyr, in a southern prison, to know that a patriot hand promptly paid the promised sum to supply his family. The liberal donor has the sincere thanks of the widow and orphans, and their prayer to Heaven is, that God's blessing may rest upon him.

The contrast between the relations of Mr. DAWSON to the wife and children, and those of southern fiends to the patriot father, may be seen in the light of the following lines, entitled "The Andersonville Post Office," which describes an event that occurred in that horrible den, where our hero perished:

No blanket round his wasted limbs,
Under the rainy sky he slept;
While pointing his envenomed shafts
Around him, death, the archer, crept.
He dreamed of hunger, and held out
His hand, to clench a little bread—
That the white angel with a torch,
Among the living and the dead,
Seemed bearing, smiling as he went;
The vision waked him, and he spied
The post-boy, followed by a crowd
Of famished prisoners, who cried
For letters from their friends.
Crawling upon his hands and knees,
He hears his own name called, and lo!
A letter from his wife he sees.

Gasping for breath, he shrieked aloud,
 And, lost in nature's blind eclipse,
 Faltering amidst the suppliant crowd,
 Caught it and pressed it to his lips.
 A guard who followed, red and wroth,
 And flourishing a rusty brand,
 Reviled him with a taunting oath,
 And snatched the letter from his hand:
 "First pay the postage, whining wretch!"
 Despair has made the prisoner brave:
 "Then give me back my money, sir!
 I am a captive, not a slave!
 You took my money and my clothes,
 Take my life, too, but let me know
 How MARY and the children are,
 And I will bless you, ere I go."

The very moonlight through his hands,
 As he stood supplicating, shone;
 And his sharp features shaped themselves
 Into a prayer, and such a tone
 Of anguish there was in his cry
 For his wife and children, that the guard —
 Thinking upon his own—passed by,
 And left him swooning on the sward;
 Beyond the "dead line" fell his head—
 The eager sentry knew his mark,
 And with a crash, the bullet sped
 Into his brain, and all was dark.
 But when they turned his livid cheek
 Up toward the light, the pale lip smiled,
 Kissing a picture, fair and meek,
 That held in either hand a child.

The following letter from Capt. MOORE to Governor FENTON, does no more than justice to the memory of a brave and true soldier. It can hardly be necessary to state that the request of Capt. MOORE was cheerfully granted by our patriotic Governor:

ALBANY, *October 30, 1865.*

To His Excellency REUBEN E. FENTON, *Governor S. N. Y.:*

I have the honor to recommend to you CHARLES VAN ALLEN, of Co. E, Seventh N. Y. Heavy Artillery, for a commission as Brevet Second Lieutenant.

Corporal VAN ALLEN was a brave and faithful soldier, always ready to do his duty, and when in battle, he was never known to shirk; and I never had occasion even to reprimand him. He served in my company from August, 1862, to June 16th, 1864, when he was taken prisoner by the rebels, at Petersburg, Va., and conveyed to Andersonville pen, where he died. He was in every battle in which his regiment was engaged. He leaves a widow and two children in this city. I am sure they would prize such a commission highly, as proof that his meritorious services have been appreciated.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

NORMAN H. MOORE,

Late Captain 7th N. Y. Heavy Artillery.

SHORT NOTICES.

IN the following pages, we present short notices, of other deceased soldiers of the city and county of Albany, of whom full information could not be obtained. And in this additional list, we by no means comprise all the noble men from our city and county, who offered their lives upon the altar of their country.

Some time since a law was passed, requiring every town in the State, to obtain some information concerning every soldier who had enlisted in our armies during the late war, and send the same to the Bureau of Military Record. Up to the time of our going to press, reports had not been received from Albany, New Scotland, Guilderland and Watervliet, of this county. Had we been favored with reports from the three latter towns, as we have been from the other towns in the county, our list, in these short notices, would be more complete than it now is. We do not profess, therefore, in this volume, even to give the names of all the patriot martyrs from our county; but we surely present enough to show the intense patriotism, the noble daring, the lofty heroism, and, in very many instances, the earnest piety, of the men who freely laid down their lives to perpetuate the American Union, and preserve the honor and the liberty of the American Republic.

Captain HENRY S. HURLBURT, of the Ninety-first Regiment, was killed in the assault on Port Hudson, June 14, 1863.

Previous to the breaking out of the war, he was in the employ of the Central Railroad Company. When the organization of the Third Regiment under Col. FRED. TOWNSEND, was commenced, he recruited Company F of the regiment, and went away in command of it. Some time after the regiment entered the service he resigned and came home, and the Ninety-first Regiment being in process of organization, he accepted the command of a company attached to it. He was a young man of patriotic ardor and fine soldierly qualities. Up to the time of his death he had fought bravely and escaped the shot of the foe. He had a large circle of friends to mourn his death.

Lieutenant CHARLES B. PIERSON, of the Twenty-second Regiment, died at Washington of wounds received at the battle of Manassas, aged twenty-five. He was wounded in the neck on Saturday, and laid on the field till the following Tuesday. His funeral took place here on the 15th, and was attended by Company B and the Masonic fraternity.

Lieutenant JAMES REID, of this city, was a victim of the battle of Bull Run. He was a member of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, N. Y. S. M., in the first three months' call. Upon the return of that regiment, he joined the Fifty-third as a Sergeant. When that regiment was disbanded, his company attached themselves to the Seventeenth Regiment N. Y. V., with young REID as Second Lieutenant. REID was formerly a clerk with Messrs. VAN HEUSEN & CHARLES of Albany.

LOUIS REEHL, Orderly Sergeant of Company K, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment, died, aged twenty-five. He was formerly a member of the Twenty-fifth Regiment (late Col. BRYAN), and was one of the first to respond to the call of the country of his adoption, for the defence of its capital. The privations he suffered and hardships he endured, only nerved him for still greater and more active duties. He became Orderly Sergeant of Company G, Tenth Regiment, N. G., and discharged his duties faithfully till worn out by sickness and disease. He came home only to linger for a few short days, and receive his final discharge.

Sergeant HENRY B. SANDERS, a native of Sussex, in England, was born on the 11th of April, 1840. He was a talented, benevolent and noble young man, and enlisted in Company R, Twenty-fifth Regiment New York State Militia. After three months' service, he was honorably discharged.

Being filled with the spirit of patriotism, he re-enlisted on the 2d of September, 1861, and joined the Fifty-third Regiment. From this he was transferred to the Seventeenth Regiment, Colonel LANSING, where he served with great faithfulness and bravery for two years, and received an honorable discharge. He again enlisted, in the One Hundred and Forty-sixth Regiment New York State Volunteers, and was killed at Coal Harbor, June 2, 1864.

Mr. SANDERS was the army correspondent of the "Knickerbocker," and his letters were very graphic and interesting. He also kept a minute journal of daily events and scenes. His loss is deeply deplored by a large circle of warm friends.

Sergeant MICHAEL JUDGE was born in Ireland in 1836. He resided in this country seventeen years, and then enlisted in the Fifty-ninth Regiment New York Volunteers. He was at first a private, but for his energy and bravery he was made First Sergeant, and held this position until he was shot at the battle of Antietam. He was buried on the battle field.

Mr. JUDGE was the son of JAMES and BRIDGET JUDGE, and he leaves a mother and several brothers to lament his death. He was a man of excellent moral character and was a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

Corporal WILLIAM H. H. LAMOREAUX, son of JOSHUA and ELIZA W. LAMOREAUX, was born in Westerlo, March 29, 1840. He enlisted as Corporal in the Seventh Regiment, August 6, 1862. He was killed in front of Petersburg, Virginia, June 16, 1864.

Corporal JACOB H. SLATER, of Westerlo; born March 17, 1844. Enlisted in Company K, Seventh Regiment, August 2, 1862. He was promoted to Corporal February, 1864, and was in all the engagements of the Army of the Potomac, from the crossing of the Rapidan till the battle of Petersburg. There he received a wound in his left arm, and died from the effects of it at Washington, July 7, 1864.

Corporal DAVID W. CHANDLER, enlisted at Albany, and was with his Company, without intermission, until the battle of Hanover Court House, with the single exception of being sent to Baltimore in charge of JOHN C. CALVERLEY's remains. He was a good soldier; a worthy member of his regiment. He received three wounds, and, although suffering much, would not be removed from the field, until those he thought needed assistance more than he, were cared for. He died in the regimental hospital tent, on the 3d day of June, 1862; and was buried with a comrade under an oak tree, near the camp. A Pennsylvania Chaplain officiated.

Corporal JAMES STEWART was born March 3, 1841, in Philadelphia, and came to Albany in April, 1848. He enlisted in Company C, One Hundred and Thirteenth New York Regiment, in July, 1862, and was killed May 30, 1864.

JAMES was a brave and efficient soldier, and had he lived he would doubtless have reached a higher rank than that of Corporal. He was respected by his fellow soldiers and ardently loved by all who knew him.

His death has fallen with crushing weight on his parents, as he was their only surviving child. At the time of his death, he was in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

Corporal ALFRED LEMBROCHT was born in Germany, and enlisted in Company K, Seventh Regiment, August, 1862. He was taken prisoner at Coal Harbor, and was never afterwards heard from.

GEORGE ELDER, son of GEORGE and MARGARET ELDER was born in the city of Albany, on the 14th of July, 1845. The family attend the North Dutch Church, and GEORGE was a member of the Sabbath school connected with that church.

He enlisted in the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New York Regiment, on the 15th day of October, 1862, and he left for New Orleans on the 17th of December. He participated in the siege of Port Hudson, and was distinguished for his faithfulness and bravery. The hardships of the siege destroyed his health, and he was prostrated by a fever. Being unfit for service he returned home on the 1st day of September, 1863, with the hope that he might rally and be restored to health. But his disease baffled all medical skill, and he gradually grew weaker until the 10th of September, when he expired.

During his sickness I visited him, and received from him evidence of his perfect trust in his Saviour. His remains rest in the Albany Rural Cemetery.

DENNIS DUNKIN, enlisted August 20, 1861, in Company A, New York State Volunteers. He was engaged in all the principal battles until July 4, 1862, when he was wounded while on picket duty, after the seven days' battle. He was sent to the general hospital at Georgetown, and then transferred to the general hospital on David's Island. He recovered, and in February re-enlisted in the Seventh New York Heavy Artillery. He died of disease June 21, 1863. He was loved and respected by his companions in arms, and after his death they furnished the necessary means to have him embalmed, and sent to his parents, who reside in Albany. They live to mourn the loss of a loving and dutiful son.

ADAM CAMPBELL, son of WILLIAM and ELIZABETH CAMPBELL, was born in the town of Knox, August 30, 1842.

His parents died before he was fourteen years of age. He was a dutiful son, and was always an affectionate brother. He was not a professor of religion, but was a thorough patriot, and felt that the rebellion was a wicked and unholy one, and that it was his duty to assist in crushing it.

He enlisted August 12, 1862, in Company K, One Hundred and Thirteenth N. Y. Volunteer Infantry. He was in all the engagements with his regiment until August 25, 1864. At the

battle of Reams' Station he was taken prisoner. He was a brave and efficient soldier, cheerful and ever ready to do his duty. As a prisoner he bore his misfortunes with great fortitude. He was confined at Salisbury, N. C., at which place he died January 5, 1865, and was there buried. The history of the confinement and death of our brave men in the prison pens, is well known. His, was the sad experience of thousands of others.

WILLIAM D. SPRINKS was born in the city of Albany, September 2, 1841, and was the son of JAMES and MATILDA SPRINKS. He received from his parents a Christian education, and from childhood was a member of the Sabbath school connected with the North Pearl Street Methodist Episcopal Church, of Albany. At the age of fourteen years, he obtained a hope that he was a Christian, and united with that church. Afterwards he removed his membership to the Washington Avenue M. E. Church, in which he remained until his death.

Being inspired by a love for his country, he enlisted on the 20th of August, 1861, in Company A, Forty-third New York Regiment. He was in no general battle, but was in several skirmishes, in which he manifested great coolness and bravery. He was seized with the typhoid fever at Camp Griffin, in Virginia, and after four weeks sickness he died, February 25, 1862. He was buried in the Albany Rural Cemetery March 2, 1862.

THOMAS WARDROBE was born in Sandell, Yorkshire, England, on the 12th of May, 1814, and came to the United States in 1843. He was a professor of religion, and connected with the First Baptist Church in Albany. His sympathies were strongly with the Union, but he entered the army mainly because an only son had enlisted under the age of sixteen.

He was a member of Company F, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment N. Y. S. Volunteers, and was in BANKS' expedition. He participated in all the skirmishes of the regiment, and in the taking of Port Hudson. During the siege of that place, he was taken sick with the camp fever, followed by chronic diarrhœa, with which he suffered until his term of enlistment expired; then he started with the regiment for home, in the latter part of August, 1866, but he grew rapidly worse, and was obliged to be left at Cleveland, Ohio. There he lingered twelve days, and died on the 9th of September, at peace with God. He was a true patriot, and never regretted that he had left home and friends for his country. His remains were brought to Albany, and interred in the Rural Cemetery.

JAMES PRINGLE, son of JAMES and JANE S. PRINGLE, was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1822. He was married in 1841 to Miss

AGNES BROWN, in Glasgow, and came to America the same year, and settled in Canada. He came to Albany to reside in 1852, and was a bookkeeper with Messrs. DAVIDSON & VIELE, hardware merchants.

He enlisted in 1861 in Company I, of the One Hundred and Thirty-first Regiment, and was a faithful and brave soldier. He was killed at Port Hudson by the bursting of a shell. He leaves an excellent wife and five children to mourn his loss.

Mr. PRINGLE'S son, JAMES, also served his country faithfully in the navy, and returned without injury.

WILLIAM D. MARSHALL, son of CHARLES and MARY ANN MARSHALL, was born in this city, April 17, 1843. His enlistment in the army was made while he was an apprentice to the carpenter's trade, on the 27th of November, 1861. He was a private in Company G, of the Forty-fourth Regiment. He fell mortally wounded in the battle of Hanover Court House, May 27, 1862.

JOHN SCAHALL.—Of those who volunteered to fill up the depleted ranks of the Twenty-fifth Regiment was JOHN SCAHALL. His career as a soldier, during that memorable period, was honorable and meritorious. Ready to meet every requisition of the Government for men, he again accompanied the same regiment in 1862, and returned after another three months campaign in Virginia. In the summer of 1863, leaving a lucrative employment, he enlisted in the Seventh Artillery, stationed at Forts De Russey and Reno, in Maryland, where he remained until last May, when his regiment, in compliance with the request of its gallant Colonel for a post of honor and activity, was ordered to the front, on the march to Richmond, under Gen. GRANT. He passed through all of the severe engagements, which distinguished that campaign, down to the 16th of June, 1864, when he was taken prisoner. After having remained in Richmond a short time, he was removed further south, and at last to Savannah, Ga., where he died last August. The news of his death reached here but a few days ago, with that of his friend and comrade in confinement, MADDEN, who died three days before at the same place.—*The Albany Times*.

WILLIAM G. LEDDY, a lad who was only fifteen years of age when he enlisted, died amid the horrors of Andersonville prison. He was the son of the late PETER G. LEDDY, a man much esteemed in the community.

WILLIAM H. VANDENBURG.—Died, in Mount Pleasant Hospital, near Port Hudson, WILLIAM H., only son of JACOB L. and COR-

NELIA VANDENBURG, of the Boght, Albany county, aged twenty-three years.

The deceased was a member of Company B (Capt. MERRIHEW), One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New York Volunteers, and enlisted, actuated by the purest patriotism. He was a most correct and amiable youth, and gained the love of all who knew him. His comrades in arms highly esteemed him for his unselfish devotion to their welfare and happiness.

The prayer meetings in the camp well attested his piety and devotion to the cause of Christ. When it was evident that he must die, he had a calm and implicit trust in his Saviour. Writing to his parents, July 20, 1863, he said: "I hope you will pray that I may have strength to reach home; or, if not, that we may be permitted to meet in Heaven. Pray, also, that I may have grace to die, if it is the Lord's will to take me."

This young man was given to God and the nation, by his parents and two loving sisters, with many prayers and tears; and in their deep affliction, they are consoled by the bright hope of meeting the departed, in the realms of the blessed.

JAMES RICE—Died, in November, 1861, at Camp King, Munson's Hill, Virginia. He was but sixteen years of age when he enlisted to serve his country. The boy left his home inspired with the thought that he, in the hour of the nation's extremity, might do something for our honor or protection. He joined the army with high aims, and proved an active, faithful and efficient soldier. While on picket duty, guarding his companions in arms, he was shot by the enemy and fell. His last words to his dear father were: "Father, I have done my whole duty to my country."

WILLIAM I. WOOLEY.—The patriotism of WILLIAM I. WOOLEY was strikingly conspicuous. He was one of the first to respond to the call of his country, and in spite of ill health, and the remonstrances of friends who felt that his impaired strength rendered him unfit for service, he persevered in his noble efforts for the defence of the nation until his death, which occurred in the Georgetown hospital, July 13, 1861.

WOTKYN VAN DERLIP was born in Abany, April 21st, 1842, and was the son of ELIAS and MARGARET A. VAN DERLIP. He was a most dutiful and loving son, a kind and affectionate brother, and beloved by all who knew him. For some years he was a member of the First Congregational Sabbath School of this city; and, although he never united with any church, yet he had the highest regard for religion, the Sabbath, and all sacred things.

When the rebellion broke out, at the call of the President for troops, he enlisted as a private in the Twenty-fifth Regiment N. Y. S. Militia. He was stationed at Arlington Heights, where he worked upon Fort Albany until it was completed. While there on picket duty during a heavy thunder storm, he took a very severe cold, which caused congestion of the lungs, and finally resulted in consumption.

He returned with the regiment. But he was still very desirous of serving his country, and assisting in crushing the rebellion. Being physically unable to go into the field, he was employed as clerk in the Provost Marshal's office at Albany until it was broken up. Then he was appointed as clerk of a court martial in session at Annapolis. This position he was filling at the time of his death. He was attacked suddenly with hemorrhage of the lungs, and, after a few days illness, he died, Sunday, September 17, 1865. He fully realized his situation, and died happy, trusting in Jesus.

LEONARD CORNWELL, of Bern, was the son of ALBERT and MARY CORNWELL, and enlisted in Company D, Sixty-first New York Regiment. On leaving home, he was presented with a Bible by his half brother, WILLIAM HENRY, and this holy book was his constant companion. He read it through while he was connected with the army. After three days severe fighting at Gettysburg, he was killed. This is all the information that we have been able to obtain concerning him. We may reasonably hope, that the daily reading of God's holy word, was blessed to his soul.

JAMES EDGAR WOOD was born in Bern, February 8, 1844, and was the son of ABRAHAM and LUCINDA WHIPPLE. He was adopted and brought up by his grand parents, SOLOMON and CATHARINE WOOD, and therefore took the name of WOOD. He enlisted, December 16, 1862, in Company C, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh New York Regiment. He was in General BANKS' expedition at New Orleans. He died of consumption, August 7, 1863. The place of his burial is unknown.

JOHN LYON was born in the town of Bern, in the year 1843, and was the son of STEPHEN and CATHERINE LYON. He was a youth of excellent moral character, and was a true patriot. On the 8th of September, 1862, he enlisted as a private in the Sixty-first Regiment of New York. He was stationed in Falmouth, Virginia, where he faithfully discharged every duty to which he was called. He was suddenly taken ill, and died on the 12th of December, 1862. His officers give him the highest praise for private virtues and public services.

JOHN TAYLOR, of Bern, enlisted September 1, 1861, in the Ninety-first Regiment. Died in the hospital at Baltimore. His remains were embalmed and sent home. Buried in Bern.

DANIEL VAN DEUSEN enlisted October 2, 1863, in the Tenth Regiment. Died at Port Hudson, June 18, 1863.

WILLIAM POST enlisted December, 1863, in the Seventh Regiment. Killed in battle, June 7, 1864, at Coal Harbor, and buried on the field of battle.

ORVILLE MERIHUE, enlisted August 12, 1862, in the Seventh Regiment. Died at Millen prison, from starvation and derangement. Place of burial unknown.

WILLIAM HARRISON CANULL enlisted November, 1861, in the Ninety-third Regiment. Died, of typhoid fever, in Baltimore, August 11, 1863. Buried in cemetery in Baltimore.

JOHN HENRY CANULL, enlisted August 14, 1862. He was killed in battle June 6, 1864, at Petersburg, by being shot through the head. He was buried on the battle field.

LUCIUS E. BALL, enlisted August 6, 1862, in the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment. Killed in battle at Coal Harbor.

CHARLES B. BOGARDUS was born May 6, 1839, in Bern. He enlisted in the Seventh Regiment, August 6, 1862, and was killed in battle at Coal Harbor, June 3, 1864. He was buried on the field.

WILLIAM H. BOGARDUS was born in Bern, June 30, 1845. He enlisted in the Seventh Regiment, December 28, 1863, and was in the battle of Coal Harbor June 3, 1864. He was taken prisoner, and died in Salisbury prison, N. C.

GEORGE H. WARNER was born in Bern, 1844. He enlisted in the Tenth Regiment, Co. C, October 1, 1862, and died at home of disease taken in the service, September 28, 1863. He was buried at the Lutheran church Cemetery, Bern.

PETER WILLIAM WARNER was born in Bern, and enlisted in the Seventh Regiment, January 6, 1864. He died at Andersonville, Ga., of starvation, November 16, 1864.

CARPENTER N. WRIGHT was born in Bern, and enlisted in Company I, Seventy-sixth Regiment, October 19, 1861. He died at Camp Convalescent, December 16, 1862, and was buried at Fairfax Cemetery.

EDMUND BELL was born in Bern, and enlisted in Co. E, Ninety-first Regiment, October 26, 1861. He died of wounds received in the battle of Port Hudson, May 30, 1863, and was buried at Port Hudson.

HIRAM WILDDAY, of Bern, enlisted in Company I, Sixty-first Regiment, September, 1862. He was wounded in the right shoulder, in front of Petersburg, June 22, 1864. Died at City Point, June 25, 1864, and was buried there.

PETER G. BOUCH, born at Middleburg, July 11, 1828, and enlisted in Company H, Thirteenth Regiment, August 31, 1864. He died at City Point, of disease, November 27, 1864. Buried at Gallupville Cemetery, Schoharie County.

CYRUS B. OSTROM was born in Bern, September 15, 1826, and enlisted in Company D, Ninety-first Regiment, October 26, 1861. He was killed in battle at Port Hudson, June 14, 1863, and was buried at Port Hudson.

JESSE D. WOOD was born in Bern, August 11, 1846, and enlisted in Company C, Tenth Regiment, October 1, 1862. He died of disease while in service at Port Hudson, August 13, 1863. His remains were brought home and buried in Bern.

CHAUNCEY STRINER, born in Bern, enlisted in Company C, Seventh Regiment, January 5, 1864. He died while a prisoner at Andersonville, August 11, 1864.

TIMOTHY McCARTY enlisted in Company I, Sixty-first Regiment, September 15, 1862, and was drowned at West Troy, September 21, 1862. Buried in Bern.

JOSEPH B. NORTHRUP, born in Bern, enlisted in Company I, Sixty-first Regiment, September 15, 1862. He also was drowned at West Troy, September 21, 1865, and was buried in Bern.

JOHN R. FRINK, died at Bonnet Carré, June, 1863, of bilious fever.

WILLIAM H. STALKER, born in Bern, enlisted in the Sixty-first Regiment, August 18, 1862. Died of disease at Washington, May, 1864.

JAMES H. HAMMOND enlisted in Company I, Seventy-sixth Regiment, October 21, 1862, and died at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863.

JASPER HAIGHT was born in Bern, March 31, 1842, and enlisted October, 1861. He died at Fortress Monroe in 1862.

HIRAM D. WOOD enlisted in Company K, Seventh Regiment, August 4, 1862, and died at Andersonville prison, December, 1864.

JOHN RANNA was born in Ireland, and enlisted in Company B, Seventh Regiment, August, 1862. He was killed in battle, at the Wilderness, and buried there.

JOHN ENGLE was born in Germany, and died in the service of the United States.

GARRET H. VANDERPOEL, born June 30, 1842, and enlisted in Company H, Ninety-first Regiment, October, 1861. He served through all the campaigns of his regiment, until the 25th of May, 1863, when he was killed at Port Hudson.

JOHN G. WALLAY was born in Bethlehem, and enlisted in Company F, Forty-fourth Regiment, September, 1861. He served with his regiment, till about the time of the evacuation of Yorktown, when he was taken sick and died in the hospital, in September, 1862.

JOHN FELAY was born in Ireland, and enlisted in the One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Regiment, in 1862. He died in the service, in the Gulf Department.

JOHN A. EVERLING enlisted in Company F, Fifty-first Regiment, August 30, 1864. He was captured in battle at Poplar Grove Church, in Virginia, September 30, 1864. Since then nothing is known of him or of his fate.

GEORGE W. BROWN enlisted in Company H, Forty-third Regiment, September, 1862, and died of sickness at Belle Plain, in February, 1863.

JOHN FLAGEL enlisted August 10, 1862, and was killed at Coal Harbor, June 16, 1864.

JAMES HERRING, of Bethlehem, enlisted in Company C, Seventh Regiment, August, 1862, and was killed in the battle of the Wilderness.

THEODORE KIRKHAM enlisted in the Ninety-third Regiment, 1861, and died in the service.

JOHN LONG, of Bethlehem, enlisted in Company K, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment, September, 1862, and died in Louisiana, in 1863.

MAX SCHINDLER was born in Berlin, Prussia, October, 1847, and enlisted in Company H, Forty-third Regiment, August 28, 1862. He was wounded and taken prisoner, May 23, 1864. He remained in prison thirty-five days, and returned to our lines and died in an hospital at Alexandria, June 27, 1864.

MATTHEW SHILLFORD, enlisted in Company K, Seventh Regiment, at Bethlehem, August, 1862. He was taken prisoner at Coal Harbor, and died in Andersonville.

JOHN STULTZ, of Bethlehem, was born in Germany, January 7, 1843. He enlisted in Company B, Seventh Regiment, July 29, 1862, and was taken prisoner at Coal Harbor and died at Andersonville.

PETER TAYLOR, of Bethlehem, was born July 10, 1818. He enlisted in Company K, Seventh Regiment, August 8, 1862, and was killed at Reams' Station, August 25, 1864.

JOSEPH KIMMER, of Bethlehem, was born April 24, 1841, and enlisted in Company D, Forty-sixth Regiment, July, 1861. He served with his regiment till December, 1863, when he was taken sick, and died in an hospital at Alexandria.

STEPHEN WALKER, of Bethlehem, was born in Glarken, Scotland, in 1835. He enlisted in Company C, One Hundred and Twenty-first Regiment, August, 1862, and was killed in the battle of the Wilderness.

JOSEPH BRECHE was born in Switzerland, 1823, and enlisted in Company A, Ninety-first Regiment, August, 1861. He died in an hospital at Baton Rouge, July 3, 1863.

GEORGE R. BAILEY was born June, 1834, and enlisted in Company I, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment, October 17, 1862. He died of typhoid fever in the hospital at Bonnet Carré, March 21, 1863. His remains were brought home, and buried in Albany.

JAMES ALBRIGHT enlisted in Company I, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment, October, 1862, and served with his regiment till after the siege of Port Hudson. He returned sick and died at Albany soon after he was discharged.

EUGENE BRONK, son of JOHN and GANTIA V. BRONK, was born in Coeymans. He enlisted, October 15, 1862, in the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment, Company I, and died at Port Hudson, La., in August, 1863, of fever. His remains were brought home and buried in the Coeymans Cemetery.

ANDREW B. CARKNARD, son of ROBERT and CATHARINE CARKNARD, was born in Bethlehem, N. Y. He enlisted, October 16, 1862, in the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment, Company I, and died of bilious fever, at Bonnet Carré, La., in March, 1863. He was buried at that place.

JOEL CARKNARD, brother of ANDREW, enlisted October 17, 1862, in the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment, Company I. He died at Bonnet Carré, in May, 1863, and was buried there.

WILLIAM H. CARKNARD, born in Coeymans, was the son of JOHN and CATHARINE CARKNARD, and enlisted July, 1862, in Co. F, One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment.

JOHN E. CARKNARD was born in Coeymans; enlisted in the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment, Company F, July, 1862. All that we know of him, is, that he died in the army.

PETER LAWSON, son of JAMES LAWSON, was born at Coeymans, and enlisted October 16, 1862, in the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment, Company I. He died at Bonnet Carré, La., May, 1863, of typhoid fever, and was buried there.

CHARLES B. LISK, son of JOHN and LYDIA A. LISK, was born at Coeymans, and enlisted in the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment, Company F, August, 1862. He died in the hospital of wounds received in the battle before Petersburg.

JOHN G. ROWLAND was born in Germany, and enlisted July, 1862, in the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment, Company F, at Albany. He died June 2, 1864, in Mount Pleasant Hospital, of a wound received before Petersburg.

WILLIAM SPANBERG, the son of HARTFORD and THANKFUL SPANBERG, was born at Coeymans May 11, 1838. He enlisted 1861 in Company E, Eighteenth Regiment, and participated in the first Bull Run battle. There, instead of running, he retired leisurely from the field, and when fatigued he rested in the open field, regardless of a victorious enemy. Afterwards, he was

taken ill with typhoid fever, sent to the hospital in the vicinity of New York, and died June 11, 1862. His remains were brought home, and funeral services were held by Rev. JAMES BIRCH, of the Methodist Church. He was buried in the Coeymans Hollow Cemetery.

JAMES W. SCOFIELD, son of JOHN SCOFIELD, was born in Coeymans, and enlisted October 14, 1862, in the One Hundred and Seventy-Seventh Regiment, Company I. He died at Coeymans September, 1863.

CHRISTOPHER I. SICKLER, of Coeymans, enlisted October 17, 1862, in the One Hundred and Seventy-Seventh Regiment, Company I. He died at Bonnet Carré in 1863.

ISAAC TEAL, son of JOHN TEAL, enlisted October 14, 1862, in the One Hundred and Seventy-Seventh Regiment, Company I. He died of fever at Bonnet Carré in 1863, and was buried there.

JOEL WATERS, of Coeymans, enlisted October 16, 1862, in the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment, Company I, at Albany. He died at Bonnet Carré, May, 1863, of typhoid fever.

DANIEL W. WISE enlisted August, 1862, in the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment, Company F. He died of wounds received before Petersburg, Virginia.

WILLIAM E. BECKER was a lad some sixteen or seventeen years of age. He enlisted October 14, 1862. Almost immediately afterwards, he was prostrated with a violent fever, and his life was despaired of. On his recovery, when in a very feeble state of health, he joined his company (I, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment), against the protestations of friends, thus showing that he was actuated by patriotism. He participated in the assault and capture of Port Hudson, where he exhibited a daring and bravery far beyond his years. Being taken ill on his way home, on arriving at Cleveland, Ohio, the patriotic and generous ladies of that place took him in charge. There he died, and his remains were entombed.

JOHN MCGAFFIN, of Cohoes, son of JAMES MCGAFFIN and MARGARET BELL, was born in the county of Ulster, Ireland, in 1842. He came to this country with his parents in 1849, and settled in Cohoes. He prepared for College under the Rev. C. N. WALDRON, his pastor, and was admitted to the Freshman class of Rutgers College, New Jersey, in 1860. During his Junior year, he

enlisted as a private in Company H, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment N. Y. S. V., and was killed instantly by the discharge of a shell from the rebel batteries, at the siege of Port Hudson on June 18, 1863. He was a member of the Reformed Dutch Church of Cohoes, having united on profession in May, 1858. He was a young man of excellent disposition and promising talents, and was pursuing his studies preparatory to the ministry, when he felt the Master had need of him in the service of his country. He was buried by his comrades near the spot where he was killed.

ADAM TURNER, of Cohoes, the son of SAMUEL TURNER, was born in Castlereagh, in Ireland, on March 12, 1823. He married JANE CRAIG, November 10, 1848, and removed to this country in 1850. He enlisted from Cohoes, as a private in Company I, Seventh New York Heavy Artillery, and died at Cohoes from dysentery, contracted by exposure and fatigue with the army before Richmond. He was buried, October 14, 1864.

JAMES K. STEVENS, of Cohoes, son of JOHN STEPHENS and ELIZABETH DEITZ, was born in Cohoes, on October 27, 1844. He enlisted from Cohoes, in Company H, Fourth Regiment, New York Heavy Artillery, and died in the hospital at Annapolis, November 6, 1864, from sickness contracted in Richmond prison. He was buried from the Reformed Dutch Church of Cohoes, on November 13, 1864.

GEORGE E. VAN VLIET, of Cohoes, the son of PETER VAN VLIET and ELIZA FERGUSON, was born in Rahway, New Jersey, in 1830. He enlisted from Cohoes, as a private in Company H, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment, New York State Volunteers, and died at the hospital at Bonnet Carré, Louisiana, on May 18, 1863, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

He united, on profession, in March, 1859, with the Reformed Dutch Church of Cohoes, and wherever he was known, he was recognized as an earnest and decided christian. He was preparing for the work of the ministry, and had finished his course at Burr Seminary, Vermont, and was about to enter Hamilton College, when he felt it to be his duty to enlist in the service of his country.

DANIEL D. TUTHILL, of Cohoes, was born in the State of Connecticut, March 17, 1817. He enlisted from Cohoes, as private in Company I, Seventh Regiment, New York Heavy Artillery. He was wounded in the engagement at North Anna Bridge, Virginia, on May 30, 1864, and died at the hospital in Washington, on July 9, 1864. He was buried from Cohoes, on July 16, 1864.

EDWARD GREASON, of Cohoes, son of THOMAS GREASON and ELLEN JONES, was born at Hyde, Cheshire, England, December 12, 1832. He enlisted from Cohoes, in Company A, Seventy-sixth Regiment, New York State Volunteers, and was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, after, which, he was missing. He is supposed to have died on the field of battle and to have been buried by the enemy.

LEONARD G. FLETCHER, of Cohoes, the son of ISAAC F. FLETCHER and CATHARINE BOVEE, was born in Cohoes, February 25, 1841. He enlisted from Cohoes, as a private in Company A, Twenty-second Regiment, New York State Volunteers, and was engaged in the second Bull Run battle, August 30, 1862. After this battle he was missing, and is supposed to have been wounded and died. He was a Sabbath school scholar of the Reformed Dutch Church of Cohoes.

HENRY O. OSTERHOUT, of Cohoes, son of WILLIAM H. OSTERHOUT and SARAH ANN GARDNER, was born in Bethlehem, Albany County, on November 18, 1847. He enlisted from Cohoes, as a private in Company H, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment, New York State Volunteers, and was with the army at the siege of Port Hudson. He returned home with his regiment in September, 1863, and died from sickness contracted during his service, on June 19, 1864.

WILLIAM H. CRANSTON, son of JAMES CRANSTON and CATHARINE M. WELLS, was born in the city of New York, on April 21, 1837. He enlisted from Cohoes, as a private in Company A, the Seventy-sixth Regiment New York State Volunteers, and was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, on July 1, 1863. He was buried from the Reformed Dutch church of Cohoes, on July 16, 1863.

JACOB ALONZO TAYLOR, of Cohoes, son of JOHN TAYLOR and MARGARET WHEELER, was born in Troy, on December 20, 1845. He enlisted from Cohoes as a private in Company H, in the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment, New York State Volunteers. He accompanied his regiment on its way home, until he reached Rochester, New York, where he was taken sick and died, on September 3, 1863. He was a scholar in the Sabbath School, and was beloved by all who knew him. His funeral was held from the church, on September 6, 1863.

FRANKLIN COMSTOCK, of Guilderland, son of DAVID S. and MARY COMSTOCK, was born in New Scotland, September 18, 1844. He was an upright, industrious and amiable youth; and at the

age of fifteen he became a Christian, and united with the Methodist Episcopal church. Actuated by the purest patriotism, he enlisted October 18, 1862, in Company C, One Hundred and Ninety-ninth New York Regiment. Soon after his arrival at Bonnet Carré, La., he was seized with acute rheumatism, and taken to the hospital, on the 14th of January, 1863. There he suffered intensely for many long weary months, being much of the time entirely helpless. But he bore his pains with heroic fortitude, and without uttering a single complaint. His comrades were exceedingly kind to him, and did all in their power for his comfort. But he died April 14, 1863, and was buried at Bonnet Carré. In December, 1863, his remains were brought home, and interred in the Prospect Hill Cemetery at Guiderland.

GEORGE RITER enlisted in Company I, Sixty-first Regiment, August 30, 1862, and was killed May 10, 1864, at Po River, Va.

JOHN SMITH, of Knox, was born November, 1837, and enlisted in Company K, Seventh Regiment, August 9, 1862. He died in Baltimore, March 16, 1864.

GABRIEL SECOR was born in Knox, March 12, 1838, and enlisted in Company D, Ninety-first Regiment. He was in battle at Fort McHenry, and died at Fort Federal Hill. He was buried at Bern.

URIAH HOLLENBECK enlisted in Company G, Tenth Regiment, and died in the service. He was buried in Cairo.

MADISON SETTLE enlisted in Company G, Sixteenth Regiment, and died in the service, and was buried at Fort Pillow.

PETER H. STEVENS, of Knox, enlisted in the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment, July 1862, and died.

HENRY H. ALLEN, of Knox, was born May 10, 1843, and enlisted in the Seventh Regiment, Company K, August 1, 1862. After serving nearly two years, he was mortally wounded, and was buried near Petersburg.

JOSEPH N. BANDY, born in Knox, April 1, 1821. Enlisted in Company K, Seventh Regiment, August 12, 1862. After being in the service nearly three years, it is supposed he died in a rebel prison.

ADAM M. HAINES, born in Knox, December 27, 1836, enlisted in Company D, Ninety-first Regiment, August, 1861. After

being in the service nearly two years, he was wounded at Port Hudson, from which he died in fourteen days. He was buried in New Orleans.

ANDREW W. KELLOGG, of KNOX, a private in the Havelock Battery, son of AMOS and LUCY KELLOGG, was born in Florida, Schenectady county, New York, June 12, 1822. He experienced religion at Northampton, Fulton county, New York, in 1848, and united with the Presbyterian Church of that place. He was, up to the time of his death, a useful and active member. Pure patriotism induced him to leave family and friends, and unite with the many brave defenders of his country; and he enlisted in the Havelock Battery, November 11, 1861. His battery was in the battle of Manassas Junction, but his health was too poor to admit of his participating in the same. He died at the Marine hospital, of small pox, June 1, 1863, and to the last moment, was constantly urging those around him, to prepare for death. He was buried near the hospital.

AMOS GIDEON HAINES, born in KNOX, August 21, 1839, enlisted in Company D, Ninety-first Regiment, August, 1861. He was in service nearly three years, and died of disease. His remains lie in Knoxville Cemetery.

ELIAS HANE was born in KNOX, September 28, 1844, and enlisted in the Seventh Regiment, July 26, 1862. He served his country faithfully for two years, and died of wounds in the leg, received at Coal Harbor. His remains rest in Knoxville Cemetery.

DAVID BARTON, the son of STEPHEN and POLLY LINCOLN BARTON, was born in Rensselaerville, April 30th, 1837. He enlisted November 24, 1861, at Albany, and died at Key West, Florida, April 28, 1862, of typhoid fever, and was buried there.

CHARLES F. BARTON, brother of DAVID, was born at Rensselaerville, June 3d, 1847, and enlisted November 24, 1861, at Albany. He died at Key West, June 28, 1862, with fever, contracted in the service, and was buried there. Thus fell two heroes from the same patriotic family.

EDWIN CRANDALL, son of WILLIAM and RUTH UNDERHILL CRANDALL, was born March 16, 1841. He enlisted August, 1862, in the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Regiment, Company F, and died about December 23, 1862, from a wound received Dec. 13, in battle of Fredericksburg, and is buried there.

PETER RAHERTY was born in Ireland, June, 1830. He enlisted September 4, 1861, in the Third Regiment, Company L. He was taken prisoner at Gettysburg, and died while in the hands of the rebels. The place of his burial is not known.

EDWARD C. PLATTO, son of JAMES A. and CHRISTIANA PLATTO, was born in Albany, on the 8th day of July, 1827. He received a good education, when his parents removed with him to Poughkeepsie, where he learned a trade. In 1857 he again came to reside in Albany, and was married, May 1st, 1859.

From the first breaking out of the rebellion, he manifested an earnest desire to assist in crushing it. Through his wife's efforts, he was kept back for a few months. But he soon came to the conclusion, and boldly declared that his duty to his country was first, and that to his family second; and accordingly he enlisted in Company D, Tenth Regiment National Guards. His Lieutenant wrote that in every battle, and when before Port Hudson, he was always first at his post, and on one occasion, when the call to arms was sounded, he rushed out with only part of his clothes on, so anxious was he to be in his place.

Ten days before the regiment left Port Hudson for home, he was taken sick of the typhoid fever. He was brought with the regiment as far as Cleveland, O., where he was left in the hospital. On Monday, September 1st, he died, and on Tuesday, September 2d, 1863, his remains were brought to Albany by his two brothers, and deposited in the Dutch Reformed burial ground on State street, in this city.

ALEXANDER SWARTWOUT, son of MINER C. and SUSANNA SWARTWOUT, was born in Rensselaerville, June, 1824. He enlisted August 6, 1862, and of his fate his friends know nothing.

NATHAN LESTER FISH, son of DENNISON and MINERVA LESTER FISH, was born in Rensselaerville, September 4, 1844, and enlisted August 6, 1862, in the Seventh Regiment, Company K. He served in all the engagements of the regiment until June, 1864, when he was taken prisoner at Petersburg, Va. He was taken to Andersonville prison, and has never been heard of since.

ISAAC E. FINCH, son of SMITH A. and MARTHA KNOWLES FINCH, was born in Rensselaerville, September 11, 1843. He enlisted in Seventh Regiment, Company K, August 6, 1862. He was in several battles, and was killed in the battle of Tolopotomy Creek, and buried there.

CHARLES GREENE, son of ALMAR W. and MARIA VAN WORT GREENE, was born at Preston Hollow, September 30, 1842. He

enlisted in the Eighteenth Regiment, Company C, September, 1861, and died in the hospital at Hilton Head, North Carolina, Feb. 2d, 1862, and was buried there.

JAMES WEBB, of Westerlo, was born in the town of Fulton, New York, on the 10th day of June, 1842. His parents were ASAHEL and CAROLINE WEBB.

Desiring to do what he could for his country, he enlisted in Company K, One Hundred and Thirteenth New York Regiment, known as the Seventh Heavy Artillery, August 19, 1862.

On the 15th of June, 1864, he wrote to his parents that he had been in five heavy battles, and while they raged, he was under fire every day. On the 16th of June, he was taken prisoner before Petersburg, and carried to Andersonville prison. Up to this time he had been distinguished for his cheerfulness; his strict obedience to his superior officers, and his unflinching bravery upon the battle-field. But on entering this horrible prison, and being subject to the cruelties of the incarnate fiends who took delight in his starved condition, and his agonies, his health and spirits were both undermined. In the bitterness of his soul, he said to his companions in wretchedness, "I shall never see home again."

He lingered through the sad days and weary nights, until, on the 15th of October, 1864, death came to his relief. Where his remains lie none of his friends know. He was probably buried with the other patriot martyrs, who were murdered in this prison.

LEVI SMITH, son of ISRAEL and FANNY SMITH, was born at Potter's Hollow, November 21, 1841. He enlisted in the Seventh Regiment, Company F, August 6, 1862. He was taken prisoner in the battle of Tolopotomy Creek, and died in Andersonville prison.

SILAS WHITE, son of DANIEL and MARY ANN WHITE, was born at Preston Hollow, March 5, 1845. He enlisted in the Fifth Regiment, Company I, February 1, 1862, and died with the measles, at Baltimore, December 25, 1862. He is buried at Preston Hollow.

WILLIAM SHONESS, son of JOSHUA and ABBY TEN EYCK SHONESS, was born in Westerlo, June, 1844. He enlisted in the Sixty-first Regiment, Company E. He died in the service of the United States, near Fredericksburg, Virginia.

GEORGE SWARTWOUT, son of MINER C. and SUSANNA CORNISH SWARTWOUT, was born in Rensselaerville, June 14, 1844. He

enlisted in October, 1862, at Albany. After going to the front, he lived three months and then was taken sick with typhoid fever. He died at Falmouth, Virginia, and was buried there.

ALFRED LAWPAUGH, of Westerlo, enlisted in Company K, Seventh Regiment, August 14, 1862. Died at Washington. His remains were brought to Westerlo and buried.

THOMAS WESTLEY BARKER, of Westerlo, enlisted in Company D, Sixty-first Regiment, September 1, 1862. Died in the service.

JESSE DENNISON enlisted October, 1862. While on his way home with his regiment, he died at Rochester, New York.

JOHN RIDER enlisted in Company K, Seventh Regiment, at Westerlo, August 14, 1862. He was in the battles before Petersburg, June 16 and 22, and was taken prisoner, after being wounded at the last named battle, and taken to Richmond. He died from the effects of his wound.

GEORGE C. WOOLLEY, of Westerlo, enlisted in Company K, Seventh Regiment, August 14, 1862. He was in all of the engagements of the Army of the Potomac, from May 15, 1864, until he was taken prisoner at Petersburg, June 16, 1864. He was confined at Andersonville prison, and died while there from the effects of starvation.

DAVID H. CRAWFORD, of Westerlo, enlisted in Company K, Seventh Regiment, August 14, 1862. He was killed in battle, at North Anna River, May 27, 1864.

MARCUS D. LOCKWOOD, of Westerlo, born in 1847, enlisted in Company K, Seventh Regiment. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Petersburg, June 17, 1864, and died a prisoner of war.

JOHN WRIGHT, of Westerlo, enlisted in the Forty-third Regiment. After serving twenty-one months, he re-enlisted in the same regiment. He was wounded soon after, and died at Washington.

JOHN BOWIE, enlisted in Company K, Seventh Regiment, August 2, 1862. He was in all the engagements of the Army of the Potomac, from the crossing of the Rapidan to the battle of Petersburg, June 16, 1864. There he was taken prisoner, and confined in Andersonville prison, where he died from exposure and starvation.

DAVID B. WILLSEY, of Westerlo, enlisted in Company K, Seventh Regiment, August 14, 1862, and was in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, from May 16, 1864, till the 10th of June, 1864. He was taken prisoner near Petersburg. Died at Andersonville prison.

JAMES HOLMES was born in Westerlo, February 6, 1827, and enlisted in Company K, Seventh Regiment, August 4, 1862. He was in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, from the crossing of the Rapidan to the assault of Petersburg, June 16, 1864. He was then taken prisoner and carried to Andersonville, where he died from exposure and starvation.

JOHN B. CRAFT, of Westerlo, born in Coeymans, April 14, 1845, enlisted in the Seventh Regiment May 5, 1862. After serving his term of enlistment, he again enlisted, for nine months, in the Tenth Militia Regiment, November, 1862, and again in the Seventh Heavy Artillery Regiment. He was taken prisoner June 16, 1864, and died at Millen prison, from exposure and starvation, November 2, 1864.

CHARLES C. BAKER, of Company E, Ninety-first Regiment, died at New Orleans, aged thirty-five years.

JOHN H. BRIGGS, of Company C, Seventy-Seventh Regiment, wounded at the battle of Winchester, died at TAYLOR's hospital, aged twenty-one years.

SAMUEL BURRISKILL, of Company C, Seventh Regiment, N. Y. S. V. died November 7, 1863, aged twenty-one years.

CHRISTOPHER G. BURNS, after passing through the dangers of fourteen battles, died of consumption, aged twenty-four years.

CHARLES BRICE was killed at the battle of the Wilderness, Virginia, aged twenty-three years.

WILLIAM H. BARLOW, Company E, Tenth Regiment, died at Bonnet Carré, La.

JOHN A. CHRISTOPHER, aged eighteen, was killed in an engagement near Rappahannock station, Virginia.

WILLIAM F. CAMPION, killed at the battle of Antietam, was buried from the residence of his father. He was a member of Company B, Eighth Regiment Ohio Volunteers, and was twenty-three years of age.

HENRY MONTRAVILLE was also killed in the above action and was buried in Albany, 22d January, 1865.

JOHN McDONALD, of the Thirtieth Regiment, New York State Volunteers, was instantly killed in action on the 30th of August. He died as a true Albany boy, with his back to the field and his face to the foe, young, handsome and brave; all who knew him lamented his death. Hardly fifteen years of age in April, 1861, he marched with the Twenty-fifth to Washington, and upon its return enlisted in the D'Epineul Zouaves, and uncomplainingly shared their privations and mishaps in the voyage to Hatteras, and when disbanded joined the Thirtieth Regiment, in whose ranks he bravely battled and nobly died.

SIMEON H. MANN, of Co. G, One Hundred and Twenty-first Regiment, was killed in the charge in the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, while on the top of the enemy's breastworks.

GEORGE MARTIN, after he had passed through all the battles of the Peninsula with Gen. McCLELLAN's army, at last at the battle of Crampton Gap was shot through the heart, and leaves a wife and child, and a large circle of friends to mourn the loss.

THOMAS L. HARTNESS was a brave soldier and devoted Sabbath School teacher, and died for his country.

CHARLES A. HASKELL died at Bonnet Carré of typhoid fever, aged eighteen.

MICHAEL HARRIGAN died at Baton Rouge, aged eighteen; member of the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment.

F. S. HURD died at Port Hudson; son of the late J. N. M. HURD. He was a member of Company A, One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Regiment.

JOHN B. CARTER was killed at the battle of Winchester, Va., and was buried at Albany January 5, 1865.

THOMAS EDWARD CARY was instantly killed, and left a father and brother in the army.

CHARLES B. CHAPMAN died, aged twenty-seven. He was a printer, attached to the Ellsworth Regiment. He received a wound in the breast in one of the battles before Richmond.

JAMES DE LACEY, whose affection, as the son of a widowed mother, was equal to his courage upon the battle field, fell at the slaughter at Antietam.

WM. T. O'BRIEN died at Newbern, N. C. He was a member of the Twenty-third New York battery.

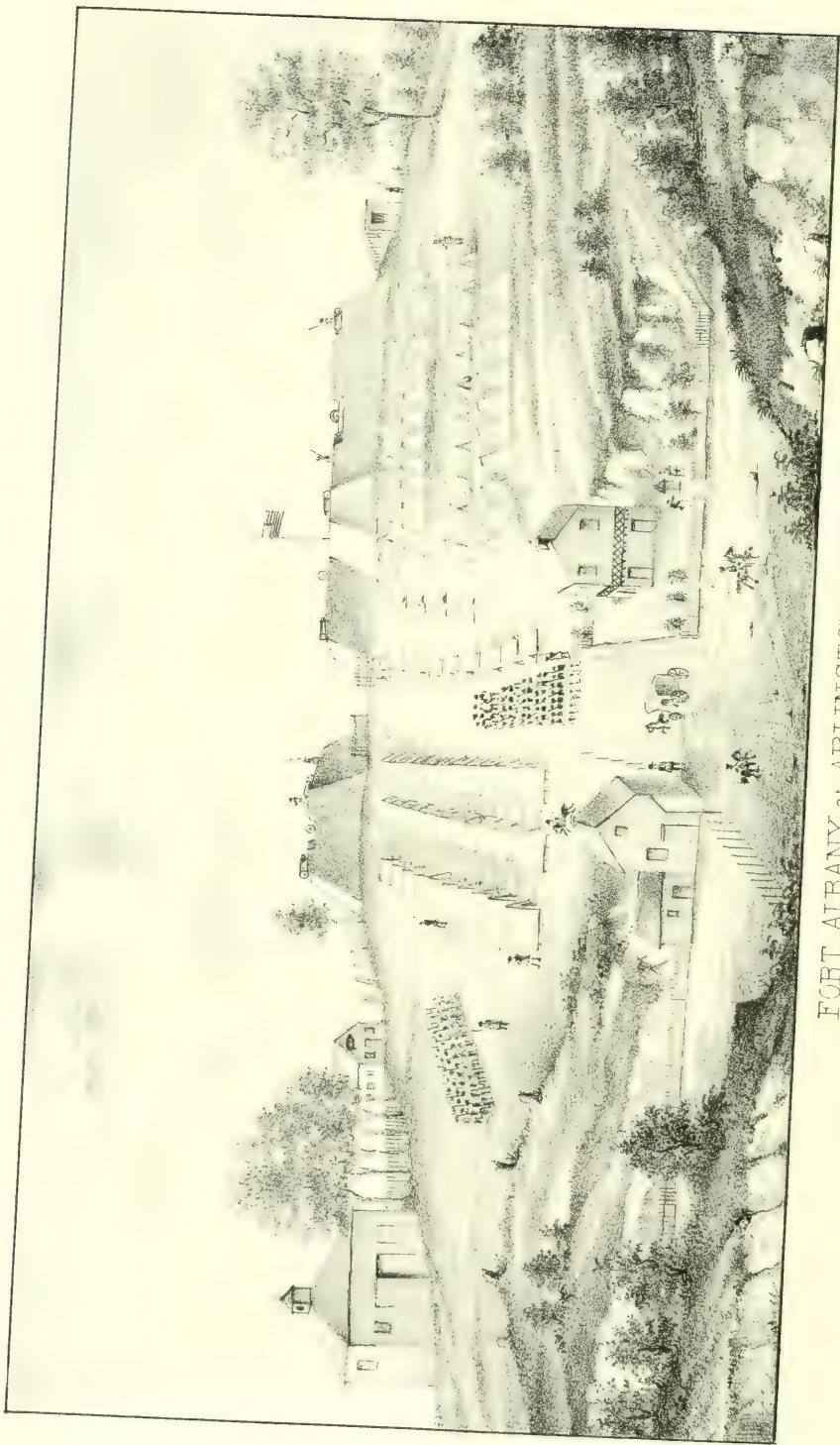
ABRAHAM S. THORNTON, of the Seventh Artillery, who died at Washington, was buried from the Hudson Street Baptist Church.

THOMAS SMITH, Jr., Company B, Berdan's Sharpshooters, died at City Point Hospital, Virginia, aged twenty-one. He was wounded in a skirmish before Petersburg, on the sixteenth.

CLARENCE H. STEPHENS, a brave boy of nineteen years, fell before the deadly fire of the rebel artillery.

JOHN SHAFFER, a young man of superior worth, after braving many battles, died in 1863, and the last words upon his lips were, "My mother."

CHRISTOPHER SCHEIDLER died, aged twenty-six. He was one of the first volunteers in the war, and served in the Virginia campaign in the Twenty-fifth Regiment.



FORT ALBANY at ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.
Erected 1861 by the 25 Regiment N.Y.S.M

APPENDIX.

BRIEF HISTORIES OF THE REGIMENTS THAT WERE RAISED IN THE COUNTY OF ALBANY. THEY ARE ARRANGED HERE, MAINLY IN THE ORDER IN WHICH THEY LEFT OUR CITY FOR THE SEAT OF WAR.

TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M.

By Adjutant J. M. KIMBALL.

HEAD QUARTERS (N. G. S. N. Y.) 25TH REGIMENT }
N. Y. S. M., ALBANY, *October 1, 1866.* }

Rev. R. W. CLARK, D. D.:

Dear Sir—In accordance with your request, I send you an account of the Twenty-fifth Regiment N. Y. S. M.

Having been Adjutant of that regiment for the last four years, and a member of it for more than twelve years, I have the means of giving you an accurate account of its services, in the late civil war.

On or about the 19th day of April, 1861, Col. MICHAEL K. BRYAN, then commander of the Twenty-fifth Regiment N. Y. S. M., (then a part of the uniformed militia of the State,) received orders from Gov. MORGAN to hold his regiment in readiness to move at a moment's notice.

On the evening of April 21, 1861, the order came from Gov. MORGAN to move the next morning, at nine A. M., to Washington, D. C. The order was obeyed by the regiment with all possible alacrity, and on the morning of the 22d of April, 1861, the regiment, under command of Col. BRYAN, proceeded by the Hudson River railroad to New York, and from that city took the steamer Parkersburgh for Annapolis, Md., where they landed on the morning of the 26th of April, and the Colonel reported to Gen. BUTLER, who was then in command of that post. On the morning of the 29th, the regiment arrived in Washington, D. C., the fifth regiment that reached there in defence of the Capital, at that critical hour of our Nation's history.

Upon arriving in Washington, the regiment was quartered in a large building, near the Capitol. There it was drilled by the Colonel, assisted by United States officers of the regular army, for several hours in the forenoon and afternoon, until it became

one of the best drilled militia regiments in Washington. The commander of the regiment reported, on the arrival in Washington, directly to Maj. Gen. WINFIELD SCOTT, who ordered the Colonel to report with his command to Brig. Gen. MANSFIELD. The regiment remained under Gen. MANSFIELD's orders till the 23d of May, 1861, when the command came to cross that night, at two A. M., the Long Bridge from Washington to Virginia. This regiment was the second that reached the Virginia side, the Twelfth, Col. BUTTERFIELD's, being the first.

The Twelfth New York Militia, Col. BUTTERFIELD, upon crossing over the bridge, turned off to the left hand, and Col. BRYAN moved on with his command to Arlington Heights, where Fort Albany now stands. The regiment, after taking two of the rebel pickets, with their horses and equipments, prisoners, (which I think were the first prisoners taken in Virginia after the commencement of the war,) encamped at four A. M. on the 24th of May, 1861. Soon after they commenced the erection of Fort Albany, which was mostly built by the labor of this command; besides, some twenty acres of timber and wood were cut down by them for military purposes. The fort was named Fort Albany, in honor of the city from which the regiment came, by the men to whom it was left by the military authorities at Washington, at Col. BRYAN's suggestion.

At the battle of Bull Run, the regiment was left in charge of the fort they had built, and which was one of the barriers that, after the disaster of Bull Run, on the 21st of July, 1861, saved the Capital from the advance of the rebels, as appears by the reports of the Generals of the enemy.

After the battle and defeat of the 21st, under McDOWELL, on the night of that day, Col. BRYAN was placed in command of the fort, and several other regiments and batteries, to make a stand in case the rebels advanced or pursued our flying columns from that unfortunate field of battle. This certainly showed the confidence of the Government in Col. BRYAN and his men. But the enemy did not advance. They feared the strength of Fort Albany, and the other works erected beyond the Potomac.

Had it not been for these forts, erected on the south side of the Potomac by Gen. RUNYON's Brigade of New Jersey men, and by the Twenty-fifth and Sixty-ninth Regiments New York, under Col. BRYAN and Col. CORCORAN, the city of Washington would doubtless have been taken by the rebels after the first Bull Run battle. The Twenty-fifth Regiment bestowed an immense amount of labor on these forts, and the importance of that service appeared very clearly at that time.

This regiment was ever ready to obey every order, and faithfully performed every duty required of it by the Government. It

justly received the thanks of its superior officers. They were not mustered into the service till the 4th of May, 1861, at Washington, and their term of service was three months from that time.

With the loss of three men by sickness, who died at Washington, D. C., the regiment returned to Albany by railroad on the 1st of August, numbering five hundred and seventy-five men and officers, and were mustered out at Albany on the 4th of August, 1861.

The regiment was commanded by MICHAEL K. BRYAN as Colonel. JAMES SWIFT was Lieutenant Colonel, and DAVID FREEDLANDER, Major. Company A, was commanded by Captain JACOB FREDENDALL; Company B, by Captain TIMOTHY McDERMOTT; Company C, was commanded by Captain JOHN GRAY; Company D, was commanded by Captain FRANK MARSHALL; Company E, by Captain J. J. HUBER; Company G, was commanded by Capt. HENRY MULHOLLAND; Company H, by Captain GODEFREY; Company L, by Captain FREDERICK NEWDORF; Company R, by Capt. HALE KINGSLEY.

The regiment was again, on the 31st of May, 1862, mustered into the United States service at Albany, N. Y., by order of the Government for three months, and on this occasion was ordered to Suffolk, Virginia, where they remained till the 1st day of September, 1862. Then they took passage, at Norfolk, on the 2d of September, on the steamer Baltic, for New York, where they arrived after a stormy passage, on the 6th of September. During this campaign the regiment was encamped at Suffolk, Virginia, where they were in the brigade of General MAX WEBER, commanding, which was composed of the Third New York Volunteers; the Fourth New York Volunteers; the Thirteenth New York Militia, and the Twenty-fifth Regiment, New York Militia.

The regiment attained great proficiency in drill while at Suffolk, and nine days after this regiment was mustered out of service, the brigade of General WEBER was ordered into the battle of Antietam, where he was wounded, and General MANSFIELD who was the commander of the post at Suffolk, was killed.

The regiment returned with five hundred men, having lost but one man, who was accidentally drowned. Though they fought no battles, they were ever ready to do so if required, while in the field; and hundreds of the officers and men that first served in the late civil war, in the Twenty-fifth Regiment, after it returned to Albany and was mustered out, joined with their Colonel, MICHAEL K. BRYAN, other regiments of volunteers, and fought many battles. Many of them laid down their lives in the field, among whom was Colonel BRYAN, who fell at the head of his

regiment at Port Hudson. Others who have nobly served through the war, have returned, and now reside with us.

During its term of service in 1862, at Suffolk, Colonel BRYAN commanded. JAMES SWIFT was Lieutenant Colonel, and DAVID FRIEDLANDER Major. Company A, was commanded by JACOB FREDANDOLL; Company B, by TIMOTHY McDERMOTT; Company C, by Captain JOHN GRAY; Company F, by Captain MICHAEL KENNALLY; Company G, by JAMES M. CARLIN, and Company K, by Captain HALE KINGSLEY.

Permit me to say all did their duty; and if ever the country shall again need the services of her sons, the Twenty-fifth Regiment which is now in a most efficient condition in regard to drill, discipline and numbers, under its present able and zealous officers, most of whom have faced the foe in the fight, will be among the first to rally round the flag, and to defend the American Republic against every foe.

Respectfully yours,

J. M. KIMBALL,

Adj. 25th Regt. N. Y. S. V.

*THIRD REGIMENT INFANTRY, N. Y. S. V.

THE Third Regiment Infantry, N. Y. S. V., or "First Albany Regiment," was organized at Albany. It was composed of companies recruited and accepted as follows, viz:

Co.	Where recruited.	By whom recruited.	Date of acceptance.
A.	Williamsburgh, L. I. . .	Capt. Abel Smith, jr.	Order 13, April 20, 1861.
B.	Newburgh, N. Y.	Capt. S. W. Fullerton, jr.	Order 15, April 20, 1861.
C.	Albany, N. Y.	Capt. Elbridge G. Floyd.	Order 14, April 20, 1861.
D.	Syracuse, N. Y.	Capt. John G. Butler.	Order 69, April 21, 1861.
E.	Albany, N. Y.	Capt. Justus W. Blanchard.	Order 41, April 20, 1861.
F.	do	Capt. Henry S. Hulbert	Order 98, April 22, 1861.
G.	do	Capt. J. H. Ten Eyck, jr.	Order 148, April 23, 1861.
H.	Owego, N. Y.	Capt. Isaac S. Catlin	Order 158, April 24, 1861.
I.	Albany, N. Y.	Capt. Edward S. Jenny	Order 179, April 27, 1861.
K.	Havana, N. Y.	Capt. John E. Mulford	Order 232, April 25, 1861.

On the 24th of April, Captains SMITH, FULLERTON, FLOYD, BLANCHARD, HULBERT, TEN EYCK and BUTLER were directed to meet and elect field officers, and, on the 25th, the election of FREDERICK TOWNSEND as Colonel, and SAMUEL M. ALFORD as Lieutenant Colonel, was confirmed. These proceedings, however,

* For this and most of the other histories of the regiments, we are indebted to the reports of Col. DORV, Chief of the Bureau of Military Record.

were set aside. At a meeting of the State Military Board, held May 7th, it was, on motion of the Treasurer, *Resolved*, That the ten companies, commanded by the following Captains, to wit: S. W. FULLERTON, JR., ABEL SMITH, JR., E. G. FLOYD, JOHN G. BUTLER, JUSTUS W. BLANCHARD, HENRY S. HULBERT, ISAAC S. CATLIN, JACOB H. TEN EYCK, JR., E. S. JENNY and JOHN E. MULFORD, be and they are hereby accepted and organized into a regiment, to be designated as regiment No. 3, and that the officers of said companies be authorized to hold an election to elect the field officers for said regiment." Under this resolution the election was held by Brig. Gen. RATHBONE, on the 8th, at which FREDERICK TOWNSEND was elected Colonel, S. M. ALFORD, Lieutenant Colonel, and GEORGE D. BAYARD, Major. The State Board confirmed the selections made, with date from the 8th. On the 14th of May the regiment was mustered into the service of the United States by Capt. FRANK WHEATON, U. S. A., and on the 16th (Special Orders No. 192) Col. TOWNSEND was directed "to proceed with his regiment to New York, May 18, and report for duty to Gen. DIX. Arms and equipments to be issued upon their arrival at New York."

The regiment left Albany for New York on the 18th May, and arrived in that city on the 19th, and took quarters in the Park barracks. It was armed with seven hundred and twenty muskets, pattern of 1842, caliber sixty-nine (May 27), which were changed (May 29) for Enfield rifles, caliber fifty-seven. Equipments were also furnished, and (May 28-30) one hundred common and twenty-four wall tents issued to it by the State. On the 31st of May it left New York for Fortress Monroe. The expenditures by the State in behalf of the regiment up to August 15th, exclusive of subsistence and quarters, was fifty-five thousand six hundred and twenty-four dollars and eighty-one cents.

The regiment reached Fortress Monroe on the 3d of June. On the 9th it was ordered to move in support of the Fifth Regiment, in an attack on Little Bethel. The First, Second and Seventh Regiments were also ordered to join in this movement. While the Third was *en route* it passed in the vicinity of the Seventh, and the latter, mistaking it for a force of the enemy, opened with artillery and musketry upon Col. TOWNSEND's column. The fire was irregularly returned by the Third, and fearing that it had fallen into an ambuscade, it immediately retreated to an eminence near by. The true state of facts having been ascertained, the regiments effected a junction, and resumed the line of march. Little Bethel was found to have been evacuated by the enemy, and the command moved forward to Big Bethel, where, after a short engagement, a retreat was ordered. In this movement the Third lost two men killed and twenty-seven wounded.

The regiment returned to Fortress Monroe, and from thence (July 30th) to Baltimore, where it remained in camp, at Fort McHenry, until April 1st, 1862, when it was sent to Fort Federal Hill. From Federal Hill it was transferred to Suffolk, Va., where it remained until September 12th. It then returned to Fortress Monroe, where it performed guard duty until the expiration of its term of service.

On leaving the service it received the following complimentary order:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA,
7TH ARMY CORPS, FORTRESS MONROE, VA., }
May 12 1863.

To the Third New York Volunteers (Infantry):

The Major General commanding cannot withhold the expression of his deep regret that the term of service, for which a large number of the men of the Third New York Volunteers enlisted is about to expire, and that he is compelled to part with them.

In discipline, good conduct, and a faithful discharge of their duties, under all circumstances in which they have been placed, he ventures to say that they are not surpassed by any other regiment in the service.

Through the care, vigilance and fidelity of their officers and their able commander, and through their own just sense of all their obligations, under the military laws by which they have been governed, they have earned a most enviable reputation.

To those who have re-entered the service, with an unshaken determination to uphold the cause of their country against its faithless enemies, he tenders his sincere thanks; and if those who are about to return to their families and friends for a while, should rejoin their comrades whom they leave behind, they will receive as warm a welcome as that which awaits them at home.

JOHN A. DIX,

Major-General Commanding.

Official: WILSON BARSTOW, *Aid-de-Camp.*

The regiment took the field with seven hundred and ninety-six officers and men. During its period of service it received one hundred and sixty-two recruits, who, with about two hundred re-enlisted men, and the re-enlisted men and recruits of the Ninth Regiment New York Volunteers, who were consolidated with it, remained in the field and continued its organization under Col. ALFORD, who had been promoted to the command of the regiment, on the resignation of Col. TOWNSEND (July 2d, 1861). It commenced its service, as a veteran command, with

about eight hundred men, and subsequently received seven hundred conscripts and about two hundred recruits, as well as a number of men by the consolidation with it of the One Hundred and Twelfth New York Volunteers.

The re-organized regiment was sent to Folly Island, where it participated in the siege of Fort Wagner and Charleston. In April, 1864, it visited Gloucester Point and West Point, and made a reconnoissance to within a few miles of King William Court House. It then moved up the James River, under Gen. BUTLER, as a part of the First Brigade (Col. S. M. ALFORD), Second Division (Brig. Gen. J. H. TURNER), Tenth Corps (Maj. Gen. Q. A. GILMORE.) It was actively engaged and suffered severely in the advance made by Gen. BUTLER, May 12th, 14th and 16th, and lost fifty wounded, five killed and seven missing, out of about two hundred and eighty-five engaged. About the 31st of May it was temporarily assigned to the Third Brigade, Third Division, Eighteenth Army Corps, and moved to Coal Harbor, where it remained until the 12th of June, when it returned to Bermuda Hundred. On the 15th it started for Petersburg, and reached a point within about two miles of the city, where it encountered the enemy, charged his works, captured two hundred and fifty men of WISE's Brigade, the battle-flag of the Twenty-sixth Virginia, and some nine or ten pieces of artillery. It fell back on the 12th and resumed its old position in the Tenth Corps. It was subsequently in action at Bermuda Hundred, in front of Petersburg, Petersburg Mine, Fort Gilmer, Chapin's Farm, Darbytown Road, first and second Fort Fisher, and Wilmington, N. C. At Fort Fisher, the State color which it carried was the first Regimental color which was hoisted on the enemy's works. It was mustered out of service in August, 1865.

FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

THE Forty-third Regiment was recruited in the counties of Albany, Washington and Otsego, and in New York city. It left Albany September 16, 1861, under command of Colonel (afterwards Brigadier General) FRANCIS L. VINTON. Arrived in the field September 21, 1861, and from that time until it was mustered out, was constantly in the face of the enemy.

It went out with seven hundred and six men, and, with the recruits which it subsequently received, (including five companies which were recruited for it at the close of the Peninsula campaign in 1862) had a roll of two thousand three hundred and twenty-seven. It returned with two hundred and ninety men

and thirteen officers. It was first assigned to General HANCOCK's Brigade, in which it served until February, 1863, when it was selected as one of five regiments, distinguished for dash and courage, to form a Light Division of the Sixth Army Corps. It served in this division at Marye's Heights, Salem Church and Banks' Ford, and was the first regiment that planted its colors on the enemy's works on Marye's Heights.

After the Chancellorsville campaign, the Light Division was discontinued, and the regiment was assigned to the Third Brigade, Second Division, Sixth Corps, in which it subsequently served. It was mustered out June 27, 1865, with the following battles, actions and sieges inscribed on its banners: Lee's Mills, April 29, 1862; Warwick Creek, April 30, 1862; Siege of Yorktown, 1862; Golding's Farm, June 27, 1862; Seven Day's Battles, 1862; Antietam, September 17, 1862; Fredericksburg, December 12, 13, 14, 1862; Marye's Heights, May 3, 1863; Salem Church, May 3, 4, 1863; Banks' Ford, May 4, 1863; Fredericksburg, June 5, 1863; Gettysburg, July 2, 3, 1863; Rappahannock Station, November 7, 1863; Locust Grove, November 27, 1863; Mine Run, November 29, 1863; Wilderness, May 5, 6, 1864; Spottsylvania, May 10, 12, 18, 1864; North Anna, May 23, 1864; Coal Harbor, June 1, 2, 3, 1864; Petersburg, June 18, 28, 1864; Fort Stevens, District of Columbia, July 12, 1864; Charlestown, August 21, 1864; Opequan, September 19, 1864; Fisher's Hill, September 22, 1864; Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864; Petersburg, March 25, 1865; Petersburg, April 2, 1865; Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865; Surrender of Lee, April 9, 1865.

TENTH, OR ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. V.

THE Tenth Regiment National Guards, was organized at Albany, under Colonel IRA W. AINSWORTH, soon after the breaking out of the rebellion, and performed guard duty and other services, in aid of the General Government. By order of Gov. MORGAN, under a special order of the War Department, accepting volunteers for nine months, it tendered its services, for the third time, to Gov. MORGAN. In September, 1862, it was accepted, and assigned to General BANKS, under the name of the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh Volunteers, and sailed for the expedition in December, for the Department of the Gulf.

On its arrival at New Orleans it was attached to the Third Brigade, Second Division, Nineteenth Corps, and served in holding the defences of New Orleans until March, when the cam-

paign of Louisiana was commenced. It served with the brigade in two campaigns on the Amite river, each time being sharply engaged by the enemy, and lost its first man in action. It then participated in the campaigns from New Orleans to Port Hudson, and arrived in front of the enemy's works on the 23d of May. On the 25th, General BANKS, wishing to ascertain the position of the enemy, and to open communication with the fleet, ordered the regiment to cut its way through to the river. This service was gallantly performed under a heavy fire from the enemy's main works. The regiment approached so near to the fortifications, that the guns over-ranged, thus saving the regiment from great loss in killed and wounded. The first blood at Port Hudson was drawn from the One Hundred and Seventy-seventh, on this reconnoissance.

The regiment was actively engaged during the entire siege of Port Hudson, taking part in the battles of May 27th and 29th, and suffered severely. On the fall of Port Hudson, the time of the regiment having expired, it returned home by way of the Mississippi river, the route originally promised by General BANKS to the troops of his expedition. After being mustered out of the United States service, it resumed its original position in the Ninth Brigade National Guard.

FORTY-FOURTH, OR, PEOPLE'S REGIMENT.

THIS was a Zouave regiment, and was organized and numbered the Forty-fourth, October 16th, 1861.

It was started with an earnest appeal to the people of our State, commencing in the following language:

“To the People of the State of New York:

The recent assassination of the gallant and lamented ELLSWORTH, and the barbarous manner in which the rebels have thus far conducted their hostilities against the Government, has fired anew the zeal of our young men, until all are chafing with impatience to meet the foe.

The quota of New York troops called for by the President is already organized; and, if they were not, too much time would be consumed in organizing under existing laws.

Under these circumstances, it has been deemed advisable to raise a regiment from among the people of this State, each town and ward to be represented by furnishing one man, to be at once armed and equipped by voluntary subscription, and tendered to the General Government, to serve during the war, as the avengers of the noble blood spilt on the soil of Virginia on the 24th inst.’

This regiment, having been completed and drilled, made a parade, October 13, 1861. It was witnessed by an immense concourse of our people. The regiment made a splendid appearance, and went through the manual and various evolutions in a very creditable manner. The loading and firing, especially, by companies, platoons, and by the entire line, was admirably done, and elicited great applause. At the close of the parade a newly invented battery was brought on the field—truly a terrible instrument of destruction. It consists of five guns, and will discharge sixty balls a minute.

On the 16th of October, Lieut. Col. RICE, of the Ellsworth, or Forty-fourth, Regiment, received a beautiful sword, and some other articles, at the house of A. McCURE, Esq. The presentation was gracefully made by Mrs. EMILY BARNES.

On the 20th of the same month the regiment left for the seat of war. When the centre of the regiment was opposite the house of Hon. ERASTUS CORNING, the line was halted to receive the regimental banner from the hands of Mrs. CORNING. It was very elegant, and when put into the hands of the standard bearer, it was received with enthusiastic cheers by the regiment. The ceremony was deeply interesting.

As this noble body of patriots left our city, they carried with them the best wishes of tens of thousands, and how fully they met the public expectations appears in the sketches of many of them, who offered up their lives upon the altar of their country.

It was mustered into service September 24, 1861, and served in the following engagements, viz: Siege of Yorktown, Hanover Court House, Gaines' Mills, Turkey Island Bend, Malvern Hill, Second Bull Run or Groveton, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Aldie, Gettysburg, Jones' Cross Roads, Rappahannock Station, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, North Anna, Bethesda Church and through the series of battles and skirmishes before Petersburg and on the Weldon railroad, up to September 24, 1864.

The heroic Gen. RICE, who was killed in the battle of the Wilderness, went out as Lieutenant Colonel of this regiment, and Gen. CHAPIN, who was killed at Port Hudson, was its original senior Captain.

The following account of the return of this regiment is taken from the "Albany Express," September 28, 1864:

"Our streets were unusually lively yesterday afternoon, the citizens turning out in large numbers to witness the return of the veterans of the Forty-fourth Regiment. The welcome extended to them was as warm and generous as it was merited. It will be remembered that but a few months after the commencement of hostilities, a number of our most prominent citizens resolved to

unite their means and efforts to raise a regiment that would, in every respect, be a model organization. The original plan was to accept a man from each town in the State, but unforeseen difficulties arose under this plan, and it was abandoned; and although many parts of the State were represented in it, our own city and county furnished a larger number than any other locality. The Regiment was made up of picked men—men selected not only with a view to their own physical advantages, but also with regard to their moral worth; and we feel justified in saying, that in these respects, no finer regiment ever entered the army than was the Forty-fourth, when it left Albany nearly three years ago, (October 21, 1861). They numbered ten hundred and sixty strong.

“ Since then it has participated in twelve general engagements, and in as many more skirmishes, and always with distinguished bravery. But the fortunes of war told fearfully upon its ranks. Brig. Gen. RICE and many others of the gentlemen who went out in its list of officers, gave up their lives for the cause in which they so cheerfully volunteered, fighting valiantly where the hardest and bravest blows were to be struck, and dying with their faces to the foe.

“ During its service, upwards of seven hundred recruits joined its ranks, and now, when one hundred and seventy return to their homes, there are left in the field but three hundred. As an evidence of the material of which it was originally composed, we may state, that about one hundred and fifty of the rank and file have been promoted into other regiments. The veterans of this regiment, who are returning home, number one hundred and seventy men and fourteen officers.

“ On their arrival here, about four o'clock in the afternoon, they were received by the Mayor, Common Council and the Citizen's Committee, and under the escort of the Twenty-second Veteran Corps (a neat and fine looking body of men), and the Sixteenth Massachusetts Battery, they marched through a number of principal streets, exciting feelings of the warmest admiration among the thousands of citizens who crowded the walk. Passing up State street, they paid Mrs. ERASTUS CORNING, Sr., the compliments of a marching salute. When, three years ago, the regiment started for the seat of war, it was presented with an elegant flag by Mrs. CORNING. This flag, having been worn out, was returned to the donor, and a new one given in exchange, about the 1st of January, 1863.

“ Arrived at the Capitol, Gov. SEYMOUR was introduced by Col. COXNER to the men, who greeted his Excellency with a round of hearty cheers. Gov. SEYMOUR addressed them briefly, alluding in feeling and eloquent terms to their brave departed comrades, and tendering to his hearers, on behalf of the State, as

well as for the city of Albany, the most earnest thanks. He spoke of their services and sacrifices, and assured them that their deeds of patriotism and heroism would ever be the theme of praise on the lips of their fellow citizens. The regiment then marched from the Capitol to Congress Hall, where, as the guests of the city, they partook of a substantial collation, after which they were surrounded by many old friends, with whom they passed a happy evening.

NINETY-FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. S. V.

The Ninety-first Regiment left Albany on the 20th of December, 1861, on the transport "Knickerbocker." They arrived at Governor's Island the next morning, where they encamped. The regiment remained there until the 8th of January following, during which time they experienced considerable hardship, as the weather was very cold, and very few of the men had been used to such a life.

On the 8th of January, 1862, they were taken on board the steamer "Ericsson," and on the morning of the 9th sailed for Key West, Florida. The "Ericsson" was a large vessel, but not a very fast one, and she did not reach Key West until the 19th. On the 20th the regiment disembarked, and encamped on the southern part of the Island.

During their stay at this place, the men were employed in making military roads, and much time was devoted to drilling. The Island was under the command of Brig. Gen. J. M. BRANNAN. On the 20th of May, 1862, the regiment embarked on the steamer "Philadelphia" for Pensacola. That place had been evacuated by the rebels a short time before, and troops were needed to garrison it, and the Ninety-first was selected for that purpose.

Upon arriving at Pensacola, the regiment was assigned to quarters in the houses of the place, which had been deserted by their owners. The men were kept busy for some time in assisting in the building of a redoubt and other earthworks. While stationed at this place, the regiment had a very pleasant time. Their quarters were good, the climate was fine, and there was an abundance of good water. The regiment was stationed here seven months, during which time the place was never attacked by the enemy in force, although the pickets were occasionally visited by the rebel cavalry; and at one time ten men of the Ninety-first, on the advance guard, were captured. When the regiment reached Pensacola, and for some time after, the place was under command of Gen. ARNOLD. He was relieved by Gen.

NEAL DOW. While Gen. Dow had command, a number of expeditions were sent into the surrounding country to capture, not rebels, of whom there were a few in the vicinity, but furniture. Once, however, on the 27th of October, 1862, several companies of the Ninety-first marched some distance into the country, and at night surprised a detachment of rebel cavalry. A short engagement ensued, and six rebels were killed and seven taken prisoners, and fifteen horses were captured.

In December, 1862, Gen. BANKS' expedition reached New Orleans, and shortly after its arrival, orders were issued for the Ninety-first to proceed to that place. The regiment left Pensacola in transports on the 24th and 25th of that month, and upon arriving at New Orleans, were at once ordered to Baton Rouge, where a large force was being concentrated for an attack on Port Hudson. At this time the regiment was in splendid condition. The men were well clothed and equipped, and were well drilled, and under good discipline, and it formed one of the best regiments in the Nineteenth Corps.

In the latter part of March, 1863, it assisted in the feint that was made by Gen. BANKS on the rear of Port Hudson, while FARRAGUT ran his ships past the place. After this it was taken to Donaldsonville, and from there marched to Brashear city. From here the Third Division of the Corps, under Gen. GROVER, to which the Ninety-first was attached, were taken up the Atchafalaya in transports, and on the 13th of April were landed. That day there was some skirmishing with the enemy, and on the 14th the battle of Irish Bend was fought, the first severe engagement that was participated in by the Ninety-first. The regiment did good service on that day, and met with but comparatively a small loss. Two men were killed, and some eight or ten wounded. Sergt. CLARK, of Company A, was killed on that day, and was the first man of the regiment who was killed in battle. Immediately after this battle, the enemy were pursued up the Teche country by the whole Nineteenth Corps. At Bayou Vermillion, the regiment participated in a little engagement, and had several men wounded, but none killed. After this it accompanied the corps to the Red river, reaching Alexandria on the 7th of May, which place was taken without any fighting. The troops remained in the vicinity of Alexandria until the latter part of May, when they were taken by water to Bayou Sara, above Port Hudson, and on the 24th that stronghold was completely surrounded. On the 25th the brigade, to which the Ninety-first was attached, made a forward movement, and had a spirited engagement, in which seven of the regiment were killed.

On the 27th a general advance was made, and the rebels were driven to their inner works. That day the Ninety-first suffered

severely. About sixty were killed or wounded. Major STACKHOUSE was wounded, and died from the effects of his wound. Captains JOHN COOKE and J. G. McDERMOTT were also wounded. The former lost the use of his arm for life. After this no general movement was made until the 14th of June, a day which will always be remembered by the Nineteenth Corps. It was a day of desperate fighting, by which nothing of value was secured. On that day the regiment had about twenty killed, and over sixty wounded. Among the former were Capt. HENRY HULBERT and Adj. SYLVESTER SHEPARD; among the latter were Capt. WILLIAM LEE, and Lieuts. HERWERTH, MATHIAS, STACKHOUSE and DIAMOND.

It would require pages to describe the scenes of that day—the most remarkable day for the regiment of its entire service. When the regiment left New York it was about eight hundred strong. On the 15th of June, 1863, there were but two hundred and twenty men fit for duty. Immediately after the surrender of Port Hudson, the regiment went with part of the corps to Donaldsonville, where there was a slight engagement on the 13th of July, in which six of the regiment were wounded. After this the regiment was stationed in the vicinity of New Orleans until the latter part of August, when it was ordered to Brashear city. Until about this time, the regiment had been commanded by Col. JACOB VAN ZANDT. Under him it had done some hard fighting, and gained a reputation for endurance, bravery and good discipline, second to none in the Department of the Gulf. From the time the regiment went to Brashear until it was finally mustered out, it was commanded by Col. JONATHAN TARBELL. It remained at Brashear six months, doing garrison duty, during which time little of importance transpired. In January, 1864, nearly all the men re-enlisted for three years more.

In the latter part of February the regiment was removed to Fort Jackson, for the purpose of being paid and mustered on their re-enlistment, and expecting to proceed from there, in a short time, to the north, on a furlough. For some reason they were detained there over four months. Previous to this, there had never been much sickness among the men, but the unhealthy situation of the fort had its effect upon them, and before they left, there were not sufficient well men to do the ordinary guard duty; and when the regiment started for the north, on the 9th of July, there was scarcely a strong, well man in it. Nearly every one had suffered from the fever and ague.

The regiment came home by the way of the Mississippi, and arrived at Albany on the evening of the 19th of July, receiving an enthusiastic welcome. At the expiration of the thirty days furlough it was ordered to Baltimore, where it remained, doing duty in and around that city, for about six months. Here it

received large additions to its numbers of recruits from the north, and became over sixteen hundred strong.

In the latter part of February, 1865, the regiment was ordered to join the Army of the Potomac before Petersburg, and upon its arrival at City Point, was assigned to the First Brigade, Third Division of the Fifth Army Corps.

The regiment participated in the glorious campaign which resulted in the fall of Richmond, and the surrender of LEE's army. It was in the battles of White Oak Ridge and Five Forks, and other minor engagements. During this short and decisive campaign, between forty and fifty of the regiment were either killed or died of wounds received in action; and over one hundred and seventy were wounded. Among the wounded were CAPTS. GEORGE W. HOBBS and ANDREW DODDS, and Lieuts. DAX-FORTH, CHAPMAN and MURPHY.

The regiment marched to Washington with the rest of the troops, and was at the grand review in that city on the 23d of May.

Shortly after this the one year men, belonging to the regiment, were sent home and mustered out; and about the middle of July the remainder of the regiment returned to Albany, and were discharged from the service.

To the survivors of this noble and heroic regiment, who are now residing with us, we tender the warm thanks of the citizens of Albany, and the lasting gratitude and admiration of the American people.

ELEVENTH NEW YORK HAVELOCK BATTERY.

From Capt. JOHN E. BURTON.

THE formation of the Eleventh N. Y. Battery commenced as early as the 10th of September, 1861, by a call, dated at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, Albany, and signed by JAMES RODGERS and HENRY D. BROWER. An organization was not effected, however, until the 26th of October, 1861, when the Rev. A. A. VON PUTTKAMMER was elected Captain.

The Battery had its full complement of officers and men, and was mustered into the service of the United States on the 6th of January, 1862.

The following are the names of the officers at that time: A. A. VON PUTTKAMMER, Captain; R. C. WARMINGTON, First Lieutenant; JAMES RODGERS, First Lieutenant; G. A. KNAPP, Second Lieutenant; JOHN E. BURTON, Second Lieutenant.

The number of enlisted men then on the rolls, was one hundred and fifty-eight.

In the fall of 1861, the Battery was presented with a beautiful banner, having on it an excellent portrait of General HAVELOCK, after whom the Battery was named. The gift was from the ladies of Albany.

The Havelocks left Albany on the 17th of January, 1862, and arrived at Fort Ellsworth, Va., on the 25th; which place it garrisoned until the 30th of July, 1862, when it took the field, and was engaged in the following battles:

Second Bull Run, Aug. 26 and 27, 1862; Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862; Chancellorsville, May 2 and 3, 1863; Gettysburg, July 1, 2 and 3, 1863; Mine Run, Nov. 30, 1863; Spottsylvania C. H., May 14, 1864; North Anna River, May 24, 1864; Tolopotomy Creek, May 30, 1864; Coal Harbor, June 3d to 12th, 1864; Petersburg, June 16th to 25th, 1864; Deep Bottom, Aug. 14, 1864.

The Battery was also engaged nearly every day, in the works before Petersburg, from September, 1864, until the fall of Richmond, and then, with a part of the Army of the Potomac, pursued LEE's army, and was in *at the death*.

At the battle of Chancellorsville, the Battery assisted in repulsing the enemy, who were following a retreating brigade of the Eleventh Corps.

At Gettysburg, on the third day, it reinforced a part of the line, at a time when it was wavering, and some of our men had already thrown down their arms. But they fought with new vigor, on seeing a fresh reinforcement. And in all of GRANT's campaign, in 1864 and 1865—those long, fatiguing marches; those hard and tedious diggings, and those fierce and bloody battles—the Eleventh New York Battery was always foremost, and was always relied on.

The Battery reached Albany June 3, 1865, and was mustered out June 15, 1865.

The names of the officers at that time, were: GEO. W. DAVEY, Captain; G. N. P. GALE, First Lieutenant; J. A. MAXNING, First Lieutenant; WM. HASTINGS, Second Lieutenant; A. G. GRAVES, Second Lieutenant.

Names of those who were killed in action, and died of wounds: Sergeant JOHN R. WARMINGTON, killed at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; Private HENRY D. CALLOWAY, killed at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863; Private GERRIT H. VAN DENBURG, killed at Coal Harbor, June 12, 1863; Corporal WM. A. VAN GAASBEEK, died in hospital, at David's Island, June 23, of wounds received at Coal Harbor, June 6, 1864; Private JOHN H. METCALF, died in hospital, June 19, of wounds received June 17, 1864, near Petersburg; Private ALFRED C. ELWELL, killed June 24, 1864, near Petersburg; Corporal WILLIAM H. BROUGHTON, killed Sept. 28,

1864, near Petersburg; Private JONATHAN W. SCOTT, killed Nov. 4, 1864, near Petersburg.

Names of those who were wounded in action:

EDWIN W. BURRAGE, at Manassas, Aug. 26, 1862.

JOHN MARKEY, do do

MARK S. ACKER, do do

Lieutenant JAMES T. WYATT, Chancellorsville, May 2, 1863.

Corporal CHARLES M. SWANN, do May 3, 1863.

Corporal EDWARD M. MANN, do do

Private SETH D. PATTERSON, do do

Private DAVID D. DAVIS, do do

Private DUNCAN CAMERON, do do

Private JAMES W. PARNELL, do do

Private L. M. MURRAY, do do

Private JOHN ZIMMERMAN, Gettysburg, July 3, 1863.

Private JOHN WILKES, do do

Private ARCHIBALD BATES, do do

Private JOHN H. SAWYER, do do

Private PHILIP GARDINIER, do do

Sergt. ORLANDO H. CHENEY, do do

Sergt. CHARLES W. KELLY, Coal Harbor, June 8, 1864.

Private E. D. WILLARD, do June 12, 1864.

Private E. H. ROPES, near Petersburg, June 17, 1864.

Sergt. JAS. GROESBECK, do do

Private WM. H. LOAG, do do

Sergt. JAMES A. MANNING, do June 24, 1864.

Corpl. ADRIAN GILLETT, do do

Corpl. WALLACE ROBINSON, do do

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. V. (SEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. V. ARTILLERY.)

To the kindness of Dr. JAMES E. POMFRET, the Surgeon General of the State of New York, we are indebted for the following account of this distinguished regiment:

The One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment N. Y. S. V., afterwards the Seventh Regiment N. Y. V. Artillery, was formed in the Thirteenth Senatorial District, as the Albany County Regiment, in obedience to General Orders No. 52, General Head Quarters, State of New York, dated A. G. O., Albany, N. Y., July 7, 1862, under the auspices of the following committee, appointed by his Excellency Gov. E. D. MORGAN, viz:

Hon. ELI PERRY (Mayor), Chairman, Gen. JOHN F. RATHBONE, Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN, JOHN TRACEY, Esq., THOMAS W. OLCOTT,

Esq., GEORGE DAWSON, Esq., Hon. CLARK B. COCHRANE, Hon. J. V. L. PRUYN, FRANK TOWNSEND, Esq., SAMUEL ANABLE, Esq., W. M. VAN ANTWERP, Esq., Hon. GEO. H. THACHER and Hon. HENRY A. BRIGHAM.

The above gentlemen met on the 10th of July, 1862, and after enlarging the committee, divided into sub-committees for each ward and town in the county, they proceeded to recruit a regiment.

The first man was enlisted on the 24th of July, and the last man on the 15th of August, of that year, during which time over eleven hundred men were enlisted.

The regiment was mustered into the United States service on August 18, 1862, by Captain LEWIS O. MORRIS, First United States Artillery, its Colonel, with the following field and staff officers:

Colonel, LEWIS O. MORRIS; *Major*, EDWARD A. SPRINGSTEED; *Adjutant*, FREDERICK L. TREMAIN; *Quartermaster*, E. WILLARD SMITH; *Surgeon*, JAMES E. POMFRET; *Assistant Surgeon*, J. WESLEY BLAISDELL; *Assistant Surgeon*, GEORGE W. NEWCOMB; *Chaplain*, HUMPHREY L. CALDER.

The companies had the following officers:

Company A.—*Captain*, JOSEPH M. MURPHY; *First Lieutenant*, ABRAHAM SICKLES; *Second Lieutenant*, JOHN B. READ.

Company B.—*Captain*, SAMUEL E. JONES; *First Lieutenant*, JAMES KENNEDY; *Second Lieutenant*, WM. E. ORR.

Company C.—*Captain*, JOHN A. MORRIS; *First Lieutenant*, HOWARD N. ROGERS; *Second Lieutenant*, MATTHEW BELL.

Company D.—*Captain*, CHARLES McCULLOCH; *First Lieutenant*, CHRISTIAN SCHURR; *Second Lieutenant*, HENRY C. COULSON.

Company E.—*Captain*, NORMAN H. MOORE; *First Lieutenant*, A. V. B. LOCKROW; *Second Lieutenant*, JOHN F. MOUNT.

Company F.—*Captain*, ROBERT H. BELL; *First Lieutenant*, NATHANIEL WRIGHT; *Second Lieutenant*, ROBERT MULLENS.

Company G.—*Captain*, FRANCIS PRUYN; *First Lieutenant*, JOHN S. McEWAN; *Second Lieutenant*, CHARLES W. HOBBS.

Company H.—*Captain*, CAP. MCGUIRE; *First Lieutenant*, CHARLES DUCHARME; *Second Lieutenant*, FRANKLIN PETTIT.

Company I.—*Captain*, WILLIAM SHANNON; *First Lieutenant*, JOSEPH O. HAIR; *Second Lieutenant*, TEUNIS M. BALL.

Company K.—*Captain*, SAMUEL L. ANNABLE; *First Lieutenant*, MICHAEL H. BARCKLEY; *Second Lieutenant*, GEORGE KRANK.

The non-commissioned staff:

Sergeant Major, GEORGE H. TREADWELL; *Quartermaster Sergeant*, WILLIAM STEVENS; *Commissary Sergeant*, FREDERICK E. SCRIPTURE; *Hospital Steward*, ALFRED B. HUESTED; *Principal Musician*, WILLIAM WILSON.

The order to move was received at Regimental Head Quarters at eleven o'clock A. M. on the 19th of August, 1862, and on the same evening the regiment left Albany at six o'clock.

For this promptness in moving, the regiment received the thanks of his Excellency Gov. MORGAN; and an elegant silk flag was given to it as one of the four regiments which first left the State under that call for troops. On its arrival in Washington, on the 21st of August, it was immediately placed in the defences of that city, north of the Potomac.

In December the regiment was changed from infantry to artillery, by order of the Secretary of War, and designated as the Seventh Regiment New York Volunteer Artillery. Two companies (L and M) were added in the spring of 1864, organized as follows:

Company L.—*Captain*, JAMES KENNEDY; *First Lieutenant*, FRED. W. MATHER; *Second Lieutenant*, CHAS. C. MCCLELLAN.

Company M.—*Captain*, GEORGE H. TREADWELL; *First Lieutenant*, GEORGE B. SMALLIE; *Second Lieutenant*, EDGAR S. MOSS.

Under the artillery organization, each company was entitled to one hundred and forty-seven enlisted men and five commissioned officers, and was soon recruited to the full standard.

While in the defences, the regiment was engaged in re-building, strengthening and extending the works. It garrisoned, substantially reconstructed and cleared the timber for three miles in advance of the following works: Forts Pennsylvania (afterwards Reno), De Russey, Kearney, Gaines, Bayard, Ripley, Franklin and Alexander; and Batteries Smead, Reno, Cameron, Vermont and Martin Scott. It also did duty on Mason's Island, on the Potomac river.

On the 14th of May, 1864, the regiment was ordered to join the Army of the Potomac. It left on the 16th, passing through Bell Plain and Fredericksburg, and on the night of the 17th it joined the army near Spottsylvania Court House, Va. With other artillery regiments, it constituted the Fourth Division of the Second Army Corps. On the 19th, it fought its first battle on the Po river, defending the army trains from an attempt to capture them by the enemy. It lost thirteen killed, sixty-two wounded, and nine missing. Moving with the Second Corps through Guinea Station and Bowling Green, it reached the North Anna, and on the 23d was again engaged, losing four killed, twenty-four wounded, and four missing. Leaving the North Anna, it passed through Chesterfield, crossed the Pamunkey river at Newcastle, and reached Tolopotomy creek, when the Fourth Division of the Second Corps was broken up, and the regiment joined the Fourth Brigade of the First Division of the Second Corps. On the evening of the 29th, it made a charge

against the enemy's works, which were carried at the cost of twenty-four killed, seventy-one wounded, and twelve missing. Moving to the left from Tolopotomy creek, it reached the enemy's works at Coal Harbor, and on the 3d of June made its gallant charge, carrying the first line of the enemy's works, capturing a battle flag, three hundred prisoners, and getting possession of several guns of the enemy. The losses of the regiment were very heavy, there being no less than seventy-six men killed, two hundred and forty-eight wounded, and one hundred and sixteen missing; most of the missing being killed inside of the enemy's works.

On the 4th of June, while examining the enemy's works, in company with Gen. BARLOW, Col. MORRIS was shot by a sharp-shooter, of which wound he died in the First Division Hospital on the same day.

Swinging round from Coal Harbor, the regiment crossed the Chickahominy at Long Bridge, thence to the James river, which it crossed at Windmill Point on transports, and passing through Prince George Court House and City Point, it reached the southeast of Petersburg on the night of the 15th. On the evening of the 16th it participated in the unsuccessful charge against the works of that city, losing in the charge thirty-five killed, one hundred and five wounded, and three hundred and four taken prisoners. Of these prisoners, few survived the lingering tortures of Andersonville.

The regiment remained on duty near Petersburg during the fall and winter of '64. It participated in the expeditions to Deep Bottom on July 27 and August 22, from which place it had just returned, when it was ordered on to the Weldon railroad, to destroy it, which was done for several miles. It participated also in the disastrous fight of Ream's Station, in which it suffered greatly, losing a large proportion of officers, among whom were Lieut. Col. SPRINGSTEED, Capt. NATHANIEL WRIGHT and Capt. JAMES KENNEDY.

This was its last fight. It entered the Army of the Potomac on the 19th of May, with sixty-six officers and seventeen hundred and seventy-four men fit for duty; and on the morning of the 28th of August, exclusive of the medical staff, it had six officers and one hundred and sixty-eight men fit for duty.

On the 22d of February, 1865, a small artillery regiment being required for duty in Baltimore, the Seventh was ordered to that point, where it remained until mustered out in June and August, 1865.

The following officers were killed in battle:

Col. L. O. MORRIS, at Coal Harbor, Va., June 4; Lieut. Col. E. A. SPRINGSTEED, at Ream's Station, August 25; Capt. CHAS.

McCULLOCK, at River Po, May 19; Capt. JOHN A. MORRIS, at River Po, May 19; Capt. N. WRIGHT, at Ream's Station, August 25; Lieut. J. B. READ, at Coal Harbor, June 3; Lieut. T. J. McCCLURE, at Coal Harbor, June 3; Lieut. C. S. EVANS, at Coal Harbor, June 4; Lieut. C. L. YEARSLEY, at Petersburg, June 16.

The following officers died from the immediate effects of wounds:

Capt. R. H. BELL, wounded at Po river, May 19; died at Georgetown, D. C., June. Capt. C. MAGUIRE, wounded, captured at Petersburg June 22; died at Petersburg July 4. Capt. JAS. KENNEDY, wounded, captured at Ream's Station August 25; died at Libby September 9. Lieut. M. H. BARKLEY, wounded at Coal Harbor, June 4; died in Washington, June 29. Lieut. W. E. ORR, wounded at North Anna, May 25; died in Washington, June 1. Lieut. MATTHEW BELL, died of consumption, at Fort Reno, D. C. Lieut. E. S. MOSS, captured at Petersburg, June 16; died of yellow fever, at Charleston, S. C., October 6. Lieut. C. S. WHITE, died of typhoid fever, at the Smith House, July 15.

THERE were other Regiments organized in this city, but composed mainly of recruits from other counties.

The Twenty-eighth Regiment N. Y. S. V. was organized at Albany, on the 18th of May, 1861. It was composed of companies, recruited and accepted, from Lockport, Medina, Canandaigua, Batavia, Albion, Monticello, and Niagara Falls.

The Thirty-fourth Regiment Infantry N. Y. S. V. was organized at Albany, and left for Washington on the 3d of July, 1861, via New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore, where it arrived on the 5th.

The Sixteenth Regiment Infantry N. Y. S. V., or "First Northern New York Regiment," was organized at Albany on the 10th of May, 1861, from companies recruited in the northern counties of the State.

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